Cl. 870.4 Bk. C76n

Accession No. 16205

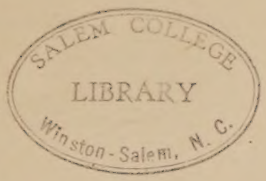
NEW STUDIES OF A GREAT INHERITANCE

All rights reserved

NEW STUDIES OF
A GREAT INHERITANCE

BEING LECTURES ON THE MODERN
WORTH OF SOME ANCIENT WRITERS

By R. S. CONWAY
LITT.D., HON. LITT.D., HON. D.LITT., DOTT. ON. UNIV.
FELLOW OF THE BRITISH ACADEMY; HON. FELLOW
OF GONVILLE AND CAIUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;
RECENTLY HULME PROFESSOR OF LATIN IN
THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER



LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

PA
6011
C6

FIRST EDITION . . . *January* 1921
SECOND EDITION . . . *September* 1930

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BECCLES.

WILLELMO WARDE FOWLER

VERGILI AMANTIUM

DUCI AC PRINCIPI

D.D.D.

DISCIPULUS ET AMICUS

16205

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

Beyond the correction of a few misprints no changes have been made in this Edition. Further study has convinced me more strongly than ever of the interpretation of the tragedy of Dido given in Ch. VII, as I have indicated in a recent lecture on *Vergil as a Student of Homer* (*John Rylands Library Bulletin*, July 1929, p. 16). On the other hand, I have learnt from friends with a special knowledge of the English drama that the absence of the appellative use of the word *god* in the *Tempest* cannot safely be taken, as it is on p. 178, for evidence of the general character of the play, since it may simply be the result of the *Acte to Restraine the Abuses of Players* of 1606 (Statutes, IV 1097; see Hazlitt, *The English Drama and Stage under the Tudor and Stuart Princes*, 1543–1664 (London, Roxburghe Library, 1869; p. 42), and the brief citation in E. K. Chambers, *The Elizabethan Stage* (London, 1923; iv, p. 338). These references I owe to the kindness of my friend Professor Felix E. Schelling of Philadelphia. It is fair to the reader to correct my oversight; but the absence of this point makes little difference, so far as I can judge, to the general view of the *Tempest* which I suggest.

R. S. C.

St. Albans,
October 1930.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

The lectures contained in this volume, though they range over several subjects, are connected by a purpose which was present in them all. They were designed to represent, as far as the conditions of a popular lecture allowed, some of the elements in the work of the great ancient writers, especially those of Rome, which make their study of permanent value; and in particular to indicate as clearly as possible how much in the ethical framework of modern society may be traced directly to their teaching.

Among the authors here studied the poet Vergil[1] has the chief place. Through and from his poetry the main current of Graeco-Roman influence has passed to the mediaeval and modern world. Yet for this very reason the lectures devoted to Vergil are by no means concerned with him alone. Indeed, one of their objects has been to correct the natural, but unfortunate, habit of reading what he wrote as if it had no relation to the times in which it was written and to the work of his predecessors.

The lectures here printed are arranged in the chronological sequence of the topics with which they are severally most concerned, with the exception of the last, which was written in the stormy light of the

[1] The Italian form *Virgilio* gave *Virgil* in English, but most scholars now prefer to follow the Latin form of the name, which both inscriptions and the best manuscripts show to have been *Vergilius*.

European war, and seemed to express in some way the practical results of all the rest. It happens also that this order corresponds very nearly with that in which they were written.

Little attempt has been made to change their spoken form. To do this would in fact have been incongruous with their character. In the second I have allowed an introductory paragraph to remain for reasons which every one will understand who knew Professor S. H. Butcher.

On the other hand, it will be obvious that the footnotes are intended mainly for classical students; and in particular to supply them with the sources of any statements made on matters of controversy.

It is a pleasure to thank many distinguished scholars from whose criticism at different times I have drawn great help; especially Dr. Warde Fowler, Professor J. P. Postgate, Professor W. B. Anderson, and Dr. J. W. Mackail. Other more special debts will be acknowledged in their place. I have also to thank the proprietors of the *Contemporary Review*, the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, and Mr. H. Guppy, M.A., the Editor of the John Rylands Library Bulletin, for their kind permission to reproduce lectures which in one form or another they have previously published.

R. S. CONWAY.

MANCHESTER, *October*, 1920.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	DEDICATION	v
	PREFACE	vi
I.	THE INNER EXPERIENCE OF CICERO	1
II.	MAN AND NATURE IN THE AUGUSTAN POETS	18
III.	HORACE AS POET LAUREATE	44
IV.	THE YOUTH OF VERGIL	66
V.	THE FALL OF CORNELIUS GALLUS	105
VI.	THE GROWTH OF THE UNDERWORLD	112
VII.	THE PLACE OF DIDO IN THE HISTORY OF EUROPE	140
VIII.	THE CLASSICAL ELEMENTS IN SHAKESPEARE'S *TEMPEST*	165
IX.	THE VENETIAN POINT OF VIEW IN ROMAN HISTORY	190
X.	EDUCATION AND FREEDOM	216
	INDEX	236

I

THE INNER EXPERIENCE OF CICERO

The completion of Messrs. Tyrrell and Purser's Edition of Cicero's Correspondence marked an epoch in classical scholarship. The unique value of the Letters for a knowledge of Cicero and of the wonderful century in which his public life was cast has, indeed, been long acknowledged. But their number and difficulty have made them, as a whole, a sealed book. For one man who has read as much as fifty pages of the Letters, a thousand are familiar with declamations like the Defence of Milo—the most desperate *tour de force* to which a brilliant advocate ever lent his name. Even scholars who have felt something of the charm which the Correspondence possesses have been generally content, if they have strayed at all beyond the beaten track of Mr. Watson's selection, to begin and end with the Letters to Atticus, which alone have come down to us in something like their true order. The result has been, undoubtedly, that Cicero has suffered unjustly in the eyes of the present generation. We have seen the frankness with which he avows his least noble thoughts to his good-natured correspondent;

and we have often forgotten that this same wealthy and worldly banker was just the man to whom his friends would not be likely to show the stronger and more generous side of their nature. In turning over the pages of the new edition with the letters in their proper order, one feels often in passing from one written to Atticus to another addressed to Marcus Marius, Paetus or even Tiro, that the atmosphere of the writer has been suddenly changed for the better. A good letter, as everybody knows, is the product of something more than the writer's own mind : the man who is to receive it contributes not a little to its colour. If we had no record of Johnson save the letters he wrote to Boswell and their *tête-à-tête* conversations, our reverence for the great Doctor would be far from what it is; and Boswell was a better man than the complaisant and cynically-minded Epicurean who was on good terms with both sides in the greatest[1] Civil War of history; and who, among other prudent counsels, urged Cicero, when he was governing Cilicia, to transgress his own edict as to the maximum rate of interest recoverable by law and to send a troop of horse to Salamis, as his predecessor had done, in order to coerce the townsfolk into paying exorbitant interest upon an illegal loan.[2]

If the Dublin Editors had done no more than print the letters in their order, as nearly as that has been determined by recent inquiry, they would have conferred a great boon on European scholarship. But the brilliant Introductions they have added to each volume, and the substantial aid of their Commentary, have encouraged a more careful study of the language

[1] *Att.* vi. 2. 8.

[2] See further, p. 21.

and thought of Cicero than has ever yet been possible. Mr. Shuckburgh's admirable translation of the whole Correspondence is a striking result of the interest thus revived; and among other inquiries which the edition has stimulated, there has been published an Essay[1] on Cicero's use of a colloquial idiom which is very common in his letters, but the meaning of which had passed unnoticed. The conclusions of this essay have been generally accepted, and they throw so much light on Cicero's character and on his relations with the men of his time that some account of them may be of interest to readers outside the circle of professional scholars.

The subject may seem at first sight somewhat narrow. The question to be answered is no larger than this,—What did Cicero mean by calling himself sometimes *I* and sometimes *WE?* It is really a point of historical psychology, which gives us a clue of some precision to Cicero's inner feeling about the things and the people mentioned in his letters, and by its help we can trace the way in which his feeling varied from day to day, sometimes even from minute to minute. In this new light we may watch him passing from caution to exultation; from complacence to timidity; from official precision to the ease of familiar intercourse; from the dignified condescension of the statesman or the distinguished author to the directness and earnestness of a letter written to make peace; from outbursts of half-theatrical indignation against an ungrateful country to the quieter and deeper tones of one whom calamity has at length robbed of his

[1] *Cambridge Philological Society Transactions*, vol. v. part i.; approved by Dr. L. C. Purser in *Cl. Rev.*, xiv. (1900), p. 138.

illusions but not of his ideal. "Every one," says John Sterling,[1] writing of the historical drama, "every one loves to feel how he is brought face to face with the brave, the fair, the woful, and the great of past ages; looks into their eyes, feels the beatings of their hearts; and reads, over the shoulder, the secret written tablets of the busiest and the largest brains." The following pages are written in the hope that a brief consideration of this point in Cicero's everyday speech may bring the man himself, in his nobleness and weakness, not a little nearer to us.

The idiom in question, by which the plural of the first personal pronoun is used by a writer or speaker to refer to his single self, can be put into English simply enough, and I need not trouble the reader with the original text of the passages we shall notice. But there is a more serious demand on his indulgence which I am bound to make. Some way with me, at least, he must come blindfold; that is, he must not be disturbed by doubts as to the really singular meaning of *WE* in the sentences put before him. To prove it in each case would be quite easy, but also quite tedious. Those who may be interested in the question as a matter of language, or who desire to trace the origin of the idiom (from expressions denoting the family), will prefer to seek the evidence offered at length with all the proper references in the Cambridge essay I have mentioned.

Very little is needed to demonstrate the meaning of the idiom, beyond a belief that it does mean something. Unfortunately, we were all taught at school

[1] Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*, c. iii. (Ashburton Ed., 1855, p. 176).

just the opposite—mainly by that gay rhymester Ovid. We remember one of his ladies who wrote to her swain, "You saw MY tears in OUR eyes." This sounds a little complex; yet in fact she meant no eyes but her own. And when we came to make verses ourselves, we rejoiced, as Ovid did, that *noster* and *meus* gave two strings to our metrical bow. But Ovid, after all, was capable of anything in the matter of grammar—at least, anything that would scan. Cicero was an author of a very different type. To him a word was a thing with life, with a power, a history, a countenance of its own; to make it do its neighbour's duty was a kind of cruelty, an outrage upon a fellow-creature. Judge now whether *WE* means nothing more than the plain, inglorious *I* in sentences like these:

I remember how the foundation of this policy was laid when We were consul, and how, even when We were a private citizen, Our voice was potent in the Senate, down to Caesar's consulship.

Again, on arriving in his remote Eastern province he joyfully writes to Atticus:

I marched with the army to Amanus, well supported by the local troops, and by something else—the weight of Our name—even in the minds of men who did not know me by sight. You may hear people saying all round you, "Is this the man who saved Rome? Whom the Senate called"—well, you know what.

One can at least hear or imagine the sigh of the faithful Atticus as the Father of his Country once more arrays himself in his title—twelve years old now, and a little the worse for wear.

In the autumn of 44 B.C., six months after Caesar's

death, the old Senatorial hand is in some doubt about appearing in Rome; but at last he decides:

Shall I go to Rome or stay here? To Rome,—for fear
We should be missed, if a crisis arises.

Let me add the remark with which the Bore of the Sacred Way introduced himself to Horace[1]:—

You must know US. WE are a poet.

By this time the riddle is transparent. To call myself *WE* is to put myself on a pedestal and gaze at the result. "WE" is the person I exhibit to my neighbours, the man to whom, as I imagine, they look up with respect or admiration. *Ego* hopes and fears and blushes unseen; the magnificent *WE* plays a part on the world's stage; saves the country, leads the Senate, writes books, builds a great house with gardens and statues, keeps an excellent balance at the bank; and when my letter to a friend touches on such matters *WE* is forthwith called to the front and marches over the page with appropriate dignity. When the topic is past, *ego* quietly takes up the running again. Sometimes, when Cicero's feelings rise and fall in the course of the same paragraph, or even in one long sentence, *I* and *WE* move in and out like the little figures labelled "Wet" and "Fine" in the toy farmhouse that served our grandmothers for a weather-glass. One of the things that regularly drive *WE* off the field is the mention of Cicero's enemies, especially of their unfavourable criticisms. The only word denoting hostility after which the plural pronoun maintains its ground is the verb "to envy"; for envy is, after all, something of a compliment.

[1] Noris nos; docti sumus. *Sat.* i. 9. 7.

We may take as a typical case of the alternation a passage describing an interview with Pompey, at the time when he had already begun to feel himself eclipsed by Caesar's triumphs in Gaul, but had not yet raised his courage to the quarrelling point. To him enter Cicero, the most inconvenient of admirers, who must not be told the truth and could not be contented with fiction.

> We had an interview with Pompey here to-day. He said a great deal to me on the state of public affairs, with which he was very discontented, or professed to be—for that is a formula one always has to add now in quoting what he says. . . . However, he was most affectionate in the way he said good-bye to us.

The importance of the occasion, an interview with the master of Rome, calls for *WE* to begin with. Then the recollection of the great man's distressing want of candour brings down the narrative to the ordinary level where *ME* will serve. But in the end the echoes of parting compliments once more suggest the complacent plural.

The reader may perhaps feel a little sceptical of such rapid changes. But if he will have patience, I hope that even within the limits of this lecture he will be convinced that we are not following a will o' the wisp, but a real and definite clue to Cicero's inner current of reflection.

So far indeed we have noticed no examples which add much to our knowledge of his character. The sentences just quoted only throw fresh light on a familiar side of it, his delight in the thought of his own achievements. But if the idiom itself is a mark of vanity, the delicacy of touch with which Cicero

handles it is an evidence of something else. It is conspicuously absent from a considerable number of letters to different people the object of which is to make peace, for himself or others; and though it is common enough in the descriptions he sends to Atticus of his military performances in Cilicia, it does not once appear in his careful despatches to the Senate, nor in his letter to the immaculate Cato seeking his support in an application for a Triumph. Contrast with this a despatch[1] to the Senate from a person called Plancus, consul in 43 B.C., which is crowded with these bombastic pronouns. Yet the same man in a letter of the same date addressed to Cicero himself never once departs from the unassuming *I*.[2] So much greater respect did men feel in those days for the last great Republican than for the dying Republic.

Cicero's own letters to Pompey and Caesar are interesting in this respect. In Pompey he could never help believing that behind the "great Nabob" there was something like a friend. Hence we find, when the context leads him on, that he allows himself a furtive glance at his own dignity; the plural was so natural when his triumph over Catiline was the topic. Yet, as a rule, his reverence for Pompey, his chosen leader, keeps him in the humble style; and the

[1] *Fam.* x. 8.

[2] A similar variation will be found in a letter to Cicero from the worthless Vatinius, whose consulship seemed to Catullus so bitter a disgrace.

> "Quid est, Catulle? quid moraris emori?
> Per consulatum peierat Vatinius."

Vatinius revels in the plural, except when Cicero is mentioned in the same sentence.

singular is only once broken in the long and chivalrous letter[1] of 49 B.C., in which he points out the unwisdom of the flight into which Pompey's fears were driving him. But in addressing Caesar, "my disagreeable but not quite undesirable visitor," Cicero never uses *WE* at all—an unconscious tribute to the respect which that downright monarch inspired. Caesar himself, we may notice, always avoided the grandiloquent idiom, alike in his letters—at least, in the five or six which are by chance preserved among Cicero's—and in his own Commentaries. Court-ruffs are idle things in camp.

One or two points of interest may be gathered from the cases in which it is the receiver of the letter himself who is put at a distance from the writer. "*WE are surprised that you should ask such a question.*" "*WE shall be glad if you will meet US.*" People who are addressed in this way are either dependents who expect to be commanded and patronised, or else comparative strangers, mere acquaintances, not intimate friends. This kind of *WE* appears in the earliest letters[2] to Atticus, but never afterwards, except in one written from exile in which Cicero complains rather bitterly that Atticus might have saved him by better advice. To Tiro, his faithful freedman and secretary, Cicero always writes as to an equal;[3] not

[1] *Att.* viii. 11 D.

[2] Book I. (68–60 B.C.). One of these seems to be that announcing the death of Cicero's father (*Att.* i. 6, 2, *pater nobis decessit*), where the writer's brevity has been censured. But *mihi* ("my dear father") would have implied an intimacy with Atticus which had not yet been developed. In a similar situation a modern letter-writer would describe his father by "Mr." *nobis*, however, may include Quintus Cicero.

[3] *Fam.* xvi.

so Cicero's friends, who in writing to the same person prefer to mark their superiority.[1] But the most striking case is perhaps in Cicero's letters to his wife. By the appearance and gradually increasing frequency of this formal idiom we can trace the course of their estrangement.

The letters to Terentia earlier than the outbreak of the Civil War are full of affection, and in them Cicero never calls himself *WE*, except in referring to his public actions. But with the war serious troubles began at home. After long consideration Cicero decided to join the runaway Pompey. By a stretch of friendly charity Pompey might be held to be in the right: whereas the victorious Caesar, despite his flattering letters to Cicero, was trampling on that holy thing, the Constitution of the Republic. But Terentia, we may well conjecture, could neither understand nor forgive her husband's desire to join a lost cause, and to do so for the first time just when every one could see that it was lost. She and her daughter had decided to stay at Rome, where thanks to Tullia's husband, Dolabella, they were safe although it was in the hands of the Caesarians. But whatever Terentia may have felt about her husband's decision, she was not the woman to be set in charge of the property and responsibilities he had left behind, least of all in Rome, where charming people like Dolabella were always ready to suggest unkind things about an absent friend. The only person near her to whom she seems to have looked for advice was her rascally freedman Philotimus. A year earlier, when Cicero was in Cilicia,

[1] See the essay already cited (*Camb. Philol. Trans.*, v. pp. 40 and 55).

either she, or this Philotimus with her connivance, had seized upon a large sum out of some property left in Cicero's trust; and in 49 B.C., when she was left behind in Italy, she fell or was dragged into a series of dishonest adventures. Her husband's natural reticence allows only a few of the details to transpire in his letters to Atticus. The first hint of trouble is in January, 48, when Cicero writes from Pompey's camp that he is "cruelly oppressed" by anxiety as to affairs at home, because Philotimus has made off with large sums, and so impaired Cicero's credit in Rome that he is now compelled to have no less than £18,000 sent over to Atticus from Asia. From the next letter (February) we learn that the rents of Cicero's farms have been unaccountably spent, and that some £500 has been "held back" without Cicero's knowledge from the first instalment of Tullia's dowry when it was paid to Dolabella. Finally, instead of seeking help from Cicero or Atticus, Terentia stooped to defraud Cicero himself of some £16 out of a balance of £96 which Atticus had told him stood to his credit; Terentia declared that "the balance only amounted to £80." At this Cicero is distracted by pity and disgust. "I entreat you think what can be done for this unhappy lady," he writes in one letter; and soon after he exclaims, "I am utterly broken and crushed by the poor creature's folly." Of the £16 he writes: "If she can filch this small sum from so small a total—you see what she must have done with larger ones." Tullia, we may notice, came to join her father at Brundusium, in spite of the unhealthy climate; he wishes to send her back "as soon as she will consent to go," which she would not do. The story

SALEM COLLEGE
LIBRARY
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

found its natural end, according to Roman views, in the divorce which was arranged soon after Cicero's return to Rome in October, 47. "I found there was not a corner of my house where some plot was not being hatched against me"—so he wrote a little while after.

The process of estrangement can be clearly discerned in the eighteen letters which Cicero wrote to Terentia herself during these years. They begin in June, 48—five months after Philotimus has left Rome—with a brief but kindly note: Terentia is ill—Cicero uses only the simple *I*. The next is yet shorter: Terentia "must take care to get thoroughly well"—*i.e.* she is convalescent; but there is still no *WE*. But a month later, when she seems to be better, we have a colder letter, beginning with three patronising plurals: "WE can rarely find a courier, nor have WE anything that WE should like to write to you." Poor Terentia! In the letter from her which Cicero is answering she must have quoted by way of justifying herself some expression of Tullia's gratitude to her, as to which Cicero's comment is, "I am not surprised that you should be kind enough to her for her to be able to thank you with justice." Cicero seems to doubt the extent of the "kindness." The next letter again begins with another of these cool pronouns: "You say you are glad WE have returned safely to Italy: heaven send you may have no reason to change your mind." Cicero's separation from the Pompeian party no doubt pleased Terentia, but it left Cicero himself in great anxiety.

In the next four letters we hear of her illness and Tullia's, and in these Cicero has not the heart to call

himself *WE;* in the second of them he sends his "love" (*plurimam salutem*) instead of the bare "greeting." But five months later, just after he has been joined by Tullia, Cicero cannot overcome his grief and vexation at what he learns of her mother's proceedings, and the plural re-appears. In the remaining letters which grew shorter and shorter it becomes more and more frequent, until in the last two, which have been compared to Mr. Pickwick's famous despatch to Mrs. Bardell, *WE* has banished *I* altogether. Here is the last:

> From Tullius to his wife Terentia, Greeting! We expect that We shall arrive at Tusculum on the 7th or 8th. Please see that everything is ready there, for very likely there will be several people with Us, and probably We shall stay there some time. If there is no basin in the bath-room, please see to its being replaced, and to anything else that may be needed for health and comfort. Good-bye. Venusia, Oct. 1.

The clue which we have so far followed reveals one thing more about Cicero which is well worth notice. By counting the occurrences of the Plural of Dignity in the letters we can ascertain just how often he was moved to complacency by the thought of his various distinctions—his learning, eloquence, possessions or political achievements. And since his letters to one of his friends cover almost the whole of his career, the result of the count in different sections of these will give us some insight into the inner consciousness of their author at different times in his life.

The first eight years of Cicero's acquaintance with Atticus, 68–60 B.C., was a time of great things, "the days when *WE* flourished," as he writes with a sigh later on. It is covered by the first Book of the Letters

to Atticus. Here the magniloquent *WE* is extremely common.[1] Its frequency sinks very little in Book III., containing the letters written in exile. Cicero's banishment happened to be a necessary move in Caesar's imperial game, but on Cicero the blow fell with an added weight of mystery. Few men are the better for being unjustly dealt with, and Caesar's brutal act did nothing to mend the worst fault of Cicero's temperament. It was in no chastened mood that he wrote such words as these:—

> We have lived a life of honour: we have seen great days. It is not our fault, but our integrity that has cast us down. We look back on no mistake save one—that we did not relinquish life itself along with its glories. But if this was what our children wished, that we should live on, we must endure the consequence, unendurable though it be.

In four or five other passages he alludes to the same project of suicide, always with the same magniloquence. It is hardly fanciful, I think, to conclude that such an act presented itself to his mind chiefly as making a dramatic end to a great career.[2]

The first letters after his recall exult in his apparent return to power. To this period belongs the famous letter in which the historian Lucceius is entreated to immortalise Cicero's consulship even at the cost of the truth. Few of the foolish things inspired by his triumphal reception have left such a record behind them as this request, which, we may note, took no less than twenty-three plural pronouns in five pages

[1] 102 examples may be counted in 43 pages of the Teubner edition of the text.

[2] This scenic variety of the use, if so it may be called, occurs several times in the last utterances of Dido (Vergil, *Aen.* iv. 591, 612, 625, and esp. 659, 660, 662).

to display its author in his proper magnificence! The petition ends in these words:—

> We are moved by a longing to see your promised work speedily accomplished, because we are eager that the world should learn to know us in our lifetime from your writings, and that we ourself should live to see the little flower of our renown in full blossom.

Here, surely, is Cicero at his worst. To our modern taste apologies are useless. True, in the last sentence he reveals by the diminutive (*gloriola nostra*) that his request has something of a humorous look even to its author; and equally true that one can point to more colossal records of egotism among his contemporaries, notably in Caesar, unredeemed by any such saving touch. What would have been said of Lord Roberts if his official despatch after Paardeberg had contained only the words, "I came, I saw, I conquered"? It is not by the standard of his contemporaries merely, or even chiefly, that Cicero's admirers would wish him to be judged. If he had never gathered any sounder views of life than his petition to Lucceius implies, one is tempted to think that the petition itself would hardly have been superfluous.

But the Cicero whom the world reveres is the man he grew to be in the last decade of his life. In the great years of the Civil Wars he learnt and unlearnt much. The childish things that disfigured his earlier days have at last been put away. Nowhere does this appear more clearly than in his letters; and in no feature of them more remarkably than in the disuse[1]

[1] In the First Book of the letters to Atticus, as we have noticed, there are 102 examples in 43 pages; in the last, written in 44 B.C.,

of the vain figure of speech in which he had once delighted. Cicero knew himself better. The glistering foil and the broad rumour were no longer so dear. And the causes, or at least the occasion, of the change is not far to seek. Danger, and responsibility even greater than he had known before, fell upon Cicero when the real issues of the time at last stood clear before his eyes. The domestic sorrows which culminated in 45 with Tullia's death, and the strain of the Civil War, with the recurring temptation to join Caesar which he had steadily put by, left their mark upon his character. It is to these years that we owe the essays on life whose lofty and generous humanity shaped the public ethics of Christendom.[1] And from these years may be dated the influence which Cicero exerted upon the new life of Rome itself. Nothing is more striking in the history of the time, though few things have been less noticed, than the deference with which both Julius and Octavian sought the approval and the counsel of the old republican leader. And can any reader of the *Aeneid*, or of Livy, doubt that it was the influence of Cicero at his best, more than any other single cause, that enthroned among the new generation the civilising faith of the Empire, the faith that good government is peace?

at most 16 in 33, and out of 23 letters (counting enclosed letters separately) I think some 15 are entirely without it. In the same way, in the letters to Paetus (46–43 B.C.) there are only 17 examples in 20 pages, and most of these are purely humorous: 6 of the 12 letters have no examples. Nor does it, so far as I have found, appear at all in Cicero's letters to Brutus (44–43 B.C.), though that selfless patriot does not scruple to reply more than once in a tone of patronage which is a trifle ridiculous.

[1] For example, the *De Finibus*, the *Tusculans*, and the *De Nat. Deorum*, in 45; the *De Amicitia*, *De Senectute*, and *De Officiis*, in 44.

The last letter that Cicero wrote to Paetus, a few months before the proscriptions, ends with a thought familiar to us in his public speeches, but rarely sounded in so noble a key. Similar declarations at earlier times, like that which we have seen in one of his letters from exile, are full of himself; the tell-tale plural marks every line. But now it has ceased. Now the spirit of the letter is that of the man who, when he was pursued by the cut-throats of the Triumvirs and his faithful slaves were preparing to defend him, resolutely forbade it and bared his own neck to the sword. Cicero faces death in prospect as he did a few months later in reality, surrendering himself that those around him might be saved, and dying to live again in the noblest thought of an empire which he had re-inspired[1]:

Sed caue, si me amas, existimes me, quod iocosius scribam, abiecisse curam rei publicae. Sic tibi, mi Paete, persuade, me dies et noctes nihil aliud agere, nihil curare nisi ut mei ciues salui liberique sint. Nullum locum praetermitto monendi, agendi, prouidendi; hoc denique animo sum ut si in hac cura atque administratione uita mihi ponenda sit, praeclare actum mecum putem.

Do not infer, I beseech you, from these chance jests that I have ceased to care for my country. Believe me, dear friend, day and night all my thoughts and endeavours are set upon this, how to save the lives and the freedom of my countrymen. I let slip no chance of warning, pleading and planning on their behalf. And my resolve is, that if in thus watching and working I am called to lay down my life, I will count it a glorious ending.

[1] *Fam.* ix. 24. 4.

II

MAN AND NATURE IN THE AUGUSTAN POETS

A Lecture delivered to the Classical Association of Scotland in March, 1911.

My first duty to-day is to crave a mournful privilege which would be, I think, sought by any member of the Council of the English Classical Association who had worked for it with Professor Butcher, the privilege of adding something even to what has been nobly said of him already. He was, I suppose, the greatest interpreter of Greek poetry, and the most eloquent and persuasive teacher of Greek that our generation has seen; and the work to which he was led in the last seven years of his life made him peculiarly a teacher and inspirer of those who taught. He came to England at a critical moment, when those whose chief concern was to remedy what they felt to be the abuses which had grown up in classical teaching, and those whose only desire was to protect classical study from attack had begun and seemed likely to continue a mutually destructive and fruitless combat. But in Professor Butcher's deeper enthusiasm both these objects were transcended and united, and the solid work which the Council of the

Classical Association has been able to accomplish is due in a high degree to his leadership and his unsparing devotion to its interests. In his teaching work in a great city in Scotland he had learned what, as he said more than once, it is hard to learn in Oxford or Cambridge, that the real defence and justification of classical studies is not that they provide a gentlemanly training for the sons of the professional and leisured classes, but that they contain a great part of the stored beauty and wisdom of human thought, to be admitted to which is a privilege which ought to be open to every student from every class of society. To keep open and extend this privilege is one of the great purposes of our Association, and, I doubt not, of yours; and by the inspiration which Professor Butcher gave to us in the first years of our Association's work, I believe his influence will continue to be felt for long years to come.

The Augustan age at Rome is one of perhaps three or four epochs in history which seem to have summed up all the ages that preceded them and shaped those that were to come. "Into the Roman Empire," writes Lord Bryce,[1] "all the life of the ancient world was gathered; out of it all the life of the modern world arose." The age of Pericles at Athens absorbed the whole of Hellenic life down to the fifth century B.C. and stamped upon the world's memory an unfading image of the Greek ideal; and the Augustan age took up and gave to Europe the thought of the Greek world, enriched by the harvest of Roman reflection in seven victorious centuries and the deeper questionings begotten by three generations of civil war. No one

[1] *Holy Roman Empire*, p. 439 (new ed., 1904).

who has begun to realise the richness and perennial significance of this period in human history will ever fear lest thinking men and women in this country or this Empire should desire to discourage its study. But we shall desire that this cardinal human value of the study shall be remembered and made plain.

The question with which this lecture is concerned is this—What did the Augustan age contribute to men's feelings and beliefs about their relation to what we call external nature? How had they thought about it before, and what did their new teachers give them to think?

My first remark is a commonplace. In the latter half of the last century B.C. man had in himself every reason to seek some pleasanter subject for reflection. For when he contemplated himself, in the singular or in the plural—especially in that plural of plurals, the chaos of decaying governments of which the world then consisted—he could not but find the spectacle a sorry one. On the historical and political causes of this chaos, and on the infinite suffering which it produced all through the long civil wars of the last century B.C., we must not now dwell.[1] But I may perhaps remind you of one aspect of it which Dr. Warde Fowler has recently made clear in his delightful book *Social Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero*—I mean the extraordinary sordidness of the life of the governing class. We hear, for instance, of Decimus Brutus having to spend a sum of £320,000 within a single year on the maintenance of troops. An army of one's own, no doubt, is an expensive luxury, so that we need not be surprised at its cost. The interesting

[1] Compare p. 49 f.

question is, whence did Decimus Brutus get such a sum of money, and how, having spent it, did he continue his financial existence? Who in the end paid the bill? Dr. Warde Fowler makes it clear that the bulk of the governing class at Rome lived gaily on borrowed money, perpetually changing their creditors but rarely paying off their debts. Now to what security did their creditors, the great bankers, look? The one kind of security on which they relied was the revenues of the provinces; in other words, the power which might sooner or later come to any member of the governing class to extort money, directly or indirectly, from the peoples of the empire. One well-known example will suffice, the case of Marcus Junius Brutus, the leading conspirator, the Brutus with whom we are familar in Plutarch's idealised picture, so faithfully represented in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, Brutus, who protests to Cassius—

> For I can raise no money by vile means.
> By heavens, I had rather coin my heart
> And drop my blood for drachmas than to wring
> From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
> By any indirection.

There is a strange irony in this, as Professor Tyrrell observed,[1] in the light of the facts. Marcus Junius Brutus was not a borrower but a lender, on a large scale; and as there was in existence a law forbidding members of the Senate to lend money to provincial communities—a most excellent law, mark you—, when Brutus lent money to the town of Salamis in Cyprus he was obliged to charge the ample rate of 48 per

[1] *The Correspondence of Marcus Tullius Cicero*, III. (ed. 2) p. xxix.

cent., considering the risk involved of the detection and annulment of the contract. The business was carried through in the name of Scaptius, a man of straw, to whom in 52 B.C. the Roman Governor of Cilicia, being a friend of Brutus, lent the services of a troop of horse to coerce the Town Council of Salamis into paying their interest. With this troop of cavalry Scaptius had blockaded the unhappy town councillors in their own town hall till five of them died of starvation, and the rest were fain to save their lives by paying the interest.[1]

Such an incident gives a plain answer to our financial riddle:—borrow what you like, when you like, how you like, and before the time comes for paying, make the provincials pay. Quintus Cicero, and later on Mark Antony and Curio, were freed from enormous debts by Caesar's liberal distribution of the proceeds of his ten years in Gaul. Now we understand why to a critical onlooker[2] the Forum seemed "insane," not so much because of its political turmoil but because of the wild spirit of speculation which appeared in the borrowings and lendings of every day. Such a system gave free play, and had done for more than a century, to the meanest as well as the cruellest instincts of human nature; and its consequences in Rome and the vast Roman dominion roused a feeling of abhorrence which is deeply written in the literature of the time. The poet Lucretius, for example, bids his readers turn to philosophy as the one pursuit worth following in an unquiet, homeless world. Lucretius died some twenty years before the period with which we are to-day concerned, and I must not even begin

[1] Cic. *ad Att.* vi. 1. 6.

[2] Vergil, *Georg.* ii. 502.

to speak of the nobility of his scientific enthusiasm, or of the keen insight with which he studied the natural world One remark, however, is needed if we are to appreciate fairly the work of his successors. To Lucretius the interest of nature is not unlike that of a mathematical problem, though tinged with rather sombre colour. For nature to him is "red in tooth and claw," governed by inexorable laws which do nothing but maintain the material framework of the world and the different forms of life—until the end of a certain period when it will all break up into the primordial stream of colourless atoms, for ever raining down through space, hard, angular, hooked little entities, dancing through the void ether, with never a soul or a smile, or a fraction of personality.

It is true that now and then we feel that the poetry of Lucretius is deeper than his philosophical creed, for instance in the well-known description[1] of the mother cow looking for her calf, which has been killed.

"For often before the stately temple of some god, beside the altars smoking with incense, a calf is slain for sacrifice, and his life-blood pours out in a hot stream from his breast. But its mother wanders forlorn through the green pastures, and traces on the ground the prints left by its cloven hoofs (*noscit humi pedibus uestigia pressa bisulcis*), gazing eagerly this way and that, hoping somewhere to catch sight of the young one she has lost. Her moaning fills all the leafy wood as she turns away from it unsatisfied, and hurries back again and again to the stall, pierced with longing for her calf."

[1] Lucr. ii. 352 ff.

desiderio percussa iuuenci;
Vsque adeo quiddam proprium notumque requirit.

That is a passage touched by the sympathy and imagination of a poet; but to what is the description directed? To show that cows and calves are made of a special kind of atoms, and that even between calves there are differences of constituent atoms by which their mothers know their own offspring.

The poet's feeling for non-human nature is there; but his philosophic scheme bids him repress it sternly. Notice the last line; ownership and familiarity (*notum*, not *carum*) are the only feelings alleged as the source of the mother's distress, though one cannot read the passage without seeing that the poet felt more than he thought a philosopher ought to feel.

Now turn for a moment to Horace. We see him first as an undergraduate enlisting with enthusiasm in the army of the *soi-disant* liberator Brutus, when it touched the University of Athens in its eastward march; and then sharing in the ignominious collapse of the campaign at Philippi, and returning to Rome sick with himself, sick with his times.

Among his early poems there are two interesting epodes, written in the midst of the civil wars which followed. In these, the second and sixteenth, a description of country life and natural beauty takes a large place.

Let me quote a few lines from Sir Theodore Martin's translation of the Second Epode:—

Happy the man, in busy schemes unskilled,
Who, living simply, like our sires of old,
Tills the few acres which his father tilled,
Vexed by no thoughts of usury or gold.

The tender vine-shoots budding into life ¹
He with the stately poplar-tree doth wed,
Lopping the fruitless branches with his knife,
And grafting shoots of promise in their stead.

Or when rich Autumn o'er the smiling land
Lifts up his head with rosy apples crowned,[1]
Joyful he plucks the pears, which erst his hand
Graffed on the stem they're weighing to the ground.

What joy, amidst such feasts, to see the sheep,
Full of pasture, hurrying homewards come,
To see the wearied oxen, as they creep,
Dragging the upturned ploughshare slowly home!

In this extract we see that Horace describes with spirit the occupations and pleasures of the countryside, but he adds a drop of bitterness by an unexpected conclusion. All this praise of the country is put into the mouth of a money-lender who is represented as intending to turn rustic, but who, a week or two later, changes his mind.

Thus spake the miser Alfius; and, bent
Upon a country life, called in amain
The money he at usury had lent;
But ere the month was out, 'twas lent again.

The poet therefore turns from the subject with a jest which leaves his reader not quite certain how far his praise of country life is sincere. And as you will have noticed, even if it were entirely so, it is only in one or two points that it rises out of the commonplace. More than half the poem is taken up with the concrete advantages of the kitchen garden.

[1] Sir Theodore has embellished these lines. Horace says merely, "the full-grown vine-shoots," and "ripe" not "rosy," and has nothing corresponding to "rich" and "smiling."

One more passage from much the same period of Horace's life strikes a different but no more cheerful note. He begins by a deeply-felt lament[1] over the prolonged civil wars and the destruction which they threaten to bring on Rome and her Empire; and then invites his comrades to flee with him far from the guilty shores of Italy and swear never to return until a string of miracles shall happen, till the dove shall pair with the kite and the herds have no fear of the lion—flee to some western isle,

Where Ceres year by year crowns all the untilled land with sheaves,
And the vine with purple clusters droops, unpruned of all her leaves;
There to the pails the she-goats come, without a master's word,
And home with udders brimming broad returns the friendly herd.

There are no bears to growl round the sheepfold, no snakes suddenly rising in the meadow. And where is this land to be found? Somewhere out in the ocean which no man has crossed—a rather distant setting to the poet's vision of nature. The picture is only drawn in order to throw into lurid relief the hopelessness of the world's actual condition.

Much more might be said of Horace's allusions to external nature in his later years, but in the upshot our verdict will not be doubtful.

Horace loved his country farm, but we could hardly gather from him that nature stood in any relation to man save that of the filler of his barns and cellars, the

[1] His political teaching is discussed more fully in the next Lecture (p. 51).

wise but sombre monitor of change, and at best the giver of leisure, the provider of pretty places for picnics in the hot weather, or of the fireside where friends may sit in genial talk in winter.

Very much the same is true of one who, as some of us at least venture to believe, was a congenial friend of Horace—the dainty Tibullus. The few hundred lines that he has left us make it clear that he shares with Horace a genuine liking for the simple ways of country folk. He describes their harvest festivals with sympathy and humour, and we feel that the farmers found in him a delightful companion.

Let me quote from the same translator's rendering of the first elegy :—

Now with the little that I have content,
My steps are ne'er on toilsome journeys bent;
I shun the dog-star's heat in leafy shade,
Where some clear runnel trickles through the glade;
Nor do I blush at times the plough to guide,
Or with the goad the tardy steers to chide,
Or in my bosom bear a lambkin home,
Or kid, its heedless dam has left to roam.
Spare my small flock, ye thieves and wolves; from some
Huge herd of countless beeves your prey should come;
Kind gods, draw near, nor spurn, though served on clay,
The gifts a home so poor as mine can pay!

Notice what Tibullus is not ashamed of—to carry home the lamb which its mother has forgotten, nothing harder than that. Now the passage[1] which Tibullus has in mind says "you must not be ashamed to saturate your field with rich dung, and scatter the ugly ashes on it too." Vergil's farmer is a more

[1] Georg. i. 80. Ne pingui saturare fimo pudeat sola, neve
Effetos cinerem inmundum iactare per agros.

serious person; what he must do without grumbling is hard and unattractive labour; Tibullus refines on this with just a touch of less robust sentiment. Let us follow him a little further. "I will plant the tender vines with my own fingers, and find it easy to graft big shoots of apple trees." On a holiday we, the poet (*nos* of the author[1]) will feel no shame to make merry until our poetical feet begin to totter (II. i. 30). How pleasant it is at the end to go to sleep safe indoors, with the rain pattering on the roof (I. i. 48)! (In town, of course, one lived in a flat, and, probably, unless one was very poor, some way from the tiles.)

Another day the farmer will set alight his bonfires of straw and weeds, and challenge his companions to jump over them. He takes his omens by hanging a bush from the bay tree over the flame and listening to the kind of crackle it gives. A good loud crackle promises a rich harvest and an abundant vintage, such that the farmer may dance on the grapes in the wine-press till he is crimson from head to foot, and his vats and his casks will be all too small. His wife will bring him plenty of children (*proles parata*, a somewhat humble, market-day kind of epithet—just as you might say, "plenty of eggs to-day"). His little son will catch hold of his father's ears to kiss him; and the old grandfather will survive to be of use now and then in the house and to sit by the cradle and talk nonsense to the little ones while father is in the fields (II. v. 90). His neighbour has gone to the wars and has not come back; and while *he* is wandering about, a pale ghost by the dark waters of Acheron and Styx, where there is no harvest and no vineyards,

[1] See p. 6, above.

only the impudent barking of Cerberus, and Charon's ugly face, the farmer enjoys his fat old age (*pigra senecta*), with all his family about him, in his small cottage. He can still catch the sheep himself, but he sends his son to run after the lambs; and when he comes home tired his wife prepares for him a hot bath (I. x. 42): *et fesso calidam comparat uxor aquam.*

That is a thoroughly characteristic passage. The hot bath of the old farmer is pleasantly contrasted with the cold, cold waters of the rivers in the world of the dead! Pleasantly, but without, as you will perhaps admit, rising to any very lofty level. Indeed, the line about the hot water can hardly be called anything but quite perfect prose. Tibullus, like Horace, though he knows how delightful the country can be, did not find in it any new or serious inspiration.

One poet of Rome, and one only, had something new to tell men of their relation to nature. Like our own Wordsworth, Vergil was a child of the country, and had learnt to love it with his earliest breath. Like Wordsworth's, too, his early manhood was darkened by a crushing disappointment—a blow to all the hopes for Italy and the world which had been steadily growing in men's minds for some fifteen years. Amid the wars and rumours of wars with which Vergil's boyhood was filled, one figure had arisen bright enough to satisfy a schoolboy's dream, and beneficent and wise enough to attract a man's enthusiasm. From 58 B.C., when Vergil was twelve years old, till 44, when he was twenty-six, the deeds of Julius Caesar filled the imagination of the North Italian [1] as Garibaldi's did only yesterday, and

[1] See further, p. 97, below.

as Napoleon's filled that of Europe a century ago. To that generation Julius Caesar was first of all a brilliant conqueror establishing the Empire of Rome in the West and later in the East; the daring explorer who had reached the untrodden island of Britain in the far North; but he was also the enlightened lawgiver who, amid a mass of other wrongs redressed, had granted the coveted and long-delayed boon of Roman citizenship to the inhabitants of Transpadane Gaul where Vergil lived. For there is a political as well as a picturesque significance not yet, I think, observed in the mention of the Lakes of Como and Garda, as part of Italy, in the famous outburst of the Georgics (ii. 159):—

> Te, Lari maxime, teque
> Fluctibus et fremitu adsurgens, Benace, marino.

Till 49 B.C. these lakes were not in Italy at all.[1]

Above all Caesar was the peacemaker, the first of all the leaders of civil strife in that dark century to spare his conquered enemies; and this golden figure, at the height of his glory, was suddenly blotted out by the treachery of his friends. Well might the hazels and the daffodils of the fifth Eclogue,[2] the streams and the forests and the mountains, mourn for Daphnis; well might every true Italian mourn for Julius Caesar; and well might they despair of any end to the wild warfare that burst out again at his death.

Now, as we ought always to remember,[3] in spite of

[1] Notice the reference to the *Iulia unda* of the Lucrine harbour a few lines further on; the engineering feats of the Caesars are mentioned, along with their political benevolence.

[2] On this see p. 70, footn. 3.

[3] My debt here and in what follows to Professor A. C. Bradley's illuminating study of Wordsworth in his *Oxford Lectures on Poetry* (1909, p. 126 ff.) is gratefully acknowledged.

the strange silence of Matthew Arnold, Wordsworth entered on his poet's life full of the bright hopes inspired by the beginning of the French Revolution. He has told us in the Prelude (x.–xii.) of his bitter and crushing disappointment when that Revolution proved incapable of curbing the primitive passions which it had unchained. After passing through a time of gloomy depression in which his inspiration seemed to have failed him altogether, Wordsworth turned humbly back to nature and found there the beginning of a new life, a call to new though humbler work, and the power of still believing that the Universe was good. Listen to a passage from the Prelude (xii. 9) which echoes Vergil in more than one place :—

Ye motions of delight, that haunt the sides
Of the green hills ; ye breezes and soft airs,
Whose subtle intercourse with breathing flowers,
Feelingly watched, might teach Man's haughty race
How without injury to take, to give
Without offence ; ye who, as if to show
The wondrous influence of power gently used,
Bend the complying heads of lordly pines,
And, with a touch, shift the stupendous clouds ;

. . . . .

And you, ye groves, whose ministry it is
To interpose the covert of your shades,
Even as a sleep, between the heart of man
And outward troubles, between man himself
Not seldom, and his own uneasy heart :
Oh ! that I had a music and a voice
Harmonious as your own, that I might tell
What ye have done for me. The morning shines,
Nor heedeth Man's perverseness ; Spring [1] returns,—
I saw the Spring return, and could rejoice,

[1] Cf. G. ii. 338 : uer illud erat, uer magnus agebat orbis.

> In common with the children of her love,
> Piping on boughs, or sporting on fresh fields,
> Or boldly seeking pleasure nearer heaven
> On wings that navigate [1] cerulean skies.
> So neither were complacency, nor peace,
> Nor tender yearnings, wanting for my good
> Through these distracted times.

Just so it was with Vergil. From the miseries of the renewed Civil War he turned back to his rivers and woodlands, and they did not fail him (*flumina amem siluasque—inglorius*).

Recent study has pointed out interesting connexions between the Epode of Horace which we noticed just now,[2] and Vergil's fourth Eclogue. The Eclogue was written at the end of the same year, 40 B.C., in the light of a gleam of hope for peace which emerged after the treaty of Brundisium. In the most friendly and complimentary way Vergil borrows phrases, almost lines, from Horace's picture of the unattainable Isles of the Blest. Take, for instance, the clause which in the Epode runs *neu rauos timeant armenta leones*. Horace is using the subjunctive; Vergil the indicative, and therefore changes his verb from *timeant* to *metuent*, less picturesque but still suitable. Had Horace been the borrower, he might well have kept the verb *metuant*.

[1] Cf. Aen. i. 300: per aera magnum remigio alarum.

[2] P. 25 f.; Epode xvi. The likeness in difference of the two poems remains, whatever their relative date; in what follows, I have, though with hesitation, taken Skutsch's view: see his *Sechzehnte Epode und Vierte Ekloge*. (*Neue Jahrbücher für das Klassische Altertumsgeschichte und Deutsche Literatur*, 1909, Band xxiii., Abteilung i. p. 23.) A later lecture (iv. p. 66) will show more fully the greatness of my debt to this friend, the prince

Now for what purpose does Vergil make the change? He transfers the line boldly to a prophecy of what is actually going to come to pass in the present world with the rise of a new-born prince, a prince who is to be truly a prince of peace. Who this child was whose birth the Eclogue heralds is a fascinating question which we must not here discuss,[1] but it is certain that it was the offspring of some branch of the house of the Caesars. But observe how Vergil expresses his hope of a new social order—

> For thee, fair Child, the lavish earth shall spread
> Thy earliest playthings, trailing ivy-wreaths
> And foxgloves red and cups of water-lilies,
> And wild acanthus leaves with sunshine stored.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Thy very cradle blossoming for joy
> Shall with soft buds caress thy baby face;
> The treacherous snake and deadly herb shall die,
> And Syrian spikenard blow on every bank.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Then, league by league, the plain without a sower
> Shall ripen into waves of yellow corn;

of all the Latin scholars of our day, who died in 1912; "felix morte tua nec in hunc seruate dolorem."

[1] See the *Messianic Eclogue of Vergil*, by Mayor, Fowler and Conway, esp. c. 2; also Garrod, *Class. Rev.*, 1909, p. 162. I ought now perhaps to add that none of the more recent contributions to this question appear to me to have shaken in the least the identification of the unborn child with the Emperor's daughter Julia. Lejay's essay (*Rév. de Philologie*, xxxvi. (1912), p. 1 ff.) contributes much to the interpretation of the Eclogue in detail, but on the main historical point seems to me, I confess, somewhat perverse. For English readers the Rev. T. F. Royds has provided a delightful exposition and a new hexameter translation of the poem in his *Vergil and Isaiah* (Oxford, 1917); his study of the Hebraic origins of much of Vergil's matter is particularly welcome to classical students.

> On every wild-thorn purple grapes shall cluster
> And stubborn oaks yield honey clear as dew.
> . . . . . .
> Come then, dear child of gods, Jove's mighty heir!
> Begin thy high career; the hour is sounding,
> See how it shakes the vaulted firmament,
> Earth and the spreading seas and depth of sky!
> See, in the dawning of a new creation
> The heart of all things living throbs with joy!

It has been truly said [1] that the land that is here described is nothing but Italy itself, "seen through a golden haze" of the poet's confident hope. What is of especial interest to us here is the large space which Vergil gives to a description of the share which non-human nature will take in welcoming the young prince. But Vergil's thoughts about nature went far beyond this boyish picture of the days to come. He devoted to the farmer's life what was destined to be the most perfect poem he ever completed. In the *Georgics*, which profess to supply instructions for the grower of corn and vines, and for the keeper of cattle and bees,

> "Wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd,"

what Vergil has really done, and meant to do, though his commentators are strangely slow to realise it, is to draw a picture of the life of the farmer in Italy in such

[1] Mackail, *Latin Literature*, p. 95. Let me add that none of the features of the poem are so miraculous as northern commentators have rather blindly supposed. Even the crimson fleeces of the lambs (l. 34) are only a characteristic imported into Italy from Baetica or Asia on the principle *omnis feret omnia tellus*. See Pliny's account (*Nat. Hist.* viii. § 191), which begins with the remark *colorum plura genera;* Italy itself might claim a variety of the saffron-colour in the sheep of Canusium, who were *fului uelleris*.

a way as to set it in its true relation to the whole of life, human and non-human. We will not further concern ourselves with the contrast which is always in his mind between the simple life of the farmer, earning his own bread by providing that of others, and the feverish corrupt pursuits of political and social ambition—though that contrast must be realized if we wish to see the tremendous gravity which the subject wore in Vergil's eyes. The question which we shall try to answer now is this—What view is given to us in the *Georgics* of the relation of man to nature? Does it differ in any way from the complacent though reflective Hedonism, the temper of content with the material pleasures of the country, so far as they go, which we have found in poets like Horace and Tibullus? Or again from the loftier but dogmatically limited conception of Lucretius, in which nature and man alike are the sport of blind fate, of an eternal but quite meaningless law?

Now I venture to think that the essence of Vergil's answer has never yet been quite fully set forth. The kind of answer which the poem really offers is singularly parallel to that which Wordsworth gave to the same kind of problem in his day, a problem presented to him most poignantly in the course of the French Revolution. A prosaic critic might say that Vergil's answer is no answer at all; because it really consists in declaring with passionate feeling that the ultimate fact of nature is not an intelligible statement or system, but a mystery single and profound. This attitude in Wordsworth Professor A. C. Bradley has finely illustrated,[1] dwelling, for instance, on the

[1] *Oxford Lectures on Poetry*, p. 135.

faraway suggestions conveyed by the opening line of the third stanza of the poem on the Solitary Reaper, a poem which but for such suggestions might be taken for the simplest type of ballad.

"Will no one tell me what she sings?" Why, every passer-by would have answered his question with great confidence, supplied him with the name of the song, very likely with the name of its author, and thought no more about it, except perhaps that the lighter-hearted among them would have smiled at the apparent earnestness with which the poet asked such a question.

But, of course, in Wordsworth's sense the passer-by could not tell him what she sang. The notes that flowed from the lips of the Highland reaper were linked in Wordsworth's mind with "old, unhappy, far-off things," of which the singer was almost unconscious, linked, that is, with a tragic, beautiful past, with the inarticulate strugglings of Creation, with the elemental music of the Universe. But while the simplest question on the poet's lips thus becomes profound, other questions, being linked with it, grow deeper too and yet in some strange way less urgent. Toil and pain and sorrow and death in the individual experience are no longer isolated riddles; they take their place as a part of the organic universe, wrapped up not less intimately than joy and affection and health and friendship with the tissue of life itself.

Let me illustrate what we may call this transcending process—the process by which the toils or pains of every day become majestic by being linked with great mysteries, and beautiful by being interwoven with human affection. For I am convinced that it is

some such conception as this which is the real key to the deepest meaning of the *Georgics*.

On almost every page of the poem there is a hint of some unsolved question, of the relation of every part of life to its central mysteries, mysteries which exhibit to suffering mortals quite as often a face of mirth and tenderness as they do of sternness and of pain. Everywhere, even in the descriptions of familiar scenes, storm or harvest, the choice of seeds, or the choice of sires and dams for the flock, everywhere the picture runs back into some unexpected vista, some far-off avenue of association, at the end of which appears the figure of one or other of the ultimate familiar problems, with an aspect full of a strange new light. "Do not let your swarms of bees attack one another"; such is the simple bee-keeper's precept. What does Vergil make of the "handful of dust" with which the war in the hive is to be promptly quieted? "All these passions, all these mighty wars will be crushed into silence if you cast upon them a handful of dust."[1] Suddenly at a touch the hive has become the universe; the quarrels of the bees, which will spoil the harvest of honey, are the fruitless, murderous wars of men, and the "Why?" of the disappointed bee-keeper becomes the "Why" of the central moral problem of mankind.

It will be worth our while to look a little more closely into this characteristic habit of Vergil's mind. I suppose no one has ever lived who has so combined the philosophic habit of seeing things as a whole with the

[1] G. iv. 86–87.

Hi motus animorum atque haec certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui iactu compressa silebunt.

poet's power of vividly portraying some one individual thing. And it is that which makes the extraordinary power and charm of the *Georgics*. Take the picture of the two bulls in combat (iii. 223), fighting fiercely for some fair heifer which they both covet. Their angry bellowings as they charge upon each other are echoed by the forest and by "long Olympus." [1]

> Versaque in obnixos urguentur cornua vasto
> Cum gemitu; reboant silvaeque et longus Olympus.

What has Olympus to do with the fighting of two bulls in a field? Olympus stands of course, as we know, in Vergil's picturesque way, for any neighbouring hills, just as the "lilies of the field" stand for any wild flower. And yet the name Olympus does more than take the place of the general name of hill. It contrasts the silence, the unmoved peace of the great mountains with the fever of the angry creatures; it reminds us that the mountains as much as the fighting are somehow part of the divine scheme of things; reminds us that even the gods of whom men dream as dwelling on great Olympus, even the gods cannot be deaf to the struggles of earth; nay, their very home must echo the turmoil.

Look further at the end of the passage (ll. 237–41), where the defeated bull is pictured as gathering his strength again "in exile" and coming home to the pasture in order to make an attack upon his foe who has long ago forgotten him. This is compared in a magnificent simile to the rise of a great tidal wave far out at sea, that moves with a crest of foam swift but majestical to shore and crashing through the rocks

[1] The phrase is Homeric; compare (and contrast) especially *Il.* viii. 199.

with measureless noise, falls huge as a mountain on the shallows and tosses aloft the black sand.[1]

> Fluctus uti medio coepit cum albescere ponto
> Longius, ex altoque sinum trahit, utque uolutus
> Ad terras immane sonat per saxa, neque ipso
> Monte minor procumbit ; at ima exaestuat unda
> Verticibus, nigramque alte subuectat harenam.

Is this representation of the bull's fury merely picturesque? A picture it is indeed, but it is more than that. It puts the bull's outburst of wildness into the same category as some sudden movement of the waters which reveals the incalculable power and activity, the unsuspected cruelty, the unseen blackness at the bottom beneath the white, silent surface of the sea. The sudden roar of the breaking wave is magnificently suggested by the broad *a* of the mysterious word *immane* which sounds like the breaking open of some vast portal beyond which stretches, dim and dark, the infinite unknown.

Still more explicitly are we conscious of this universal touch, this echo of some "cosmic rune" in the famous description of the storm in harvest which forms the turning-point of the 1st Book (ll. 316 ff.). The passage opens very quietly—the harvest is ripe, the farmer is hiring his harvesters and telling them to be careful, for the barley ears are heavy. And then,

> Sudden from every quarter of the plain
> The embattled winds make onset, swift to upreave
> In skyward blast the laden stalks of barley,
> Bidding[2] dark eddies whirl away in dust
> The dancing straws and mist of flying chaff.

[1] On this characteristic of some parts of the shore of Italy see Professor Archibald Geikie's *Love of Nature among the Romans*, 1912, p. 314 (or in *Cl. Assoc. Proc.*, viii. (1911), p. 91).

[2] This seems to me quite clearly the meaning of the subjunctives

Another time it is a sudden rain-storm that drowns the harvest;

> Up sweep the clouds ingathering from the sea,
> And mass the sullen tempest black with rain.
> The vault of heaven bursts and overwhelms
> Earth's hope and toil of oxen. Ditches fill,
> 'Neath hollow banks the river sobs and swells,
> And foamy breathings stir the slumbrous sea.

Do you see where Vergil has brought us? Out from the field and its ditches to the great river, out from the great river to the greater sea. But even that is too narrow. Not the sea only is moved.

> Then lo! across the night of cloud, God's hand
> Flashed and unloosed the artillery of heaven.
> And at the noise thereof the mighty earth
> Trembled; the stricken beasts brake from their dens,
> And through the nations human hearts beat low;
> But He by that bright shaft has overthrown
> Some seagirt pinnacle or Balkan crest.

Then we come back to the farmer whose hopes must be shattered because they are in the same universe with the great cosmic powers that raise the mountains and cast them down at their will. After the flash and the thunder—

> Now winds redouble, fiercest now the rain,
> And hark, the forest, hark, the shore is groaning
> Lashed by the scourging of the homeless wind.

> Saepe ego, cum flavis messorem induceret arvis
> Agricola et fragili iam stringeret hordea culmo,
> Omnia ventorum concurrere proelia vidi,
> Quae gravidam late segetem ab radicibus imis

eruerent and *ferret*; whether they be called "Past Unreal Jussive" ("they were bound to do") or an "Oblique Command," is a matter of small moment since historically the two are identical.

Sublimem expulsam eruerent ; ita turbine nigro
Ferret hiems culmumque levem stipulasque volantes.
Saepe etiam immensum caelo venit agmen aquarum,
Et foedam glomerant tempestatem imbribus atris
Collectae ex alto nubes ; ruit arduus aether,
Et pluvia ingenti sata laeta boumque labores
Diluit ; implentur fossae et cava flumina crescunt
Cum sonitu, fervetque fretis spirantibus aequor.
Ipse pater media nimborum in nocte corusca
Fulmina molitur dextra, quo maxima motu
Terra tremit ; fugere ferae et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor : ille flagranti
Aut Athon aut Rhodopen aut alta Ceraunia telo
Deicit ; ingeminant austri et densissimus imber :
Nunc nemora ingenti[1] vento, nunc litora plangunt.

The same sense of mystery underlies the pathos and the humour with which Vergil sketches the life of both plants and animals. You watch the nut-tree when it blossoms and count your coming harvest of nuts by the richness of the flowers. But the nut-tree herself knows nothing of you; she thinks she is "putting on her robes" of beauty for the spring and "shaping her fragrant boughs" into lovely "curves" (i. 187). You call the goose a "villain" (*improbus*) when he plucks your young vine shoots ; but he thinks he is working hard for his food. You resent the thefts of the ant and the weevil from your granary; but they think they are "laying up provision against a needy old age" (i. 186). You curse the cattle plague

[1] Note the force of the mysterious word *ingens*, here rendered "homeless." I believe it means literally "of no race or tribe, uncreated, unearthly." Vergil's fondness for this epithet is of course well known. I may now refer to an interesting discussion of Vergil's use of the word by Dr. J. W. Mackail (*Class. Rev.*, xxvi. (1912), p. 255), with the etymological note which I added at his invitation.

for destroying your stock and ruining your farm; but your ox himself only "mourns his brother's death" (iii. 518). You loathe the serpent that shelters in your long grass and rises with a hiss when you tread upon him, and you[1] "take sticks and stones" to destroy him; but he comes proudly to meet you, his anger aflame, and makes a valiant fight for his life. Everywhere there is this deeply-felt contrast between the purpose and hopes of the individual and the place which we discover, or think we discover, that he occupies in the great scheme of things. And there is just the same contrast between the hopes and fears of the individual man or woman, and the end, glad or sorrowful, to which the uncharted movement of destiny is conducting them. Now we see that when Vergil turned aside with respectful but sincere resolve[2] from the materialistic teaching of Lucretius, or of any other who undertook "to identify all the reasons of things," he was not descending into some narrower, darker room, though the humble, gentle tone which is his when he speaks of himself might deceive us into thinking so; in his own way he is soaring "out beyond the flaming bulwarks of the universe" (*flammantia moenia mundi*) as Epicurus is said to have done in Lucretius' great line, but on vaster wings than Epicurus ever knew. That famous sonnet of Wordsworth, which can never be too often quoted, has exactly interpreted Vergil's feeling towards the negative side of Lucretius' teaching—

[1] Cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor,
Tollentemque minas et sibila colla tumentem
Deice. *Georg.* iii. 420, cf. 434 and 438-9.

[2] On this change or development in Vergil's feeling more will be said in Lecture IV. (p. 103).

Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Study nature's laws as we may; explain them to our farthest stretch of science, yet, says Vergil "in his shy[1] way," there is still a mystery around and behind them; and that same mystery breaks into our ken in the merry pranks of the old-world gods of stream and tree; in the tears of the bereaved; in the smiles and kisses of the farmer's little children; the same divine mystery as in the most stupendous earthquake, the most ruinous flood, the most beautiful vision of spring.

[1] T. E. Page at the Classical Association (*Proceedings*, 1905, p. 57).

III

HORACE AS POET LAUREATE[1]

What do we expect of a Poet Laureate, of a poet who handles national themes? He records and he interprets events of national importance. But how does this differ from the function of the historian? Clearly the poet is more free; he is not bound to record merely what was and what is, and the causes of both; he may treat of what may be—what might have been.[2] He may handle, not the whole of an event, but only such part of it as seems to him permanent and significant; just so much as appears important when seen, in the mediaeval phrase, *sub specie aeternitatis*. In a word, the poet can idealise; that is to say, he can connect events with great ideas.

All this is commonplace; but what is not so clearly seen is that such idealism tends to become true even of the actual past. It is commonly said and thought that the past cannot be altered, that when an event has once happened, its character is for ever determined.

[1] Given as a public lecture first at Cardiff (to the Frogs Society) in November, 1903, and frequently elsewhere since then; first printed by the Leeds Branch of the Classical Association in January, 1917 (in a volume called *Uvae Falernae*), and subsequently, with some changes, in the *Transactions of the Plymouth Institution* under the title "The Power of Poetry in History."

[2] Aristotle, *Poet.* xi.; and see Butcher's noble essay (c. iii. in his edition of *The Poetics*) on Poetic Truth.

But what do we mean by an event? The rise of ten degrees in the thermometer? Hardly an event to most of us,—unless we have spent a dusty morning in finding and furbishing up an old pair of skates. The loss of a ten-pound note? Hardly perhaps to a Carnegie, but to humbler folk certainly an event, possibly even a tragic one. The death of Julius Caesar? To a physiologist the phrase only means that a certain physiological organism has ceased to respond to the stimuli of its surroundings, a certain heart has ceased to beat. But that is not what we mean when we speak of the event of the Ides of March. The truth is that what we mean in ordinary speech by an event, though it always includes some nucleus of physical fact, includes also a great deal more. It means, I think, in our ordinary usage, nothing less than this,—a certain physical fact *plus* all the human feelings that led up to it, and all the human feelings that flowed from it.

If this definition be sound, it follows that if one can change those feelings one does in fact change the event, even when the physical fact has already happened.

Take a simple illustration. The name of Spion Kop recalls one of the most painful incidents of the Boer War. Some hundreds of brave lives were sacrificed in an effort to take a waterless and shelterless summit of rock which had to be abandoned within an hour or two of its capture. Many of us remember the controversy that arose on the question who was responsible for the tragedy; and that, I suppose, is the chief part of what the name represents in our minds. We should be very much surprised to hear that the

survivors held an annual dinner to keep alive its memory. "Some one had blundered," that is all. But then think of the other event which these words recall—the Balaclava charge:

> Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do and die;
> Into the valley of death
> Rode the six hundred.

Tennyson's genius seized on the heroic obedience of the common troopers as being the heart and centre of the event, and set it once for all upon the roll of great deeds.

Another example from modern history may be found in the French conception of Napoleon, shaped by poets like Béranger and Victor Hugo who dwelt on the liberative aspect of his wars. In his *Feuilles d'Automne* (xxv.)[1] Hugo describes his childish recollection of the great commander in a procession marching to the Panthéon:

> Ce qui me frappa et me resta gravé,
> Ce fut de voir parmi des fanfares de gloire
> Dans le bruit qu'il faisait cet homme souverain
> Passer muet et grave ainsi qu'un dieu d'airain.

The child pondered on this "deity of bronze," and next day he questioned his father as they watched the sunset together:

> O mon père, lui dis-je,
> Pourquoi notre empereur, cet envoyé de Dieu,
> Lui qui fait tout mouvoir et qui met tout en fer,
> A-t-il ce regard froid et cet air immobile!

His father replied by pointing to the fields outstretched

[1] I owe this reference to the kind help of my friend Prof. C. E. Vaughan.

before them, with their inexhaustible springs of vital energy:

> Dans son sein que n'épuise aucun enfantement
> Les futures moissons tremblent confusément.
> Ainsi travaille, enfant, l'âme active et féconde
> Du poète qui crée et du soldat qui fonde,
> Mais ils n'en font rien voir.

Even now, he said, the earth is yawning beneath the old decaying thrones; and from amid their fragments there rises to bless mankind a second Charlemagne with a new world in his grasp:

> La terre à chaque instant sous ses vieux trônes s'ouvre,
> Et de tous leurs débris sort pour le genre humain
> Un autre Charlemagne, un autre globe en main.

This ideal portrait, at the supposed date, was probably wide of the truth, if we take it as a picture of Napoleon's own motives. And yet it tended to become true through the influence that such conceptions had upon Napoleon himself; and still more through their influence upon the French people, in whom they alloyed and ennobled a merely national ambition.

Again, in the war of 1864 in America, the motives of the Northern leaders were at first almost wholly political, nor could they well have been otherwise. Abraham Lincoln, though he had always supported the movement against slavery, did not venture to proclaim the Abolition till the war was nearly ended. The truth is that in the meantime the cause of the North had been changed into something new, transfigured and transmuted by the idealists like Harriet Beecher Stowe, Walt Whitman, James Russell Lowell. Lowell's *Stanzas on Freedom* are too well known to be repeated here; but I must be forgiven for quoting

Walt Whitman's lines on the death of Abraham Lincoln, which are less familiar than they should be on this side of the Atlantic:

O Captain, my Captain, our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every wrack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring—
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain, my Captain, rise up and hear the bells!
Rise up, for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths, for you the shore a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.
Here, Captain, dear father,
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse or will.
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won—
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread
Walk the spot[1] my Captain lies
Fallen, cold and dead.

With such a cry ringing in men's hearts, who could doubt that the great struggle had been for a

[1] The earlier editions have "deck" instead of "spot." Whitman no doubt made the change in the hope that the rather bold ellipse of "where" might be more easily understood.

great cause? By that time it was clear that whatever the motives from which the war had been begun, it had been fought out to its end to liberate the slaves.

May I hope, then, that I have made clear the point for which I am contending, which amounts simply to this, the power of a great idealism—in religious language, it would, I suppose, be called by a shorter name—to mould and change even what seems to us to be past. This is the side of human life on which is based the Christian doctrine of forgiveness. It is a kind of intense and immeasurable capacity for new growth somehow intermingled in the plastic foundations of the universe. And what we call pessimism, in one degree or another, is merely a blindness to this permanent and continually miraculous fact.

Let us turn our thoughts from this modern experience to the same influence in the history of the ancient world, at what was perhaps the greatest turning-point which the course of human affairs has yet passed.

In the hundred years before this crisis, that is in the last century of the Republic at Rome, the suffering of the world from what Horace called [1] the delirium of its rulers, had reached an unbearable pitch. Between 133 and 31 B.C. Italy had seen twelve separate civil wars,[2] a long series of political murders, beginning

[1] *Epistles*, i. 2, 14. Any reader who has seen this paragraph in an earlier essay (*The Messianic Eclogue of Vergil*) will, I hope, pardon its use here for precisely the same purpose.

[2] Bellum Sociale; Bellum Octavianum; the return of Sulla; the wars of Lepidus, Sertorius, Spartacus, Catiline, Julius Caesar, the Triumvirs; in 41 B.C. the Bellum Perusinum; and after that the naval war with Sextus Pompeius and the final conflict with Antony.

with the Gracchi and ending with Caesar and Cicero; five deliberate massacres, from the drum-head court-martial[1] which sentenced 3000 supposed followers of Gaius Gracchus, down to the second proscription dictated by Mark Antony[2] and Octavian. Men still spoke with a shudder[3] of the butchery of 7000 Samnite prisoners by Sulla, in the hearing of the assembled Senate; and as a boy Horace must have met many men who had seen the end of the struggle with Spartacus and his army of escaped gladiators—a scene which has seized the imagination of a modern artist, 6000 prisoners, nailed on crosses, dying and dead, one at every fifty yards[4] of the busiest road in Italy, from Rome to Capua. And the record of the oppression of the provinces year by year under every fresh set of governors is hardly less terrible.

As we all know, the chief causes of this chaos may be reduced to two, both of them factors in history which have been remarkably renewed in the modern world. The first was the growth of the power of capital and its concentration in the hands of the governing class at a particular centre of power; and the second was the decay, or perhaps the inadequate development, of civil control over the military forces and the military spirit of a great empire; so that the armies of Rome and their commanders, instead of being the servants, were continually the masters of the community. In the world as it then was these conditions gave a standing invitation to any particular

[1] Orosius, v. 12.

[2] The three others were those of Marius and Sulla, and the execution of the followers of Spartacus.

[3] Caesar, ap. Cic. *ad Att.* ix. 7c, 1.

[4] Some 150 miles; Appian, *Bell. Civil.* i. 120

commander to make himself a despot; and Octavian himself was only the last of a series of political adventurers. When we read the story of the Proscription in 43 B.C., of which he was one of the authors, and by which in time of peace 2000 citizens (among them the venerable Cicero) were driven or dragged from their houses to be butchered, it is not surprising that two years afterwards, on the fresh outbreak of civil war, Horace should have begun his first public utterance (*Epode* vii.) with a cry of despair:

Quo, quo, scelesti, ruitis?

It was renewed in even more sombre tones two years later (*Epode* xvi.[1]):

In endless civil war imperial Rome
Plunges by her own strength to find her doom.
Not neighbouring nations, fiercely leagued in arms,
Not Porsena, with insolent alarms,
Not conquering Hannibal whose name of dread,
On kindly mothers' lips deep curses fed,—
Not one had compassed yet Rome's overthrow;
But by her children's hands she lieth low.

The last victor in the struggle was Octavian, and with the story of his rise to power before us, it is difficult to feel, and men of his own time at first were very far from feeling, that his victory was in itself an occasion for any thanksgiving. If ever there were events that badly needed to be altered it was surely those amid which Horace began to write.

[1] The lines that follow are slightly modified from the version by Francis, London, 1809.

In the other quotations from Horace the rendering in the main is Conington's, treated with a similar liberty, which I hope may be pardoned

How then did Horace deal with the prospect before him, and by what power was the unscrupulous Octavian converted into the divine Augustus, whose reign marks what, down to our own Victorian age, was perhaps the most beneficent epoch in history?

Three features in Horace's treatment of public affairs are worthy of note. They are three great refusals. In all of them Horace shows his loyalty to Roman ideals, and his resolve to have no compromise with any superficial view of events. The first of these is that, like Mr. Kipling, he will not forget. We have seen his outspoken condemnation of the Civil Wars; but the same thought appears many times in his first volume containing the first three Books of the *Odes*, published in 23 B.C.,[1] eight years after those wars had all ceased. Take for example the first Ode of Book ii.:

Methinks I hear of leaders proud
With no unworthy conflict stained,
And all the world by conquest bowed,
And only Cato's soul unchained.

Yes, Juno and the power on high
That left their Carthage to its doom
Have led the victors' progeny
As victims to Jugurtha's tomb.

What field by Latin blood-drops fed,
Proclaims not the unnatural deeds
It buries, and the earthquake dread
Whose distant thunder shook the Medes?

[1] This date appears to me to have been established more firmly than ever by the discussions of recent years, though the advocates of later dates have thrown welcome light on the meaning of many Odes, notably iii. 29. No doubt many of the Odes were written on particular occasions earlier than their appearance in collected form.

What gulf, what river has not seen
Those sights of sorrow? Nay, what sea,
Has Daunian carnage yet left green?
What coast from Roman blood is free?[1]

Nor did Horace forget what was perhaps the most miserable element in the struggles of the preceding century—the greed of the governing class; men had coveted political power because it brought enormous wealth, and had used their wealth for little but their own pleasure. Set beside the last passage a quieter utterance,[2] not less deeply felt, describing the tyranny of the rich. It has a strangely modern ring, and might have been written by some socialist poet who had watched a body of Highland crofters being expelled from their holdings that the land might be made into a deer-forest:

You find hands to square and hew
Vast marble blocks, hard on your day of doom,
Ever building mansions new,
Nor thinking of the mansion of the tomb.
Now you press on ocean's bound,
Where waves on Baiae beat, as earth were scant,
Now absorb your neighbour's ground,
And tear his landmarks up, your own to plant.
Hedges set round humble farms
Your avarice tramples; see, the outcasts fly,

[1] Qui gurges aut quae flumina lugubris
Ignara belli? quod mare Dauniae
Non decoloravere caedes?
Quae caret ora cruore nostro?

The third line is probably the original of Shakespeare's image of Macbeth's terror (ii. 2, 60):

This hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

[2] *Odes*, ii. 18.

Wife and husband, in their arms
Their father's gods, their squalid family.
Yet no hall that wealth e'er planned
Waits you more surely than the wider room
Traced by Death's yet greedier hand.
Why strain so far? You cannot leap the tomb.

I must be content to state without illustration the second refusal which Horace made; its importance is easily seen. He refused to forget his nation in his patron, refused to think of his patron save as the servant of the nation. The exalted and impersonal character of the praise which Horace gives to Augustus ought to be familiar to his readers, though his commentators have not always understood it. It is always as one who has accomplished, or is accomplishing great service to mankind that the Emperor is praised. And when it is said that Horace and Vergil praised too highly and too soon what Augustus accomplished, let me suggest to you that it would be truer to say that they both dictated and inspired it. We owe it to them that for all time the notion of supreme power, the power of an actual monarch, not of a dreamland body of philosophers, was identified with transcendent but practical goodness, with beneficent toil, of which the whole world was the province. A simple means of realising the significance of this attitude is to contrast [1] it with that of Pindar towards his patrons. For example, in the second Olympian he praises the tyrant Theron for his success, his wealth, his hospitality and his love of poetry; but there is not a word about Theron's subjects.

[1] This was suggested to me by one of the ablest pupils it has ever been my privilege to teach, the late Miss Constance Watson (B.A. Manc. 1907).

In the third place, Horace refused to be content with appearances, refused to accept the picture of external splendour which impressed the world around him. He pierces beneath the show to what is real. In a word, he is the enemy of vulgarity; for that is what vulgarity means, to take the shows of things for their essence. And in this lies the secret of the peculiar refining power of his poetry. If I were asked what can make a gentleman out of a raw youth from the plough, the mine, or the counter, I would answer—not with Montaigne, "He must know his Rabelais"; not with Kingsley, "He must know his Bewick"; but—"he must know his Horace" and learn from Horace, more easily perhaps than from Milton, to despise the "glistering foil" and the "broad rumour." *Persicos odi, puer, apparatus;* a poet must dislike and distrust the vulgarities of wealth. Notice the intentional contrast in the word *puer*.

Now there is a striking example of this attitude in a poem whose meaning has been rather strangely unnoticed. It is a common experience, I think, that there is no occasion which unlooses so many springs of vulgarity as the opening of new buildings. Recall for a moment the kind of things that we hear (if we do not say): "What a fine building, to be sure! how good to think that we can afford it! how generous to have found the money! how clever to have been born now and not in the time of our unenlightened grandfathers! what a cultured community we may claim to be!" Or perhaps, if the buildings have some religious object, our comments take an even more solemn tinge. "How good to erect such a structure for such an object! how worthy the building of its purpose! what a

splendid conception it should afford of the object of our worship!" And the underlying thought that is not often put into words, but is nevertheless transparent, is something like this: "When you come to think of it, really, how grateful and pleased the Higher Authorities must (in reason) be that we should have taken so much trouble for their sake!" In Arnold Bennett's witty play this is the kind of thing that Sir Charles Worgan knows that "the Public wants," and he keeps gallons of it in store. But it is not the Worgans only; when the fastidious Tennyson writes and prints in a serious composition two such lines of fustian as

> Make it regally gorgeous,
> Some Imperial Institute,

he warns us of the temptation to which even poets are exposed.

Now the greatest of all the buildings of Augustus,—that which commemorated one, indeed two, of his greatest victories, which crowned the most conspicuous hill in Rome, was the Temple of Phoebus Apollo with its Library on the Palatine. It had taken eight years to build, and was completed and dedicated in 28 B.C. Let us see what the poet Propertius has to say about it.[1]

You ask why I come to you so late? The golden porch of Phoebus has been opened by great Caesar. It was all laid out with Carthaginian columns of marble to such ample length that in the spaces between them was room for the

[1] ii. 31; I quote Prof. Phillimore's translation, modifying only his rendering of *femina turba* and omitting his second "between." The opening of the porticus (ll. 1–6) probably took place four years later, as Prof. Richmond points out (*J. Rom. St.* iv. (1914) p. 200); but ll. 9-16 speak of the temple itself.

crowd of the daughters of old Danaus. Here I saw a figure that surely seemed more beautiful than Phoebus himself, as he opened his lips in song, a singer of marble with a silent lyre. And around the altar stood Myron's drove, four bulls, masterpieces of life-like statuary. Then in the midst rose a temple of brilliant marble, and dearer to Phoebus than his ancestral home Ortygia. Upon which was the Sun's chariot above the gable peak; likewise the doors, a famous piece of handicraft in Libyan ivory tusk, did mourn, one for the Gauls cast down from Parnassus' Peak, the other for Tantalus' daughter Niobe, and all her deaths. Anon there was the god of Pytho himself between his mother and his sister, in a long robe, playing music.[1]

1 Quaeris cur ueniam tibi tardior? Aurea Phoebi
Porticus a magno Caesare aperta fuit.
Tota erat in speciem Poenis digesta columnis
Inter quas Danai femina turba senis.
Hic equidem Phoebo uisus mihi pulchrior ipso
Marmoreus tacita carmen hiare lyra.
Atque aram circum steterant armenta Myronis
Quattuor artifices, uiuida signa, boues.
Tum medium claro surgebat marmore templum
Et patria Phoebo carius Ortygia.
In quo Solis erat supra fastigia currus,
Et ualuae Libyci nobile dentis opus:
Altera deiectos Parnasi uertice Gallos,
Altera maerebat funera Tantalidos.
Deinde inter matrem deus ipse interque sororem
Pythius in longa carmina ueste sonat.

In these 16 lines there are at least four otiose epithets (*magno*, *tota*, *artifices*, *claro*), two prosaic relatives, four meaningless particles, including *atque* at the beginning of a line, and a vain (though idiomatic) repetition of the disyllabic preposition *inter*. Marble is mentioned three times, really four times, since the *vestis* of the last line was also of marble. The last statement that Apollo "makes sound in song," contains a feeble and colourless use of *sonare* with a personal subject which represents unmistakably the writer's profound weariness. Scholars have long disagreed about the order of the couplets, and with reason. Nowhere in the piece are there any four lines which can be put at the end without seeming wholly trivial. The only trace of poetry is one fine couplet (ll. 13–14)

Now contrast with this the treatment which the same incident receives both from Vergil and from Horace. Vergil's comment in *Aen.* viii. is so characteristically subtle and modest that its meaning has escaped the commentators. When Aeneas first sets foot on the site of the Capitol, Vergil describes it as "now golden but then covered thick with wild woodland," and the first word with which Aeneas is received by his host on the Palatine is a bidding to think scorn of wealth: *Aude, hospes, contemnere opes.*

Let us see what Horace says of the dedication of this temple to Phoebus; consider Ode xxxi. of his First Book:

> What blessing shall the bard entreat
> Of new-shrined Phoebus as we pour
> The wine-cup? Not the mounds of wheat
> On some Sardinian threshing floor;
> Not Indian gold [1] or ivory—no,
> Nor flocks that o'er Calabria stray,
> Nor fields that Liris, still and slow,
> Is eating, unperceived, away.
> * * * * *
> Oh grant me, Phoebus, calm content,
> Strength unimpaired, a mind entire,
> Old age without dishonour spent
> Not unbefriended by the lyre!

in which the splendour of the carver's art has lifted the poet for a moment into a region of sincere feeling. It is a pleasure to acknowledge my debt to Professor Richmond's kindness and his profound knowledge of the text of Propertius, by which this note has been purged of several misconceptions. But even Prof. Richmond only defends the passage as a fragment of a poem whose better part, so he conjectures, has perished through one of the calamities which the text of the poet has certainly suffered: on this see his convincing article in *Cl. Quart.* xii. (1918) p. 59.

[1] Horace hated ivory and gilded ornament (cf. *Odes*, ii. 18).

In other words: "Grant me the modest competence I now have, but not increased; health of body and a mind unclouded; an old age free from avarice or regret, and always cheered by poetry."

"Turn your thoughts away," said Horace in effect, "from such material display as you see before you; pray only and strive only for the real blessings which will not decay."

Consider a second and last example of Horace's refusal to be dazzled by the prospect of external splendour; a refusal made now on behalf of his country in a problem of national, and more than national, gravity. It is contained in one of his greatest Odes (iii. 3), whose meaning as a whole has been till recent years quite unknown. It is the famous poem which begins by praising constancy and firmness of purpose, and then turns, rather curiously, to describe a celestial debate, in which a feminine speaker intervenes with success; indeed her speech is the only one reported. Now the purpose of what she says is to denounce the wickedness of Troy, a city which had been extinct for some eleven centuries before Horace wrote; and the speech ends with a prophecy of victory and universal empire for Rome, on one condition—that Troy be not re-built.

This curious prohibition had always been counted a puzzle and was interpreted in more than one allegorical way. It was not till 1889 that its political reference was explained. Mommsen then [1] pointed out

[1] See *Reden u. Aufsätze* (Berlin, 1905), p. 168: "The poet only expresses what our imperfect historical record omits, but what is none the less infinitely more important than almost everything which it does record."

that the Ode must be read as a definite comment upon a definite proposal, attributed to Julius Caesar, as Suetonius tells us (Jul. 79), and entertained for a time by Augustus himself, to change the seat of the Empire. Supporting Mommsen, Wilamowitz pointed to a passage in Livy (v. *ad fin.*), the speech put into the mouth of Camillus in 390 B.C. when Rome was recovering from the invasion of the Gauls. The aged soldier speaks for some five eloquent pages against the project of transferring the government and people of Rome to what had been the site of the Etruscan town of Veii. And there is an even more conspicuous passage, which has been hitherto unnoticed, in another poem written at just the same time, or perhaps even earlier, containing another speech of Juno and making precisely the same condition for the future greatness of Rome. In her last speech in the *Aeneid*, Juno finally promises to abandon her hostility to Aeneas and to acquiesce in the foundation of the Roman race; but she makes three conditions, all of which Jupiter solemnly and precisely accepts. The Latin people is not to change its fashions of dress, nor its language, nor its name. They are to remain Latins, not to become Trojans.

In dust lies Troy, there leave it and its name.

That[1] is the climax of the epic story.

Now what does this protest mean to which such impressive utterance is given by the three greatest

[1] Occidit occideritque sinas cum nomine Troia. *Aen.* xii. 828. [The last part of Jupiter's speech in *Aen.* i. (279 ff.) foreshadows this passage and like it has many affinities with Horace. Compare also *Aen.* vi. 62 with l. 61 of the Ode, on the proverbial ill-luck of Troy. W. B. A.]

spirits of their age? It means that the capital of the Empire must not be transferred to the Troad, a project almost literally carried out by Constantine some 350 years later. It means a protest against substituting an oriental despotism for the limited principate which Augustus was learning to build up on the basis of republican traditions.

> When you've heard the East a-calling, you won't never heed naught else,

sings Mr. Kipling; and in Rome, as Horace knew, many great men had heard it,—Lucius Scipio, Sulla, Lucullus, Pompey, Julius Caesar, Mark Antony, to name no lesser men, had all in turn succumbed to its allurement. In all these Roman nobles the oriental traditions of unbridled monarchy had drowned the sober instinct of the Roman statesman and soldier. For Caesar and Antony the sinister beauty of Cleopatra had made a part of the fatal mirage. In Vergil, in Horace, in Livy, we hear the old Roman spirit uttering a profound refusal; a refusal which saved Western Europe, which gave it time to learn to be Christian, while Rome still stood warden of the gates of the North.[1] Who shall say what the fate of humanity

[1] Since this lecture was first printed, Dr. Walter Leaf has published an article in the *Journal of Philology* (xxxiv. 1918, p. 283) in which he makes a strong case for referring to this danger the allegorical ode which has so long baffled interpretation (i. 14, *O nauis, referent in mare te noui Fluctus*). Incidentally he fixes the date when the gravest anxiety in the matter must have been felt at Rome as the winter of 31–30 B.C., when Octavian visited Brundisium and dealt with a mutiny, but then returned at once to the East without coming a step nearer to Rome (Dio. Cass. 51. 4 and 5, a reference kindly supplied me by Dr. Warde Fowler in discussing Dr. Leaf's discovery).

would have been if the Teutonic barbarians had succeeded in overrunning Italy as well as Pannonia, not in the fifth century A.D., but in the years 14–11 B.C., more than half a century before St. Paul set foot in it? That they did not do so we owe to the sturdy resistance of the forces of the Empire; and that these forces were there to resist them we owe in no small measure to Vergil and Horace and Livy, who strengthened Augustus to resist the greatest temptation of his life.

In 17 B.C., six years after this ode was published, Horace was called upon to write a hymn for the Saecular games, to be sung on the Palatine and the Capitol,[1] the two most ancient sacred spots of Rome. We may be sure that it was with no small thankfulness that both the poet and the Emperor looked back then on their decision. Those time-honoured seats of power and worship were still at the centre of the Empire. In the last stanza of the *Carmen* the poet turns to Apollo, whose great temple had now been dedicated for more than ten years.

> Lov'st thou thine own Palatial hill?
> Then keep the glorious life of Rome
> To other cycles, brightening still
> Thro' time to come.

That prayer has been fulfilled and yet will be. The "glorious life of Rome" has continued through nearly twenty centuries, and despite the rudest challenge will continue, in all those who have learnt her great ideals. And among the pupils of the Augustans few have done the world greater service than the rulers of men whom our own country has produced.

[1] See Warde Fowler, *Class. Quart.* iv. (1910) p. 145.

A long line of statesmen and governors through more than a thousand years—King Alfred, Thomas à Becket, Thomas More, Philip Sidney, Clive, Pitt, Durham, Dufferin, Cromer, to mention no other names—have all learnt to understand the poetry of Horace in the years when a boy's training makes the deepest imprint in what Roger Ascham called "the faire, cleane wax of his mind." In no other country of Europe has the study of Latin struck deeper, if even so deep, into the fibres of national life; and in spite of the abuses which grow round every ancient custom, it has borne great fruit. The standards of public conduct in this country—and, we may add, in America[1]—have been formed on Roman models. This whole chapter of practical ethics has been drawn not so much from the New Testament as from Cicero and Horace, Vergil and Livy. In the Gospels every Christian community finds the deepest springs of ethical life; but where in the New Testament is there any counsel how to govern a conquered dependency, how to administer a public office?

Let us test this briefly and simply. What do we think to be the typical British virtues in public life? This question admits of many answers; but among them every one would wish to count at least four: justice in administration; moderation in victory; a

[1] Remarkable testimony to the value of classical study was borne in letters addressed to a Conference on June 2, 1917, at the University of Princeton, U.S.A., by President Woodrow Wilson, Ex-Presidents Taft and Roosevelt, Mr. Elihu Root and Mr. Secretary Lansing. The last, for instance, writes: "These studies are worth all the time and labour that can be given to them, because from them spring taste and refinement, the power and desire to enjoy the better things." The Report of the Conference has been published as a pamphlet, see *Cl. Rev.* xxxi. p. 150 (1917).

saving sense of humour; and, chief of all, steadfastness,—sticking grimly to the guns.

Now these virtues are the favourite themes of Horace; you cannot read a page of his writings in which some one of them is not enforced. Beneath the portrait[1] of Warren Hastings in the Council Chamber at Calcutta is written the motto from Horace, *Aequa mens rebus in arduis.* And you may read in Lord Roberts' story of *Forty-one Years in India* how at the height of the India Mutiny, in the midst of one of the fateful struggles on Delhi Ridge, young Quentin Battye, as he fell mortally wounded, whispered to an old school friend beside him, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*

Let me end with a few familiar lines from Book iii. of the *Odes,* in praise of steadfast endurance; lines which can be true of nations as well as of men.

To suffer hardness with good cheer,
In sternest school of warfare bred,
Our youth should learn; let steed and spear
Make him one day our foeman's dread.

True Virtue never knows defeat;
Her robes she keeps unsullied still,
Nor takes, nor quits her royal seat
To please a people's veering will.[2]

The man of firm and righteous will,
No rabble, clamorous for the wrong,
No tyrant, tho' his frown may kill,
Can shake the strength that makes him strong.

[1] This and the following illustration I owe to my friend Prof. D. Slater, now of Liverpool, who quoted them when the lecture was delivered at Cardiff.

[2] *Odes,* iii. 2. 1–4, 17–20.

Not winds that chafe the sea they sway,
Not Jove's right hand, with lightning red;
Should Nature's pillared frame give way,
The wrack will strike one fearless head.[1]

[1] *Ibid.* 3. 1–8:

Iustum et tenacem propositi uirum
non ciuium ardor praua iubentium
non uoltus instantis tyranni
mente quatit solida, neque Auster,
dux inquieti turbidus Hadriae,
nec fulminantis magna manus Iouis;
si fractus inlabatur orbis
impauidum ferient ruinae.

IV

THE YOUTH OF VERGIL.[1]

What has been said of Vergil in the preceding lectures was based upon the work of his maturity; the *Georgics* having been begun probably in his thirty-fourth year, and published in his forty-first, and the *Aeneid* having been left unfinished at his death ten years later. The object of the present lecture is a more difficult, and, in seeming, perhaps a less fruitful endeavour, to frame, if we can, some picture of the development of Vergil's thought before he set himself to any national task. For this is the great difference between the *Georgics* and the *Aeneid* on the one side, and almost all the poet's work that preceded them on the other. Both the two great poems have national, or more than national scope. All those which precede them—if we except the Fourth and Fifth Eclogues, exceptions which we shall see really prove the rule because they mark a transition—are in a sense private performances. Yet for this very reason the poems of earlier date have an interest of their own, just because in them Vergil had that greater freedom which belongs to an artist not yet widely known. Youth has its privileges of free experiment, of moods shifting between daring invention and gentle, playful loitering in old ways, between outpourings where the new spirit breaks into vehement

[1] A Lecture delivered in the John Rylands Library on December 9, 1914.

sometimes violent utterance, and studies modelled humbly upon the work of others, where the poet's chief ambition is to represent in a new material the work of some older master. Such a period is difficult to study, because one is apt to judge the work of early years by the work of the artist's maturity, and hence to think little of passages admirable enough in themselves, because they fall short of what came later. Another difficulty must be faced in the case of a poet who, like Vergil or Shakespeare, so far outshone in the end every one of his contemporaries that the student finds it difficult to believe that his early work may have been deeply indebted to the encouragement and example of some of the very writers whose fame was destined to be completely eclipsed by his.

Vergil in his youth was one of a group of writers full of poetic ambitions: Varius, Cinna, Varus, Tucca, Pollio, and Vergil's own bosom friend Gallus, to mention no others, were all writers of verse; but the economy of the centuries has swept away every trace of the big or little books of all these poets, except that from Gallus, as we shall see, one interesting poem has been preserved, because it had come to be bound up with some of the early writings of his greater friend. In this case, therefore, we have a basis for comparing Vergil's work with that of one of his contemporaries; but the rest is silence. We know nothing of the authors of the other non-Vergilian poems bound up with some genuine ones in what is called the *Appendix Vergiliana*.[1]

[1] In what follows I have generally accepted Ellis' text, though not without continual and grateful use, in all that concerns the *Culex*, of Professor A. E. Housman's Apparatus Criticus of that poem in *Camb. Philol. Soc. Trans.*, vi. (1908).

Nor do we even know (I wish we did) the people whom Vergil has represented in some of his earlier poems as conversing or competing with himself. If we did, we should begin to understand the *Eclogues;* and if we only understood them, they would be among the parts of Vergil's work read with the keenest interest.

That brilliant scholar Professor Franz Skutsch of Breslau, who died in 1912, had lived long enough to open an entirely new path for study by explaining for the first time the meaning of two of the most difficult of the Eclogues, VI and X, and indeed VIII as well. He showed[1] that as continuous poems they had practically no meaning at all, hardly more than there is in the bibliography of a poet in a catalogue. For centuries scholars and schoolmasters have been hammering away in the desperate effort to discover a story where there is only a series of subjects of stories, and a romance in what is only a description of the plots of many romances; and the unfortunate schoolboy, fed upon these husks, naturally deemed the author of the stuff that needed such incredible explanations a creature past finding out and certainly not worth finding. Well, we may hope that no more schoolboys will be tormented with the effort to discover in Eclogues VI and X anything but friendly metrical "catalogues" of the different poems which Gallus had written. But the rather sorry story of the study of these two poems must warn us against assuming that the other Eclogues are intelligible with no better means of interpretation than we at present possess. In the First Eclogue, for example, what scholar has or ever had the remotest credible

[1] In the volumes entitled *Aus Vergil's Frühzeit*, Leipzig, 1901 and 1905.

notion who Amaryllis was, or who Galatea, or why Tityrus should be represented as having been set free from slavery after he came to be "held by" (*habet*) Amaryllis instead of Galatea, or what kind of holding of him was ever claimed by these ladies, if they were creatures of flesh and blood at all? Here we have an example of a well-known passage of three lines [1] which is totally unintelligible; but which has been interpreted and translated with sublime stupidity for some nineteen centuries by people who would not confess their ignorance.

We have strayed, perhaps, rather far from the purpose immediately before us, that of defining the period of Vergil's poetic life which we are now to consider; but the digression is not wholly irrelevant. It will at least show that the work which Vergil published before he was thirty needs a good deal of study, and it will also serve to explain why this lecture will invite attention especially to the earlier, indeed the boyish, work of the poet, written between his sixteenth and his twenty-fourth years. If we can view this in its proper perspective, it may tell us something of the growth of that wonderful boy's spirit. But we must proceed with caution, because in the bundle of poems in which this juvenile work of Vergil is included, there are a certain number which it is quite certain cannot possibly have been written by Vergil himself. Examples are the poem addressed to Messala, the leader of a coterie which was in some ways the rival of that of Maecenas; and the lament for Maecenas, called by his name and written after his death and therefore long after Vergil's, by some young writer who

[1] *Ecl.* i. 31–3.

tells us frankly that he could not claim to be called a friend of the great patron. In these circumstances the rule that must guide us is to disregard for the purpose of serious argument all the poems except those which fulfil two conditions; they must bear some distinctive trace of Vergil's manner, and they must contain no passage which for any clear reason it is difficult to attribute to him. These tests still leave us, I think, some four or five poems which we may provisionally attribute to Vergil, notably the *Culex*, which we will shortly consider; the *Moretum*, or "Farmer's Salad," a curiously interesting genre picture [1] of rustic life; three charming little epigrams on Priapus, the god of gardens; and two not less charming autobiographical poems, which if they were not written by Vergil were certainly written by some poet trained in precisely the same style and breathing the same gentle spirit. Of those about which doubt is possible, the picture of the tavern-hostess, known as the *Copa*, is the most important, and the internal evidence [2] for its Vergilian authorship seems to me considerable.

Beyond and after these stands the delightful poem of the transition, the climax to which Vergil's earliest poetic ambitions brought him, only to disclose that even so he had barely realised his power. This was, of course, the Fourth Eclogue,[3] which partly by accident

[1] See Mackail, *Cl. Rev.* xxii. (1908) p. 72. But my pupil Miss Madeleine Lees now points out to me some metrical features which suggest a post-Vergilian date.

[2] See below, p. 102.

[3] This dates from 40 B.C. The Fifth was written earlier, probably at the celebration of Julius Caesar's birthday in July, 42. Men's reverence for his memory seems to be represented by the rustic apotheosis (ll. 56–80) of the fair shepherd Daphnis. Did ever a young poet approach so grave a theme by steps more shy?

but more by nature blossomed into a peculiar sanctity and lent to its author the title and influence of an inspired Christian teacher.[1] Some of the chief features of the poetry of this Eclogue we shall be able, I think, to trace in course of growth; and we shall recognise that that wonderful poem is not an isolated curiosity, but like the flower which follows a morning of spring sunshine upon a bank of violets in bud.

Let us take, as a kind of background to our view, the poem already mentioned, once attributed to Vergil but now clearly[2] shown to be the work of his friend Gallus. This miniature epic, called the *Ciris*, which contains some 540 lines, is dedicated to Messala, and tells the story of Scylla of Megara. This lady, as the poet points out in thirty or forty lines, is to be carefully distinguished from the more famous Scylla who was the neighbour of the whirlpool Charybdis and whose gentle way it was to lie in wait in the cliffs of Sicily to prey upon sailors as they passed. This, the Homeric Scylla, is of course only some old-world sailor's picture of a tropical cuttle-fish: but the Scylla who is the subject of the *Ciris* was the daughter of Nisus, the King of Megara, on whom Minos, King of Crete, was making war. Now this Nisus held his throne by a tenure which a modern monarch would think peculiar, but which is familiar to us in the folk-lore of many lands. He had a rose-coloured lock of hair in the middle of his head, and so long as this

[1] See *The Messianic Eclogue of Vergil* (1907); also p. 33, above.

[2] See p. 77 f. below. Leo's learned but pathetically stupid criticism (*Hermes*, xlii. 35 f.) discloses nothing to shake and much to confirm this view. Drachmann (*ibid.* xliii. 405 ff.), though he thinks Vergil the author, shows conclusively that the poem is earlier than the Eclogues, and refers it to "about 50 B.C."

remained uncut, his kingdom also was destined to remain safe. Unluckily for him, his only daughter Scylla fell in love with the invader, King Minos, though how she came to set eyes upon him the poem does not tell us, beyond the fact that Scylla had somehow offended Juno and that Juno sent Cupid to kindle in her a passion for Minos. Contrast this with the First Book of the *Aeneid* and remember the perfectly natural and credible way in which the growth of the love of Dido for the stranger king Aeneas is traced. But in Gallus' poem, however Scylla's passion began, she becomes at once its hopeless victim; she wanders, or rushes, through the city like a bacchante or a priestess of Cybele, not stopping—so we are told —either to perfume her hair or put on slippers or necklace, but continually making excuses to go to the walls to watch the Cretan army, of which Minos is in command. She cannot spin or weave or play the psaltery; her cheeks lose all their colour, and she is sure that her despair will kill her. "She sees rotten-little death creeping over her flesh," so the poet describes[1] her condition. But she at once thinks of the expedient of cutting off the fatal lock from her father's head and sending it to Minos as a means both of introducing herself to him and of securing his affection. Here the poet inserts[2] a few lines of

[1] Tabidulamque videt labi per uiscera mortem (l. 182). The diminutive adjective is perhaps less absurd in Latin than in the nearest English rendering, but it is every whit as undignified.

[2] I cannot resist the suspicion that these lines (185–89) are Vergil's; they are marked by most Vergilian pauses (see below, p. 77, footnote) and some Vergilian diction. If so, were they written by him as a suggested beginning for a new turn to the story? In

prudent but (where they stand) rather prosaic digression, suggesting that perhaps after all she was ignorant of the fatal effect that the cutting of this lock would have upon her father's fortunes; but he does not stay to consider why, if she did not know this, it should ever have occurred to her to send such a curious present to the prince whom she wished to attract as a suitor. So far at least as my experience goes, young ladies are not wont to send locks of their father's hair to a stranger as tokens of their affection. Without solving this difficulty the poet proceeds, in fifteen lines, to prophesy the ultimate fate of Nisus and Scylla, viz. to be changed into birds. And by way, we may suppose, of relief to this somewhat lugubrious prospect, he calls upon all the creatures of the air who ride upon the clouds or traverse the sea and the forests—the lines are undeniably pretty—to "rejoice that their number is to be increased by this royal pair," Nisus and Scylla, for they will augment the number of princely kinsmen and creatures of their own rank who have been turned from human beings into birds, of whom particular specimens are mentioned. Why the birds, whether originally human or not, should be so pleased about the new arrivals, does not appear; but apparently there was no doubt about it in the poet's mind, because he summons them to *Rejoice* three times over. This curious diversion of the narrative is thoroughly in the Alexandrine style, giving the poet an opportunity of showing his knowledge of mythical ornithology, and linking up his own particular myth with several others of the same kind,

l. 190 *Tu* must surely be right for the *Heu* of the (fifteenth-cent.) codices.

a process with which, on a vast scale, we are familiar in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Coming back to his story, the poet proceeds to another type of composition beloved of Alexandrine and later poets, namely an interview between a heroine and her confidante. Scylla rises at night, scissors in hand, to attack her father's head; but she is caught on the way by her old nurse, who after scolding her in twenty-four heroic lines throws a cloak over "chilly-little" Scylla's "saffron-coloured night-dress"; and after another 100 lines of conversation puts her back into bed, taking care to extinguish the light by turning its wick upside down. Then she stays gently patting Scylla to quiet her, and sits up beside her all night "bending over her chilly-little eyes, propped up on her elbow." This thrilling scene[1] has filled altogether 150 lines. In the morning the nurse persuades Scylla to try magic arts in the hope of persuading Nisus to make peace. They, however, are all exhausted in thirty lines, and then the nurse joins in the original plot. But after this, the story begins to gallop at breakneck speed: in no more than four lines Nisus is robbed of his rosy lock of hair, his city captured, and Scylla carried off (presumably by Minos, though we are not told how) and dragged through the sea by a rope.

Again, therefore, Scylla becomes the foe of her father's head; then the lock of hair which blossomed with Tyrian crimson is cut; then Megara is taken and the oracles of the gods made good; then the maiden, daughter of Nisus, suspended in strange fashion from the tall ships, is dragged through the blue sea.

[1] S. Sudhaus (*Hermes*, xlii. (1907) p. 488 ff.) gives reasons for deriving the nurse-episode from the *Smyrna* of Helvius Cinna, a poem belauded by Catullus (95). On the Gallus question he votes with Berlin against Breslau, but his arguments are unconvincing.

Clearly our narrator can make up for lost time when he chooses. Having put his heroine thus speedily into the water, what does it occur to him to say next? No modern reader could guess.

A great number[1] of nymphs admire her in the water. Father Ocean admires her, and fair Tethys, and Galatea, hurrying her eager sisters along. The nymph, too, who is wont to traverse the great seas with a team of fishes, and a sea-green car of two-footed horses, Leucothea, and little Palaemon beside his divine mother. Also the two gods whose destiny it is to live alternate days, the dear offspring of Jove, Jove's great sons, the children of the daughter of Tyndareus;[2] they too admire the maiden's snowy limbs.

But this admiration is quite platonic; not one of all this menagerie of sea-gods lifts a finger or a flapper to help her.

That is how the poet of the *Ciris* comports himself at the tragical climax—he simply runs away from it. Indeed "runs" is too weak a word—he bolts. And then he takes refuge behind a whole warehouse of mythological furniture. This stuff serves to fill sixteen lines devoid of any trace of naturalness or pity. Then suddenly we come upon two which strike a note from a different world.

Raising to heaven, poor maid, her burning eyes,
Her eyes, for bonds held fast those tender hands.

Lovers of Vergil will find it easy to guess who wrote these lines[3] with their sudden outbreak of feeling in the midst of a frigid piece of Alexandrine fantasy.

[1] *complures*, the most prosaic of all possible epithets.

[2] That is, Castor and Pollux, described in only four different ways.

[3] *Aen.* ii. 405–6, where the order has been made more pointed, with two other slight improvements.

There follows an oration of some fifty lines, the variations in which are hardly less remarkable. Scylla begins with a request to the winds to keep quiet for a little while she speaks; and then turns to a careful account of her own kinship with them according to the best mythology. Minos is then denounced for having broken his bargain with her (though we have never been told when the bargain was made). Then come a few lines (418–24) of penitence naturally and feelingly worded, succeeded by rhetorical self-reproaches in which she dwells on the luxury and artistic adornment of her father's palace, sacrificed by her in order to befriend Minos.

The rich palace with its delights did not move me, with its frail coral and tear-like gems of amber, nor all the crowd of attendant nymphs of my own age. Love conquers everything; what would he not have conquered? My temples will not now be moist with rich myrrh, nor will the bridal pine-torch kindle for me its chaste flame; nor will my bedstead be of ivory nor spread with Assyrian purple rugs. These are great complaints; nor will even the earth, common mother of all things, bury her foster-child with a handful of sand.

Gallus clearly flattered himself on a knowledge of feminine taste; and at the critical points of the tragedy, here as before,[1] he leaves room in his heroine's thoughts for these grave matters of toilet and furniture!

When the speech is ended we have a geographical description in twenty lines of the places which the ship passes, for an Alexandrine poet was always

[1] Ll. 167-70; see above, p. 72. The detail is thoroughly Alexandrine, as Prof. W. B. Anderson reminds me; cf. Apoll. Rhod. iii. 828 ff.

expected to display a knowledge of geography. The last seventy lines give the metamorphosis, carefully narrated. Scylla and her father are turned into a pair of birds, Scylla becoming the Ciris, or osprey, and her father the Haliaeëtus, a larger kind of sea-eagle.

Even this brief description of the poem will, I hope, have been enough to suggest, if not to prove, that it is quite impossible[1] to attribute any but occasional parts of it to Vergil; and in fact we have definite ground for believing that it was not written by him but by his intimate friend Gallus. For in

[1] Let me add two confirmatory points of a definite nature which to some minds may be more convincing than any general estimate of poetic character. The first is the use of several words which appear nowhere in the works certainly attributed to Vergil, *e.g.* the two diminutives *frigidulus* (ll. 251, 348) and *tabidulus* (l. 182): the Greek words *sophia* (l. 4), *peplos* (l. 21), *thallos* (l. 376); and the colloquial use of *nulla* (l. 177) for *nunquam*. The second is the frequency of long stretches of the *Ciris* with no pauses, or very few, anywhere except at the end of the line. Thus in the first eleven lines there are no pauses at all elsewhere; in the next ten only three, and those very slight; in the next twenty only five. Similarly in ll. 72–88 there are very few except at the end of a line, and there is a pause at the end of every one of them. The same monotony appears in Catullus' hexameters. But even in the most youthful work of Vergil the variation of the pauses is marked, and in fact this part of Vergil's technique is not the least beautiful of his gifts to Latin poetry. And in the lines which we noted in the *Ciris* as being possibly, for other reasons, due to Vergil (418–24) there are no less than seven pauses at other points than the end; and so in 403 and in 185–89. Dr. Warde Fowler has now (in *Class. Rev.* xxxiv. (1919) p. 95) added another important piece of evidence, the great rarity in the *Ciris* (only three or four examples in 541 lines) of the quadri-syllabic, two-word endings (et tibi certet, *Cul.* 36; aut mala tactu, *Georg.* iii. 416), very common in Lucretius and fairly frequent in Vergil's earlier work (in the *Culex* 20 in 414 lines), though steadily diminishing as he went on. Prof. E. K. Rand (*Harvard Class. Stud.* xxx. 145), in a genial survey of the whole field of the *Appendix*-controversy, accepts Drachmann's conclusion (p. 71 n.).

a note on Eclogue X. (l. 46) Servius remarks that "all these lines," presumably those in the context, "are taken from the poems of Gallus"; and a little farther on (ll. 58, 59) we have two striking phrases which appear in the *Ciris* (ll. 196 and 299).

And again in Eclogue VI., which, no less than the Tenth, as Skutsch has shown,[1] is a catalogue describing a number of different poems, there are four lines allotted to Scylla, the daughter of Nisus. More than three of them are taken up with distinguishing her from the Homeric Scylla and are taken directly from the preface to the *Ciris* with the change of a single epithet. These lines in the Sixth Eclogue follow immediately two in which the poet is instructed to sing about "the origin of the Grynean grove"; on which Servius remarks that this was the title of "the poems of the Alexandrine writer, Euphorion, which Gallus translated into Latin." We know that the poems of Euphorion consisted of bits of mythology worked up into miniature epics, just of the type which the *Ciris* represents; and it is quite natural that in describing another of the poems from this book, the story of Philomela, Vergil should use one line (81) which appears almost wholly in the *Ciris* (51). This definite information from Servius has been made by Skutsch the basis of a careful and convincing analysis of several of the Eclogues of Vergil which have to do with Gallus and contain quotations from the *Ciris*. The practice of complimenting a poet by summarising his poem and giving a line or two from it was familiar in the poetical circles of Vergil's youth: and other examples are Ovid's memorial poem on

[1] See p. 68, footnote.

Tibullus (*Amores*, iii. 9) and Statius' birthday poem on Lucan (*Silvae*, ii. 7).

Before we leave the *Ciris* it is worth while to notice some of the changes that Vergil made in the lines he took over. The treatment which the Homeric Scylla gave to sailors is described thus by Gallus (*Cir.* 61) :—

deprensos canibus nautas lacerasse marinis

a well-knit line, marching straight to the outside of the fact. But when Vergil changes (*Ecl.* vi. 77) the mechanical *deprensos* into *a ! timidos* a new note of both dramatic and pathetic intensity is suddenly introduced. And in the same Eclogue (l. 81 = *Ciris*, l. 51) we have another change with exactly the same purpose in the substitution of *infelix* for an adjective of mere colour (*caeruleis*).

On the other hand four lines taken over without any change are among those which the schoolboy finds among the hardest in the *Georgics*, because their connexion with the context in which they stand is implied rather than indicated—the lines describing the pursuit of the osprey by the sea-eagle, supposed to re-enact the vindictive pursuit of Scylla by her father, which appear in the list of signs of fine weather (*Georgics*, i. 406–9). They come from the conclusion of the *Ciris*, where of course they are precisely in place.[1] These examples, besides their intrinsic interest, give valuable evidence of the priority of the *Ciris ;* and there are a great number of others.[2]

[1] On this point Leo (*l.c.*) is magnificent. He imagines he is refuting Skutsch's argument by declaring its truth to be self-evident !

[2] I may be permitted to quote here a few sentences from Mr. J. W. Mackail (*Class. Rev.* xxii. (1908) p. 69):

"That the *Ciris* is the work of Gallus, to something of the same

From this brief survey of the work of Vergil's friend and companion we turn to the earliest poem of Vergil himself. The *Culex* is a poem of 414 lines, which, according to a strongly confirmed tradition (Donatus, *Vita Vergilii*, 17), he wrote when he was sixteen[1] years old, *i.e.* in the year 54 B.C. Before testing this tradition let us examine the poem itself. The subject, as the title implies, is the story of a gnat (or mosquito), a curious theme for a poet even in his teens. But no one who has realised the delight with which in his *Georgics* Vergil dwells on the life of the smallest

extent as the *Eclogues* are the work of Vergil, we cannot, I think, in view of the whole evidence reasonably doubt. But the two young poets were not only linked by a close friendship, and inspired by common aims and enthusiasms. They worked at their art together. . . . Coleridge in later years made a statement of what he had contributed to Wordsworth's pieces, and Wordsworth to his, in the Lyrical Ballads. . . . The poems came into being through the interpenetration of genius between the two: their authors were the Wordsworth who was influenced by Coleridge, and the Coleridge who was influenced by Wordsworth. Such, or of such a kind, was the relation between Vergil and Gallus. And this would be true even if it were the case that the sensuous, brilliant, erratic Gallus was as far below Coleridge in essential poetic genius as the brooding, solitary Vergil was above Wordsworth.

". . . We may trace, I think, in the *Ciris* a genius that had developed faster than Vergil's, that was more quick and alert. It is the common case of early brilliance which shoots ahead, but soon comes to its limit. . . . The author of the *Ciris* seems to write with ease and to have a great natural gift of imitating the style of his predecessors. The *Ciris* begins with four lines which are pure Catullus, followed by a dozen which are pure Lucretius. The first fifty lines are . . . a brilliant exercise . . . in a synthesis of these two styles. Then the Vergilian note comes in for the first time, in half a dozen lines (48–53) which are full of Vergilian phrases [and Vergilian pauses.—R. S. C.]. It is as though Vergil himself had sat down by Gallus and guided his pen, or as though Gallus had suddenly felt and begun to reproduce Vergil's own melody.

[1] See below, p. 91, footnote.

creatures, swallows and fly-catchers, ants and bees, field-mice and moles, will think it strange that the boy's imagination should have been caught by so common a feature of shepherd's life in Northern Italy as the swarms of gnats that "possess the misty tracts of woodland and green forest" (*Culex*, 22). Pales, the deity of flocks and herds, is invited to take an interest in the story and to bless the poet while he moves, like the gnat, "midway between the valley and the stars"—a pretty conceit which would appeal to a clever schoolboy, as describing in the same phrase the free, swift, airy movements of the tiny creature, and the range of his own poetic ambition between humble subjects natural to a farmer's son and the heights of poetic achievement represented by the stars.[1]

Here are the opening lines roughly rendered; the Latin is simple and here and there quite prosaic in diction :—

> We have played in verse, Octavius, with the Muse,
> The homely Muse of country festivals,
> Framing the song, and like a tiny spider
> Shaped our first cobweb; now the play is done.
> The Gnat shall be its name; so shall the line
> Of playful story fear no jealous eye,
> But run in time with truth, and win thy praise.

[1] These forty lines exhibit in their structure a rather interesting parallel to the exordium of the *Georgics*, which is of much the same length (42 lines). In both prefaces the part invoking the help of rustic deities of Greek and Italian origin (12 lines in the *Culex*, 18 lines in the *Georgics*) is put in the middle, between passages which to a modern reader seem more directly relevant. For in each case the opening lines (11 in the *Culex* and 5 in the *Georgics*) give the name and purpose of the poem with the name of the person to whom it is dedicated; and the concluding passage (17 lines in the *Culex* and 19 in the *Georgics*) explains the special claim of the subject to

For whoso thinks to blame the Muse's jest,
We will account him lighter than the Gnat
In both his name and person. But one day
This playful Muse will speak in deeper tones
Pruning her poems to be worth your heed,
If changing times can make my toil secure.

Lusimus, Octavi, gracili modulante Thalia,
atque, ut araneoli, tenuem formauimus orsum;
lusimus: haec propter Culicis sint carmina dicta,
omnis ut historiae per ludum consonet ordo
notitiae: doctumque uoces, licet inuidus adsit.
quisquis erit culpare iocos Mosamque paratus,

the help of the chosen patron. This parallelism is of particular interest to me, because if we are satisfied, as I hope we shall be, of the Vergilian authorship of the *Culex*, it supplies a confirmation of the interpretation which I have suggested (*Class. Association Proceedings*, Manchester, 1906, p. 35) for the address to Caesar in this part of the *Georgics*. It is the passage in which the question is asked what kind of deity Caesar will assume; whether he will be a god of earth or heaven or sea or of the underworld, and this has given great trouble; some commentators, indeed, have turned their own puzzlement into an excuse for deriding the poet. The puzzle becomes clear, I venture to think, so soon as one sees that the four alternatives are really literary; that is to say, the question which the poet of the *Georgics* is really asking is what kind of subject he shall choose for the poem which Caesar is to patronise. Shall he write on Astronomy or Agriculture or Exploration oversea or the life of the After-world? All were subjects on which other authors of his time were busy, and the last was that to which he himself felt a paramount attraction all through his life, and to which at length he devoted the greatest Book of the *Aeneid*. Now in the dedication of the *Culex* to a boy whose name was Octavius, the first paragraph, as we have seen, mentions him by name only, but, just as in the *Georgics*, the third paragraph tells us also what other subjects the poet might have chosen, but does not think fit for a poem dedicated to him; he will not write of war, such as that between Zeus and the giants, or that of the Centaurs; nor of the feat of Xerxes in cutting a canal through Mount Athos or building a bridge over the Hellespont; nor of the invasion of Greece by the Persians. Is not this parallelism of structure remarkably close?

pondere uel Culicis leuior famaque feretur.
posterius grauiore sono tibi Musa loquetur
nostra, dabunt cum securos mihi tempora fructus,
ut tibi digna tuo poliantur carmina sensu.

After the Preface one of the three characters of the rustic drama, the Shepherd, is introduced to us, as he drives his flock of goats out of their fold to the pasture near the top of the mountain where "the sunny sward covers the spreading hills." When the shepherd appears the sun has just risen, filling the sky with wonderful colours, and at midday the flock find their way down into the valley, with its many-hued and many-scented plants pleasant for the reader to imagine and for the flock to nibble; some of the goats take the opportunity of watching their reflexions in the stream beneath them. The details of the scene bear many resemblances to the description of the shepherd's retreat in Book II. of the *Georgics* (467–74); and the lines that follow (57–97) are quite clearly an early study of the whole passage in the *Georgics* (458–531) in which the happiness of the countryman is contrasted with the unhealthy and pretentious luxury of the town. The opening lines [1] will show its purpose:—

How good the shepherd's blessings if untaught
And uncorrupt, he scorns not humble ways!
Dreams that no luxury knows refresh his sleep
And laugh at cares that wring the miser's heart.

O bona pastoris, si quis non pauperis usum
mente prius docta fastidiat, et probet illi
somnia luxuriae spretis incognita curis
quae lacerant auidas inimico pectore mentes.

[1] The reading of the second and third is open to doubt, but the general purport is clear.

After the shepherd and the delights of his work have been put before us, we follow him to the midday watering of the sheep:—

> The wandering flock
> Move slowly[1] at his summons to the shoal
> Beneath the whispering spring, the clear blue pool
> Under green banks asleep in mossy shade.

Note here again how the boy-poet revels in colour. When the sheep are all safe from the sun, the shepherd finds a place for his own siesta; the wood, we learn, was that in which a queen of tragedy rested after the terrible madness in which she had slain her own son, Pentheus; it is a place where the wild-gods of the hillside join the nymphs of the trees and of the springs in dance and song, so that the river Peneus itself stops to listen to them. Every one of the trees has its colour and its story, and at the climax of the description the different colours and shapes are interwoven in a wonderful scheme of decoration which, if I am not mistaken, Tennyson has copied in his description of Oenone's bower. The wood is full of birds; their twitterings, and the plash of the spring with its echoes, and the chirp of the grasshoppers in the heat, and the touch of the whispering breeze in the tree-tops, all lull the shepherd to sleep; the epithets describing his careless slumber are intentionally repeated from the passage describing rustic life. But now the plot begins to thicken; the shepherd asleep, the second character appears. A great serpent comes to cool himself in some soft pool. It need hardly be said that he is furnished with all the colours that the most respectable, indeed distinguished, serpent could desire

[1] Reading *reptabant* with Heinsius.

to appear in; his eyes are fiery, his tongue quivers, and his crest is splendidly erect. He is indignant that some man has come to a pool which he counted his own, and he poises to attack him. The sleeper's hours seem numbered, but help is at hand. A little gnat in pity rouses him to escape the danger, planting her[1] sting full in the middle of the shepherd's forehead—if that is the meaning of a rather corrupt line; the shepherd wakes, but in anger, and kills the gnat. Then seeing the serpent he at first retreats, but soon plucks a bough from a tree and beats the snake to death; so ends the first half of the poem. But that night when the shepherd has put his flock to rest amid the shadows and fallen asleep himself, he is visited by the ghost of the gnat, who reproaches him for the ingratitude which she has suffered :—

> Because I counted your life dearer than my own I am now the sport of the winds in empty places. You are resting at ease in happy sleep, saved from bitter calamity; but my form is driven across the waves of Lethe by the powers of the world below.

After this brief preface the gnat, or at all events her poet, takes advantage of the Shepherd's sleeping hours to give him a picture, in 150 lines, of the underworld to which she is now condemned. One must confess that the little creature has made a very good use of her time; for having only left the upper world after midday, by nine or ten o'clock at night she is prepared to lecture with eloquence and feeling on all the things and persons that are to be found in the region she has newly entered. This incongruity once

[1] In Latin *culex* is masculine, but nothing shall shake my conviction that in English *gnat* is (or ought to be) feminine.

granted, we must, I think, admit that the vision is arranged with no small skill and with flashes of real poetry which give promise of the power with which the poet later on handled the same themes. First of all come Tisiphone and Cerberus; then the penalties of the wicked; on which the gnat naïvely remarks that the sight of other people's misery makes her forget her own, a touch which, if it is boyish, is also thoroughly Vergilian. The gnat adds, if the text and its apparent interpretation can be trusted, that she is willing to suffer the penalty again if she may have some opportunity of doing other like service. Among the criminals we have some of the figures familiar to us in the great vision of the *Aeneid*, with others for whom later on Vergil found no place.[1] Then by a brief transition we pass to Elysium, where Persephone is leading a procession of maidens in honour of the noble women who abide there. It is an interesting part of the boyish picture; there are women among the Blessed—Alcestis, Penelope, Eurydice. At sixteen he gave to women, properly qualified of course, the full franchise of Elysium; but, alas! after thirty years' experience he could find no women whom he cared to admit—at all events none by name—to any part of the afterworld save the Mourning Plains. And then follows the story of Eurydice in a brief twenty-five lines, full of points which both remind us of the richer treatment of the story in the Fourth Book of the *Georgics* and disappoint us in the comparison—and yet lines, I venture to say, which if they had not been so far

[1] Otus and Ephialtes, Sisyphus and the Danaids, Medea and Procne, Eteocles and Polynices, all appear to the *Culex*, but not to Aeneas.

transcended would have been treasured themselves as not unworthy of a true poet. The passage is too long to render here. Notice only the end where Eurydice is described as

faithfully heeding the bidding of the gods and not moving her eyes or speaking; but Orpheus was more cruel, who in his hunger for a dear kiss broke the divine command. 'Twas a love that claimed forgiveness, a gentle fault, if Tartarus had but known.

dignus amor uenia; gratum, si Tartara nossent,
peccatum; meminisse graue est.

Here we have the original of a wonderful line in the later vision:

cum subito incautum dementia cepit amantem,
ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere Manes.

A sudden frenzy seized the unheeding lover,
Worthy forgiveness, if Hell could forgive.

Then we pass to the manly heroes, first the Greeks, Peleus and Telamon, then Ulysses and his comrades, and then many Trojans, who avoid the Greeks even in Elysium. This abiding enmity is a feature reproduced from the Homeric underworld; but in Vergil's more mature conception it is retained only in the shades of Limbo; in his Elysium all enmity is blotted out; there is no night there. The mention of Agamemnon suggests the fate of his comrades who were shipwrecked, in some twenty lines. But by this time the gnat is beginning to be a little ashamed, or, at all events, afraid, of her own learning, and concludes her revelation by a ten-line-catalogue of Roman heroes. Here again we have anticipations of the Sixth Book of the *Aeneid*, and one or two

figures for whom later on Vergil had no room, such as Horatius, Curtius, and Mucius Scaevola. Last of all come the Scipios.

> At whose triumphant name
> The walls of Libyan Carthage shudder yet
> Beneath their doom of weeds.[1]

And so the gnat passes from the happy lot of these immortal heroes to her own misfortune and again reproaches the shepherd for his cruelty, finally, however, invoking upon him not, like other ghosts, a curse, but a gentle blessing. "I depart never to see thee more; but do thou dwell happy beside thy stream and the green forest land and the pastures." After so kind a visit the shepherd is struck with remorse, and rears a great tomb of earth and grassy sods in honour of the gnat, planting it with a crowd of wonderful flowers, and setting upon it an inscription saying that the shepherd offers to the gnat this tomb in gratitude for her having saved his life. So the poem ends in a garden of colour and fragrance, warm with the gratitude paid by a human member of creation to a tiny non-human creature who had sacrificed herself for his sake. Will any reader of the *Georgics*, I wonder, venture to say that all this is not Vergil through and through?

But perhaps some hard-headed critic may reply, "After all, can this boyish stuff, however playful its purpose, be really attributed to a master-poet? Need

[1] Scipiadasque duces quorum deuota triumphis moenia sub lappis Libycae Carthaginis horrent (assuming Prof. Ellis' conjecture (*sub lappis*) in the corrupt line 371). In *Aeneid*, vi. 844, the two lines, fine as they are, give place to images of more concentrated power (geminos duo f u l m i n a belli Scipiadas, c l a d e m Libyae).

we think that Vergil was the author of so many weak lines, so many descents into mere prose?" Let me then first remind you that Vergil himself did all he could to suppress the *Culex*, and indeed the whole of his youthful work; and then compare the case of Tennyson, who suppressed many thousand[1] lines. So we learn from his son, who in his biography prints among other specimens a poem called *Anacaona*. It is worth while, I think, to reproduce two or three stanzas of this juvenile work, which is quite comparable to the feebler parts of the *Culex*.

A dark Indian maiden,
Warbling in the bloom'd liana,
Stepping lightly flower-laden,
By the crimson-eyed anana,
Wantoning in orange groves
Naked, and dark-limbed, and gay,
Bathing in the slumbrous coves,
In the cocoa-shadow'd coves,
Of sunbright Xaraguay,
Who was so happy as Anacaona,
The beauty of Espagnola,
The golden flower of Hayti?

All her loving childhood
Breezes from the palm and canna
Fann'd this queen of the green wildwood,
Lady of the green Savannah;
All day long with laughing eyes,
Dancing by a palmy bay,
In the wooded paradise,
Of still Xaraguay;
None were so happy as Anacaona,
The beauty of Espagnola,
The golden flower of Hayti!

[1] He mentions in a letter, quoted in the Biography (p. 10), one boyish epic which alone contained 6000.

In the purple island,
Crown'd with garlands of cinchona,
Lady over wood and highland,
The Indian queen, Anacaona,
Dancing on the blossomy plain
To a woodland melody:
Playing with the scarlet crane,
The dragon-fly and scarlet crane,
Beneath the papao tree!
Happy, happy was Anacaona,
The beauty of Espagnola,
The golden flower of Hayti!

Yet this facile Muse grew into the power which inspired *The Passing of Arthur* and *In Memoriam.*

If we turn to the positive evidence for the authenticity of the *Culex*, no reasonable person can, I think, remain in doubt. In the first place, as Mr. J. W. Mackail rightly says,[1] "the external evidence for the Vergilian authorship is so good, that but for internal considerations it would be accepted without question." Martial twice attributes a poem of this name to Vergil (viii. 56, *qui modo uix Culicem fleuerat ore rudi;* and xiv. 185). Suetonius in his Life of Lucan (Reifferscheid, p. 50) quotes a saying of that poet comparing[2] his own youthful work to the *Culex;* Donatus, in his Life of Vergil, states that Vergil wrote it when he was sixteen years old; and then goes on to describe the story of the poem just as we have it, quoting the last two lines. Statius makes Calliope prophesy (*Siluae* ii. 7, 73), that Lucan will be reciting poetry[3] on the

[1] *Class. Rev.* xxii. (1908), p. 72.

[2] *et quantum mihi restat ad Culicem,* "have I far to go before I can attain the level of the *Culex?*" This interpretation of the rather rare idiom is fixed by Tac. *Ann.* iv. 7, quoted by Prof. Phillimore in *Class. Quart.* xi. (1917), 106.

[3] On the mention of the *Culex* in *Siluae* I may now refer to the

death of Pompey at a younger age than Vergil's when he wrote the *Culex;* and in the Preface to Book i. of the *Siluae*, he appeals to the example of this poem, saying that "there is none of the great poets who has not preluded his works by some compositions in lighter style." Mr. Mackail adds justly: "In a matter of this sort, Statius, who was not only a scholar and poet but a profound student and positive worshipper of Vergil, could hardly be mistaken. That the poem known to Statius was a different one from the poem which we possess there is not the slightest ground for supposing."

But the internal evidence, which has been recently collected, is even more conclusive. No less than eighty definite resemblances between the *Culex* and Vergil's

careful and delightful essay of Prof. W. B. Anderson (*Class. Quart.* x. (1916) p. 225), which completely justifies the text of Donatus in giving sixteen as Vergil's age when the poem was written.

To Prof. Anderson's arguments I would add that the parts of Lucan's *Pharsalia* to which Statius alludes in *Siluae*, ii. 7, are none of them later than Book viii.; even if *libertate grauem pia Catonem* (l. 68) be taken as referring to Lucan, ix. 97 (*faciet partes pro libertate*) rather than, as seems more likely, to ii. 302 (*te complectar Roma, tuomque nomen, Libertas*), that still leaves the many striking incidents in the rest of Book ix. and in Book x. entirely unmentioned. No great stress, indeed, either way can be laid on the passages which Statius selects for special mention, since we know that parts of the poem were separately recited and probably written for separate recitation long before the poem as a whole appeared (even then unfinished) after Lucan's death at the age of 25. But Prof. Anderson's demonstration of the meaning of *primo iuuenis sub aeuo* ("just after the assumption of the toga virilis," *i.e.* at 15 in Lucan's case), renders any less direct evidence superfluous. In any case the doubt, if there were any, would apply only to the age at which Vergil wrote the *Culex*, not to his authorship. And the correctness of Donatus' text (*cum esset annorum xvi.* is independently confirmed by the dedication to the youthful Octavius (see p. 94 below).

acknowledged work have been traced [1] by Miss Elizabeth Jackson,[2] Faulkner Fellow of the University of Manchester; and even that list does not exhaust the points that might be cited. Let me quote here a very few examples of the kind of resemblance which have carried conviction to my mind. I started with great unwillingness to regard the poem as Vergilian, mainly because of the lightness of the treatment and the overfluency of decoration, so unlike the depth of suggestion which is perhaps the most wonderful of all the characteristics of the poetry of Vergil's prime.

(1) nec faciles Ditis s i n e i u d i c e s e d e s,
iudice qui uitae post mortem uindicat acta.
(*Cul.* 275.)
nec uero hae sine sorte datae, s i n e i u d i c e s e d e s.
(*Aen.* vi. 431.)

(2) non Hellespontus pedibus p u l s a t u s e q u o r u m.
(*Cul.* 33.)
demens! qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen
aere et cornipedum p u l s u simularat e q u o r u m.
(*Aen.* vi. 590–1.)

(3) si non A s s y r i o feruent bis lauta colore
Attalicis opibus data vellera. . . .
(*Cul.* 62.)
alba neque A s s y r i o fucatur lana ueneno.
(*Georg.* ii. 465.)

The whole passage in the *Georgics* shows repeated resemblances; and the relation between the two, and their common kinship to a Lucretian episode (ii. 14 ff.) are carefully discussed by Miss Jackson (*l.c.*).

(4) et p i g e r aurato p r o c e d i t V e s p e r ab Oeta.
(*Cul.* 203.)

[1] *Class. Quarterly*, v. (1911), p. 163.
[2] Now Mrs. A. Johnson.

et inuito processit Vesper Olympo.
(*Ecl.* vi. 86.)

(5) ad Stygias reuocatus aquas. uix ultimus amni
extat nectareas diuom qui prodidit escas.
(*Cul.* 240.)

tu Stygias inhumatus aquas amnemque seuerum
Eumenidum aspicies.
(*Aen.* vi. 374.)

(6) aduersas praeferre faces.
(*Cul.* 262.)

funereasque inferre faces.
(*Aen.* vii. 337.)

(7) gramineam ut uiridi foderet de caespite terram
iam memor inceptum peragens sibi cura laborem
congestum cumulauit opus.
(*Cul.* 393.)

pauperis et tuguri congestum caespite culmen.
(*Ecl.* i. 68.)

"Such soft echoes of sound are peculiarly important; they would hardly occur to a mere imitator, but they might well linger in the mind of the poet who first conceived them. If Vergil did not write the *Culex*, it would seem that he must at all events have known it by heart for a long period of years."[1]

That the preface of the poem was written before 44 B.C. is beyond doubt,[2] and we shall soon see that 50 B.C. is a more probable date. It follows that these resemblances between it and the undoubted poems of Vergil (which are all later than that date) cannot be due to imitation of these poems by the author of the *Culex*, but must imply an intimate acquaintance with the *Culex* on the part of Vergil himself. It may

[1] Miss E. Jackson, *l.c.* p. 169.
[2] See, *e.g.*, Skutsch, *Aus. Vergils Frühzeit*, p. 134.

reasonably, therefore, be asked of those who think that the poem is quite unworthy of Vergil—it is, of course, unworthy of his maturity—whether he would have been likely to give careful attention to such a poem—so careful, in fact, as to have learnt it almost by heart. No one, I think, will be inclined to differ from Dr. Warde Fowler, the weightiest and most conservative authority in this country on the study of Vergil, when he writes:[1] "It seems to me to have been proved by Miss Jackson that the poem is an early work of Vergil."

We may now turn to the interesting biographical questions connected with the circumstances of its composition and its dedication to some one called Octavius. The third part[2] of the Preface (ll. 24–41) begins thus:—

> And do you in whom my confidence is fixed, if only what is written be worthy enough, revered child of the Octavian house, come like some bird of good omen to speed my attempt. Come, innocent boy, for this page sings to you of no dire warfare like the conflict between Jove and the giants.

Who was this Octavius? Why was the poem dedicated to him, and why especially on the ground of its having a peaceful subject? It is to be a gentle theme told in unambitious verse, fit for the poet's powers if Phoebus will but guide him; that is to say,

[1] *Class. Rev.* xxviii. (1914), p. 119. The new evidence which Dr. Warde Fowler has recently brought has been mentioned already (p. 77, footnote). His conclusion is: "We may perhaps see in the *Culex*, better than in any part of the later poems, the raw material with which the great master of the hexameter began his work. Such at least is my view of it; and I hope that this little investigation of a small point in its structure may be convincing to others also."

[2] The threefold division has already been noticed, p. 81, footnote.

in the language of prose, the poet is choosing a subject which most people would think too humble for poetry.

The preface concludes with a prayer which is in many ways characteristic, that glory of this kind (*i.e.* of an interest in such subjects) may rest for ever like a shining crown upon his patron's forehead, that he may always have a place in a home of honour and affection (*sede pia*), and that the unharmed life of security, which is his due, may be the theme of men's gratitude through many happy years shining in prosperity. We may fairly ask whether any poet but Vergil in that age, would have composed such a blessing. The repetition of the word *lucens*, "shining," is a mark of Vergil's taste; and the desire for the child, that he should be in *pia sede*, is not less Vergilian; while the closing wish that he shall earn men's gratitude, is the crown which Vergil sets upon the highest group of the souls whom he places in Elysium, those who by good service have made at least some few remember them,

> quique sui memores aliquos fecere merendo.
> (*Aen.* vi. 664.)

Dr. Warde Fowler's conclusion can hardly be resisted. "The Octavius to whom the poem is dedicated was the future Augustus. There is one other possible candidate for the honour (see Leo's edition, p. 22), but there is an almost universal agreement that the language of these lines forbids us to think of any boy but the nephew of the dictator Julius Caesar."

But now mark what follows from this. Let me quote Dr. Warde Fowler again:—

"All this dedication seems to me to suggest that

Octavius was very young, a *puer* in the strict sense of the word. He is asked to accept the poem because the theme is not warlike but homely. His whole life is before him: he has as yet done nothing heroic, and is, indeed, not of an age to listen to tales of war and bloodshed; nay, the poet seems to suggest a hope that he may live to be a man of peace. I cannot think that such a poem, with such a dedication, could have been addressed to Octavius after he had taken his *toga virilis*. That event[1] took place on October 18, 48 B.C. . . . The epithets *sanctus* and *uenerandus* are mainly suggested[2] by the tender age and innocence of the boy. I am ready to accept the view that they are rendered still more appropriate by the fact that this boy was the nephew of the governor of Cisalpine Gaul, to whom the Transpadani, with the poet's family beyond doubt among them, had long been looking up. . . . . If we could be sure that the two boys had already met when the dedication was written, we should also be justified in seeing a characteristic Vergilian tenderness in these words; for Octavius, if we may trust the famous bust, was a beautiful and discreet boy, and the poet's love for all young creatures was marked; Euryalus, Lausus, Pallas—has any poet ever touched with such pure tenderness of feeling the

[1] This appears to me to render completely untenable the view suggested by Robinson Ellis (*Cl. Rev.* x. (1896) p. 182) that the poem dated from 45–44. But the links between the scene of ll. 109–156 and the Thesprotian region, with which Robinson Ellis was mainly concerned in that article, deserve fuller investigation.

[2] Prof. Tenney Frank (*Cl. Philol.* xv. p. 27) now connects the words, very plausibly, with a priesthood to which the lad had been nominated by the Dictator (himself Pontifex Maximus): see Vell. Pat. ii. 59; Cicero, *Phil.* v. c. 17; and *C.I.L.* v. 4305.

most beautiful types of boyhood in portraits such as these? I am inclined to think that Vergil and Octavius may actually have met in the year 50 B.C., when the elder was about twenty and the younger thirteen. At the end of the eighth book of the *De Bello Gallico* Hirtius tells us that Caesar came to Cisalpine Gaul early in that year, and was busy canvassing in the province; also that he was received in the Transpadane part of the province, to which the poet's family belonged, with great acclaim, and was fêted wherever he went.[1] We are not told that he summoned his nephew from Rome to spend the summer with him. But Octavius was the one hope of the family, and Romans like Cicero and Caesar felt tenderly towards their boys . . . and wished to see them after long absence, like our Indian parents of to-day.

"It is pleasant to think it quite possible that Vergil may have seen Octavius at Mantua, or even talked with him. In any case, I would suggest that this year 50 B.C. is a likely one for the date of the dedication, though the poem as a whole may have been composed earlier, perhaps when the lad Vergil was only sixteen, as Donatus tells us in his life of the poet."

To this I venture to add a few lines from the post-script which Dr. Warde Fowler allowed me to append to the article just quoted: "It seems most probable, indeed almost necessary, to suppose that in the Transpadane country Caesar would have met so able and important a landowner[2] as Vergil's father. The

[1] Cum liberis omnis multitudo obuiam procedebat.

[2] Any one who has been at Pietole, if it was the ancient Andes, must realise what a sweep of country is described in the Ninth

support of such a man, especially as his prosperity was not more conspicuous than his knowledge of agriculture and of bee-keeping and his enthusiasm for learning, was just such a source of strength as the enlightened Julius would be most anxious to draw to his own side; and knowing what we do of the relation between Vergil and his father, from almost every book of the *Aeneid*, who can doubt that the old man would have seized every opportunity of putting the shy and lovable genius of the lad into as close touch as he could with the great and god-like patron of the Transpadanes?

"Altogether it appears to me that the picture which Dr Warde Fowler conjures up of the big boy

Eclogue (7–9). Speaking from memory, I should think that this would mean an extent of not less than ten miles at whatever point of the compass the *colles* may be located.

qua se subducere colles
incipiunt mollique iugum demittere cliuo
usque ad aquam.

This argument of course depends wholly on the trustworthiness of the tradition connecting the modern Pietole with the ancient Andes, and Mommsen, relying not quite unreasonably on the evidence of Probus, who says Andes was thirty miles from Mantua, whereas Pietole is only three, declares that the tradition, though as old as Dante, is held "non tantum temere sed certe falso" (*C.I.L.* v. p. 406). If the inscription which the Italian fifteenth-century scholar Jucundus quotes as found at Pietole, but which Mommsen, non certe falso sed certe temere, regards (ad loc.) as a wilful falsification of *C.I.L.* v. 3827 (found not less than twelve miles from Pietole), be regarded as genuine, it would locate some member of the *gens Vergilia* in Pietole, and might well have been the origin of the belief of Dante's time. But for another home of the Vergilii interesting inscriptional evidence in favour of a village called Calvisano has been recently brought by Mr. G. E. K. Braunholtz (*Cl. Rev.* xxix. (1915) pp. 106 and 108), who points out that Calvisano is 30 miles N.W. of Mantua. That spot therefore, equidistant from Cremona and Mantua, holds the field at present.

Vergil taking the little boy Octavius round the Mantuan farm and showing him, to their common delight, all the creatures and places to which he himself was equally attached as boy, farmer, and poet, is one of the probabilities which are too good not to be true."

In any case we may regard it, I think, as established beyond any doubt that Vergil and Octavius were acquainted before the future emperor was fifteen years old.

Let us turn in conclusion to two of the poems (VII. and X.) in the small collection known as the "Katalepton." These two have been almost universally acknowledged as genuine, although it must be confessed that some of their surroundings in the collection are quite un-Vergilian. Both of them contain the name of the Epicurean philosopher, Siro, whom we know from Suetonius as Vergil's teacher, and whom he regarded with veneration. The later of the two poems sprang from the misfortune that befell Vergil and his father in the Civil War; for when they were expelled from their own ample estate they took refuge in the small country house with the modest ground attached that had once belonged to Siro, and "by him had been counted great riches." The other, which is worth considering in full, marks an interesting epoch in the poet's inward history. It records the impressions with which he left school and parted from the two branches of education which were then in chief vogue at Rome, viz. rhetoric and grammar; and also how it seemed his duty to bid good-bye, or almost good-bye, to his chief delight, that of writing poetry, because he felt it laid upon him to be a philosopher.

Ite hinc, inanes, ite, rhetorum ampullae,
inflata rore non Achaico uerba,
et uos, Selique Tarquitique Varroque,
scholasticorum natio madens pingui,
ite hinc, inane cymbalon iuuentutis.
tuque, o mearum cura, Sexte, curarum,
uale, Sabine; iam ualete, formosi.
nos ad beatos uela mittimus portus,
magni petentes docta dicta Sironis,
uitamque ab omni uindicabimus cura.
ite hinc, Camenae, uos quoque ite iam,—sane
dulces Camenae; nam fatebimur uerum,
dulces fuistis: et tamen meas chartas
reuisitote, sed pudenter et raro.

Begone, ye barren flowers of speech,
The stuff that rhetoricians teach,
Big words by Attic wit ungraced;
And you, dull tribe of ample waist,
Whose barren joy it is to hammer
Young heads with ding-dong rules of grammar;
You too, my friend of friends, good-bye!
No more to your fair class come I;
But setting sail 'neath sterner skies,
And seeking havens of the wise,
Great Siro's lofty lore I'll hear
And ransom life from every fear.
Away, ye Muses, yes, away!
Though playmates dear, ye must not stay.
And yet, ah! yet,—steal back again,
Just modestly, just now and then.

In this boyish poem we see Vergil in his first love for philosophy, a love directed to a rather different side of that protean creature from the severe and sober Stoicism which claimed him in the end. One can well believe that the lines bidding farewell to his fellow-schoolboys—a farewell which refers merely to the end of their daily companionship in study—were very likely written when Vergil was fresh from reading the whole

of Lucretius' poem, *De Rerum Natura*, in which, as we all know, the poet philosopher, while embracing the ethical teaching of Epicurus, worked out his physical system into a heroic and often brilliantly successful attempt at a scientific setting forth of the laws of the universe. This poem was published after its author's death in 55 B.C., when Vergil was fifteen; and in writing the *Culex*, some time before 50 B.C. (very likely in 54), Vergil had shown that he was familiar[1] with the easier parts of it. In the years that followed we may conjecture that he had mastered the more technical part, and had felt the glow of admiration for the author which even now fills the mind of every reader who comes fresh to its wonderful attack upon difficult problems. Who can doubt that Vergil hoped, as every young philosopher does when his enthusiasm is first kindled, that might live to out do his master and himself to pentrate somehow to the great secret of the universe? That is what he means by *beatos portus*, "the happy heavens of the wise."

But how was this to be done? What path was the young philosopher to follow? Remember the date—55 to 50 B.C.—the years of a steadily darkening horizon in the political world, when the shadow of the most gigantic of the Civil Wars that even Rome had suffered was deepening month by month; the years in which active politicians went about Italy, sometimes even in Rome, with gangs of hired cut-throats to protect themselves from violence and practise it on their opponents; years of which a lurid picture has been drawn for us in Cicero's defence of Milo. Now, as I think Dr. Warde Fowler has pointed out, the day-to-day,

[1] See, *e.g.*, p. 92, the third example.

hand-to-mouth philosophy of pleasure has never found much favour except in epochs when the framework of society has been loosened and when regular occupation, property, family ties, and life itself have all become precarious. In such times men's working faith in the steadiness of the universe, in the existence of a good providence, is shaken; and old-fashioned principles corresponding to the ordinary conduct of life in settled periods (the *prisca supercilia* of the *Copa*, l. 34) sound hollow and impossible. The connexion of these two ideas is very clear all through Lucretius' poem; amidst the horrors of political life, nature still provides her simple pleasures for any one who will take them without question and without vain dreams of avarice and ambition or cruel dreams of power. It is under the influence of this teaching that we find Vergil very soon after his poetry begins.

The charming elegiac poem called *Copa*, or Mine Hostess, which is full of Vergilian beauties of language [1] and scenery, gives us a vivid picture of the Epicurean creed at its best. Note here only the ending. After enumerating the delights of rest in the garden of her wayside hostelry and bidding the tired, dusty wayfarer come and taste them, the hostess ends with a brief and sudden touch of solemnity in the last line :—

[1] Among the more formal points of Vergilian style may be mentioned the half-plaintive introductory question *Quid iuuat* (l. 5, cf. *Aen.* ii. 776); the repetition of *est* (ll. 20–21, cf. *Georg.* iv. 387, *Aen.* vi. 792, xi. 205); and among more substantial likenesses *rumpunt arbusta cicadae* (l. 27, cf. *Georg.* iii. 327); *prolue uitro* (l. 29, cf. *Aen.* i. 739); and the construction *suaue rubentia* (l. 19, cf. *e.g. Aen.* vi. 201). The riddle which Mr. J. W. Mackail leaves unsolved (*Latin Literature*, p. 105) may perhaps be answered by regarding the poem as a study of the Epicurean creed.

Mors aurem uellens, Viuite, ait, uenio.

Death plucks your ear and cries, "Live now, I come."

After all, that is the end of every Epicurean sermon, and it is a text of which men soon grow tired; such impulse as it gives is quickly spent. In the agony of Civil Wars the youth of Rome went through an even crueller though less ennobling discipline than that to which the youth of Europe was suddenly called in 1914. Childish things were put away because, in the end, they must be, and with them the pleasure-philosophy of Epicurus. The condition of society which had at first encouraged its growth, at length had crushed it by sheer weight of misery. In the ten dreadful years from 50 to 40 B.C. Epicurus had little consolation for hearts broken by anarchy and carnage. But at the end of those ten years some faint hope began — the hope of a new world of peace born from mighty travail, to be governed by a child of the Octavius to whom Vergil's boyish poem had been dedicated. In Eclogue IV., which was written in Vergil's thirtieth year to celebrate the birth of that child, we find instead of the materialistic despondency of Lucretius a combination of his sense of the beauty and sweetness of the natural world with a deeper, more ethical conception of man's work within it. Read from this point of view, even that famous Eclogue claims a new interest. But there is a well-known passage in which Vergil takes a step farther, the great lines (*Georg.* ii. 458–540), written probably some time between his thirty-third and thirty-ninth years, in which he expresses his still admiring reverence for Lucretius, but goes on to declare his own new and deeper conviction. By this time the Epicurean teaching

holds definitely the second place in Vergil's thoughts. He will take all the knowledge that its science can give; but the key to life is not there; the secret is in piety, in hard work, in gratitude to unseen powers; and, above all, in wonder, wonder at the undying mystery of smiling and frowning skies, of love and pain, of life and death. "They that wonder shall reign, and they that reign shall rest."

Happy indeed is he whose skill can find
The cause of each and all things, mastering so
Fear and stern Fate, and hearing undismayed
The hungry roar of Death's advancing flood.
Yet not unblest that other, who has learnt
To know the sacred creatures of the woods,
Pan with his pipe, and hoary old Silvanus
And all the fairy sisterhood at play.
Nought cares he for the pomp of crowds and courts.
Rome rises, kingdoms fall, he works unmoved.
He views the rich and knows no pang of envy,
Succours the poor without a grudging thought.

. . . . . .

Far from the clash of arms, the just, kind earth
Pours out before him plentiful reward;
Peace without fear, a life of solid truth
Full of a thousand pleasures,— open fields
Free air and moving waters, cliffs and woods,
Cool mountain valleys, herds of lowing kine,
Soft lawns and bowers where sunburnt shepherds rest.

V

THE FALL OF CORNELIUS GALLUS[1]

Philae, the famous island in the Nile Valley, contains several ancient temples, the oldest and most conspicuous of which was built about 300 B.C. But all that the visitor can see of them to-day is the summits of the tallest. Everything else is now covered with water through the creation of the great reservoir by the new barrage of the river at Assouan, a colossal feat of British engineering which has rendered perpetual what for untold centuries had been a matter of anxiety to the Egyptian nation every year, a full supply of Nile water to fertilise the fields. This paper is concerned merely with one of the many additions to our knowledge which has resulted from the survey of the ancient remains of the Nile Valley, which was begun and continued for many years by the Egyptian Government to anticipate the coming flood.

At the north-west corner of the island there once stood a temple which has long since been almost levelled to the ground, but which in its day was the first thing on the island to meet the eyes of a traveller arriving from Europe. This, as we know from the inscription[2] on its fallen portico, was built twelve years before the birth of Christ, to the honour of the

[1] This essay appeared in a more popular form in *Discovery*, i. p. 4 (1920), and is here printed as an appendix to the preceding paper.

[2] This begins *αὐτοκρατορι καισαρι σεβαστωι σωτηρι και ενεργετη λ. ιη* (that is, in the 18th year of his reign).

Emperor Augustus Caesar, who had been supreme in Egypt since the defeat of the last Egyptian sovereign, Cleopatra, at the battle of Actium and her subsequent suicide. Augustus had then to decide the question to whom he should depute the government of the country, since it was a vitally important part of his Mediterranean system, and one of the chief sources of the corn-supply of Rome. He chose the young poet Gaius Cornelius Gallus, who had won distinction also as a commander in the civil wars, and who, as we have seen, was the intimate friend of Vergil.

Now, Vergil was born and bred a farmer's boy, on the estate of which his father was at first the steward, though later the owner; and the great poem which he called *Georgica* ("Farming") described the country life he knew and loved; but incidentally, as we all know, it supported the plans of the Emperor for restoring agriculture in Italy. The last of its four Books discourses, profoundly and yet playfully, on the keeping of Bees for about three-fifths of its length. But at that point the poem takes a strange turn and relates, in quite a different style, two or three old-world legends, very slightly strung together and still more slightly connected with Bees. The chief of them is the famous story of Orpheus, who went down to the World of the Dead to fetch back his beloved Eurydice, and lost her again because he looked back upon her too soon. This short poem, which is really complete in itself, is so beautiful and has seized the imagination of so many poets—not to mention the musicians—of later ages, that people have read it gratefully where it stands, without troubling themselves with the question why Vergil should have tacked it on to a

poem about Farming. Indeed, in the nineteenth century most Latin scholars—especially in Germany, though not only there—were accustomed to pooh-pooh the explanation of it given by the fourth-century commentator Servius, though nearly all his positive statements about Vergil are drawn from much earlier writers who knew Vergil himself. But this explanation has now been confirmed by the discovery in 1896 of an inscribed stone built into the paved approach to the temple of Augustus which, as we have seen, was built at Philae; and few discoveries have thrown more direct light on the critical period in the world's life that just preceded the birth of Christ, or on the inner experience of one of the greatest of the world's poets. But though the stone was found in 1896, none of the editions of Vergil printed or reprinted since then, and probably none of all the teachers concerned in interpreting him to English schoolboys, make any mention of it.

What, then, does Servius tell us about the end of Book IV. of the *Georgics*? Originally, he says, the conclusion contained an account of Egypt, including its production of honey, and "the praises of Gallus"; but after Gallus had fallen into disgrace and committed suicide, Vergil substituted the present ending with the stories of Aristaeus and Orpheus. The explanation is, in fact, by no means hard to accept; for no account of farming in Vergil's time could have altogether omitted Egypt, then the world's greatest granary; nor could any poem whose author desired to help Augustus have been altogether silent about his addition of that famous and ancient kingdom to the Roman Empire; nor can any one who has realised

the kind of man Vergil was, and the kind of affection he had for his friends, imagine that he could have failed to notice the fact that the newly added realm was governed by his friend and fellow-poet Gallus.

Nevertheless our pastors and teachers who belonged to the epoch of Mommsen (when it was almost a point of honour to reject every ancient statement against which even the faintest doubt could be raised), though they did not indeed deny that Gallus had been governor of Egypt and had fallen out of power, would not recognise this[1] as a sufficient basis for Servius' story, and wrote of Vergil and Gallus as though they belonged to different worlds, instead of being what they surely were, the David and Jonathan of their day. Perhaps unconsciously some of them were influenced by the desire not to connect Vergil so intimately with a man whom they regarded merely as a traitor.

Now, what does the inscription of Philae add to our knowledge? It gives us the very words written to record the victories of Gallus, in Egyptian, Latin,[2] and Greek; those in Latin at least being certainly what Gallus himself wished to state. He makes a votive offering to "the gods of his country and to the River Nile who aided him," and describes himself in flowery, poetical language as "the subduer of the whole Thebaid region in fifteen days"; as "having carried his armies above the cataract of the Nile to a spot never before reached by the Roman people or by Egyptian Kings," as having "inspired with terror all

[1] Suet. *Aug.* 66; Dio. Cass. liii. 23 (26 B.C.).

[2] The inscription is now in the Cairo Museum, and the Latin and Greek texts are given in *C.I.L.* iii. (supplementary volume) 14147[5].

the chieftains of the region," and taken five cities (now lost in the desert sand). All this Gallus has done; whereas his imperial master receives only a brief mention at the beginning as having "conquered the Kings of Egypt"—that is, Cleopatra and (probably) Antony.

And what was the large portrait cut deep in the stone in the centre of the inscription? It represented some one on horseback riding down upon a suppliant foe—and Gallus was a Roman knight—but the features have been deliberately hacked out. For what reason? For the same reason which led the builders of the Temple of Augustus to place the whole slab with the inscription face upwards to be troddden on by every one who approached to worship at the Emperor's shrine—namely, to do dishonour to Gallus; it was Gallus' own picture that Gallus the prefect set up, and that his successors cast down and defaced; and to set up one's own portrait in the East in ancient times was to claim for it something like divine honours. Now we see the boyish vanity into which the young poet-soldier was betrayed, partly no doubt by his first experience of the flattery of Oriental attendants, partly by his own love of glorious words; and we see also how fatally easy it was for his enemies to misrepresent his attitude towards the Emperor.

One curious circumstance indeed reveals, almost by accident, what Gallus' inscription looked like to people in Egypt, and what a danger it was, in fact, to the supremacy of Augustus for his lieutenants to be so boastful. The Egyptian inscription, which comes first, makes no mention, so the Egyptologists assure us, of Gallus' own name, but summarises the

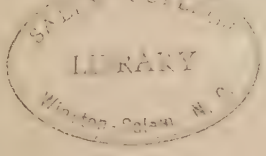
events briefly and gives the credit either to Caesar himself or "the praefect of Caesar," if that be the right restoration of the Egyptian text. This, as we learn from the same authorities, was the true and old Egyptian fashion, and may, indeed, have been done with Gallus' approval or even at his command; but to any one who could understand the Latin or Greek as well as the Egyptian the contrast would be striking; and to every one, the appearance of Gallus' own portrait, not that of the Emperor, in full Roman style, between the names of six Egyptian deities, would be not less startling. Poor Gallus! Like many another lad of brilliant powers and quick imagination, he lacked the sense of proportion without which no man is safe in high places, least of all in the East. He was accused before the Senate and deprived of his command; and learning that Augustus had expressed displeasure at what he had done, he killed himself. But the Emperor wept when the news was brought to him, and complained bitterly that he alone of all men was not allowed to be angry with a friend without some tragic consequence.[1] The inscription which Philae has preserved for us shows in every line the real nature of the tragedy. With no thought of treason to his master, though with no sense of the restraints which his own position demanded, the young Provençal poet plunged into a folly which even veteran statesmen have found it hard to resist. But his folly was not one that greatly lowers our regard; still less can it have robbed him of Vergil's affection, alien though it was from Vergil's

[1] Suet. *Aug. l.c.*: "inlacrimauit et uicem suam conquestus est quod sibi soli non liceret amicis quatenus uellet irasci."

own temper. With Gallus' words and his expunged portrait before us we understand the pathos of his fall—how innocent he seemed to himself, how guilty to every one else. And we understand something of the tragic disappointment and lifelong sorrow of his friend Vergil, and something of the bitter regret of the Emperor. And it is no longer strange, but perfectly natural, that after such a tragedy, the name and achievements of Gallus could not remain to make the climax of a great poem written by Vergil, and written partly in aid of one of the Emperor's great patriotic schemes. It is no longer strange, but perfectly natural, that, in piecing together three youthful poems[1] (*Aristaeus*, *Proteus*, *Orpheus*) to take the place of the lost *Praises of Egypt and of Gallus*, ingenious as the links inserted between them are, the great poet should have had no heart in his work, and should have left in despair the many broken threads of the supposed story to be a silent record of the bitterest sorrow of his life.

[Some account of the Greek and Latin inscriptions was given in the London *Athenaeum*, March 14 and 21, 1896. Professor Sayce discussed the Egyptian text in the *Academy* shortly afterwards. Mommsen wrote an article in German in *Cosmopolis* (London, 1896, p. 545), in which he is characteristically silent about the statement of Servius, and alludes to Vergil merely in order to express his fine Prussian contempt for such a person as "the poverty-stricken citizen of Mantua." Further information and other references to articles discussing the details of the inscriptions will be found in the *Corp. Inscc. Lat., l.c.*]

[1] Each an "epyllion," or miniature epic, cf. p. 78.


LIBRARY

VI

THE GROWTH OF THE UNDERWORLD[1]

From the infancy of mankind down to our own day, few subjects have had so great an attraction for the imagination of men as the attempt to frame a picture of the after-life. Yet the total number of such attempts recorded in art or literature is by no means large; and the more they are studied, the closer appears the relation between them. Hence it is possible, even in a single lecture, not indeed to trace the whole course of such thought, but to seize two or three typical moments in its progress in antiquity; and so to realise something of the direction in which it has moved.

The pictures of the Underworld in Homer and Plato stand out from the mass of ancient imaginings. They represent fairly two mainly independent and partly competing accounts, widely current in antiquity, one the Mythological, the other that of the Philosophers or Theologians.[2] And it is on the whole true to say

[1] This lecture is based on notes which I have given to my classes at different times for many years past. The chief part of it was embodied in lectures given to the Manchester Dante Society on March 1, 1909, and at the John Rylands Library in 1912, and printed (in a different shape) in *Essays and Studies presented to William Ridgeway* in 1913. The Syndics of the Cambridge University Press have kindly permitted me to make free use of the material for the present purpose.

[2] See for these Norden's edition of *Aeneid* vi., p. 5.

that these two fashions of imagination continued to compete until they were combined in a single picture of predominant power and beauty, summing up and superseding those that went before it, and determining more deeply than we realise the character of those which came after. In this, as in much else, the work of Vergil has been the central point in the intellectual growth of Europe.

The Book of the Dead in the *Odyssey* is constructed in a very simple way. When the hero comes "to the limits of the world, the deep flowing stream of ocean, where was the land and city of the Cimmerians, shrouded in mist and cloud" (that is, of course, the Northern seas, as reflected in the stories of early sailors) he and his crew hold their way along the stream "until they came to a waste shore, and the groves of Persephone, tall poplar trees and willows that shed their fruit before the season." Then beside a rock which is the meeting-place of the two infernal rivers, Acheron and Cocytus, Odysseus dug a trench, a cubit long and broad, and poured into it the proper drink offerings "to all the dead," beseeching their "strengthless heads" that they would rise and speak to him; then the sheep are sacrificed and the dark blood flows forth into the trench. Many spirits he sees, "of brides and youths unwed, of old men who had seen many evil days, and of tender maidens with grief yet fresh at heart; and many there were that had been slain in fight with their bloody mail about them." First of all the spirits came Elpenor, who had fallen from the upper floor of Circe's house, missing the "long ladder" in the blindness brought on him by draughts of her wine, and whose body had

been left unburied when Odysseus and his comrades sailed away. Odysseus promises him due burial, but he kept both him and all the other spirits back from the trench, where they longed to drink the blood, until the spirit of the Theban prophet Teiresias came to give him the counsel he was in need of.

Then follow long conversations with a succession of shades; first the hero's mother; then a string of fair women with pretty Theban names, Tyro, Antiope, Alcmene, Epicaste, Chloris, Maira, Clymene, Eriphyle, and the rest; and then Agamemnon and Achilles with his famous reply to words of courtly comfort: "Nay, speak not comfortably to me of death, great Odysseus. Rather would I live on ground as the hireling of another, with a landless man who hath no great livelihood, than bear sway among all the dead that be departed." Odysseus, however, gives him news of his son's prowess, and Achilles "departs with great strides along the mead of asphodel rejoicing." Next Odysseus sees his old rival Aias, the son of Telamon, who refuses to answer, remembering still his grudge. There this particular lay must once have ended, and even within this section it is clear that at least the catalogue of the ghosts of Fair Women did not belong to the earliest form of the story. There follows at the end of the book an interesting passage which gives us a series, no longer of interviews, but of mere portraits, introduced quite baldly by the formula "and then I saw there," or "and then there was there";—King Minos giving judgment; "Orion driving the wild beasts together over the mead, the very beasts that himself had slain on the lonely hills"; then the various criminals undergoing punishment (Tityos,

Tantalus, and Sisyphus); and finally, a curious interview with the ghost of Heracles, who, however, we are warned, is not Heracles himself, because Heracles himself is living with the gods.

Even therefore in the longest form of the story we have no real descent into any world of the dead; only a series of separate pictures which somehow or other Odysseus was supposed to have seen as he stood by his trench. On this very account Aristarchus[1] rejected the passage, asking, "How could Odysseus see these or the others who were all within the gates of Hades?" And it is clear that the earliest version contained nothing but the summoning by magical means of certain ghosts in order to hold converse with him. There is no theory here beyond the very simplest belief in the possibility of visions of the dead. There is no picture of the After-world as a whole, and there is hardly a hint of any part of the future in which happiness could be conceived; not even in the work of the latest poet who may have helped to fashion this book. To him as to his predecessors, if a soul were in Hades at all, it was either being grievously tormented, or mourning its death, or at best pursuing in darkness some phantom counterpart of the life it had lost.

Let us now consider briefly the nature of the After-world offered to us by the Platonic myths, especially by that of the *Republic*. Socrates is represented as ending the long conversation on justice and the nature of the universe by repeating a story told by a brave man, a native of Pamphylia, who fell in

[1] Schol. on *Od.* xi. 568, quoted by Norden, *Aen.* vi. p. 196, footnote.

battle and was taken up for burial. Twelve days after the battle, as he lay on his funeral pyre, he came to life again; and we notice that although what follows is called a "story" (μῦθος) at the beginning and once at the end, there is none of the rather anxious disclaiming of literal intention which is made in the other well-known myth also put into the mouth of Socrates in the *Phaedo*. And however special students of Plato may describe the general purpose of the Platonic myths, no one, I think, can read the long and spirited narrative of this Pamphylian, Er, the son of Armenius, without feeling that Plato meant something by it, and meant it earnestly.

Let us follow then the story. When the soul of Er had gone out of his body, it travelled with many others till they came to a spot of earth on which there were two great gaps or openings in the surface, and opposite to these two other openings in heaven. In front sat judges[1] who passed sentence on each soul as it appeared. The just souls had their sentence pinned upon their breasts and were commanded to ascend into the opening which led heavenwards. The unjust souls were told to turn to the left and find the opening that led into earth. Now while some souls were entering these openings, others were coming out of the second mouth of each pair, returning respectively from Heaven or Hell. The souls that arrived out of the heavenly exit were pure and bright; those that ascended from the earthly were squalid and dusty. As they arrived at the spot they went off and took

[1] In the *Gorgias* (524 A) the three judges are Rhadamanthus (for Asia), Aeacus (for Europe), and Minos, the referee in hard cases, who alone (526 D) has a golden sceptre.

up quarters in a certain meadow hard by, just as folk would for a fair. They greeted those in the throng whom they knew and questioned one another about what had happened to them in their several journeys, each journey having lasted a thousand years. The folk who came from below told of dreadful things they had seen and suffered; the other folk spoke of sights of beauty and joy. Every good deed and every evil deed in their previous earthly life had been requited ten times over. Punishment for impiety, for disobedience to parents, and for violence to near relatives was especially severe. Questions were asked about the fate of a certain Ardiaeus the Great, who had been sovereign in a city of Pamphylia a thousand years before, and who had committed abominable crimes. He and others like him, when they came at last to the exit from their journey of punishment, were repulsed by the Gate itself, which uttered a loud bellowing whenever any one of such incurable sinners tried to pass through it; and thereupon certain "fierce and fiery" men, who understood the meaning of the sound, seized them by the waist and carried them off. In regard to infants whose death followed close upon their birth, the Pamphylian gave some particulars "which," says Plato, rather grimly, "need not be recorded."

But what became of the souls after they had reached the meadow? By long and strange astronomical paths they are brought before the three Fates, and from their laps receive lots, the numbers of which determine the order in which they, the souls, shall each make choice of a plan for his next mortal life. They are then brought before a great multitude

of such plans, spread out upon the ground; these include every variety of human and animal fortune, health and disease, wealth and poverty, distinction and obscurity, and various combinations. The souls are warned to choose carefully, and told that even the last-comer will find a great variety of choice. The soul of Orpheus chose the life of a swan, the soul of Aias chose the life of a lion. On the contrary, the souls of swans and other music-making creatures chose lives of men. The soul of Odysseus, which happened to have drawn the last lot of all, went about for a long time looking for a quiet retired life, and with great trouble he found one which had been thrown aside by the other souls with contempt. Forthwith he chose it gladly, and said he would have done the same if he had had the first lot. After their choosing, the souls are driven into the Plain of Forgetfulness and drink of the river of Not-caring. Every one must drink a certain quantity of the water, but the foolish drink more, and when they re-appear upon earth, have completely lost all recollection of their previous existence: whereas the wise still retain some fragments of the memory. The Pamphylian himself was prevented from drinking any of the water, and he knew not by what road he reached his body again.

In the myth of the *Phaedrus* (248 E—249 A) we learn that the ordinary soul goes through ten of these millennial terms and is re-incarnated ten times over. If its progress through this somewhat prolonged course of education is at all satisfactory, at the end of each period it will choose on the whole a better life for the next time; and any soul which is so wise as to

choose the life of a true philosopher three terms running need never return to earth at all ; the rest, unless they are incurably bad, will complete ten terms, and by the end will have probably advanced far enough to pass their final examination and be so released from any necessity of re-entering the body.

Now this elaborate scheme, developed doubtless by more than one[1] popular form of religious teaching, and used by Plato, though it has obvious lacunae, is far removed from the crudity and ethical insignificance of the Mythological account from which we started. It is noteworthy that Plato does not venture to insert any traditional or historical figures into his picture save Ardiaeus, a typical criminal, and Odysseus and Aias, typical Greek heroes. Conspicuous also is its mathematical bias, and the keen interest and long labour which Plato bestowed on constructing his astronomical and arithmetical mansions for the soul.

The general colour then of Plato's picture is one of considerable confidence. There is indeed a prudent elasticity about the structure of the story of Er which provides for a variety of cases; but there is no hint (except the curious dismissal of the infants) that the author of the conception felt any grave doubt about its substantial appropriateness to represent a reasonable conception of a future life.

Now what is the effect of this upon the mind of the reader? We feel we have before us a fairly definite and consistent theory, sharply conceived, and challenging inquiry by its very definiteness; and one need not doubt that this was precisely what Plato

[1] See the valuable collection of authorities given by Norden (p. 19 ff.).

intended. In a word, Plato's Myths may instruct us and must set us thinking; but I doubt if it ever occurred to any reader to believe them. It is, in fact, the great difficulty in all such writing to find any means whereby the assent of the reader's fancy to the truth of what he is reading may be secured, even for an hour. The human imagination is a shy creature; it may be led, but it will not be directed; and one of the surest ways in which to prevent a reader from attaching credence to any doctrine of things unseen is for the author of the doctrine to assert it with a show of dogmatic conviction. Which of us in reading the opening of *Paradise Lost*—if I may venture upon a familiar illustration—has not felt repelled by the profession which ends its preface:

> That to the height of this great argument,
> I may assert Eternal Providence,
> And justify the ways of God to men?

Surely the baldness of that pattering line, in which eight colourless words tick off five very dull feet, is somehow connected with the dogmatic confidence[1] of the temper which suggested it? We all know how Milton's genius soared beyond the limits of his theology; how his imagination was concentrated on the figure of Satan, who thus became in reality the hero of the whole tragedy. But this is at the expense of Milton's own prime intention; in so far as Satan arouses our sympathy, in precisely that proportion "the ways of God" are not "justified."

[1] Compare Professor Raleigh's *Milton*, p. 126. It is true, however, as Dr. Mackail reminds me, that the easy cadence is proper to the close of a great metrical period; and it may be that in Milton's generation a touch of fire would be felt in the line from its relation to great religious struggles not yet outworn.

The Sixth Book of the *Aeneid* represents the climax of Vergil's ambition. From his schoolboy days when he devoted the central part of his *Culex* [1] to a description of the Underworld; through the early prime of his poetry when three times [2] over in the *Georgics* he turned eagerly to and reluctantly away from the theme, not without leaving the immortal story of Orpheus and Eurydice to be preserved in a place not its own; to the maturity of his power in the *Aeneid* where he cannot exclude it even from the pictures upon the shield of Aeneas,—the subject haunted his imagination and claimed a place in his thought. And in the greatest Book of the *Aeneid*, which sums up and links together the whole Epic in a way attempted in no other part of it, we have the ripest fruit of his genius. If there is any part of Vergil's writing in which we can be sure, despite his own last request, that we have his work elaborated to the farthest degree which his life was long enough to permit, it is the Sixth Book of the *Aeneid*, one of the three which, Suetonius tells us, were read by Vergil himself to Augustus. It was so read after the death of Marcellus in 23 B.C., that is in the last four years of the poet's own life.

The cardinal importance of this Book has been fully realised in recent years. Norden's monumental edition might alone stand as evidence of this recognition even in a country where, by a strange variation of local sentiment, perceptibly due to Prussian and political influence, the reverence which Goethe, Schiller, and Lessing felt for Vergil was succeeded by a period

[1] See p. 85 above.

[2] I. 36–9 (see above, p. 81, footnote); iv. 219–27; and 467 ff.

of comparative neglect. He would be a bold man who should hope to add much to the stores of illustration or to the philosophical interpretation which Norden's great commentary offers. Yet there still remain some points of view, not all of them confined to details, from which fresh light may be gained for a study of the Book as a poem complete in itself. Upon the historical, traditional, local, in a word, the external reasons which led Vergil to include the various incidents in his plot, Norden's collection of evidence is invaluable. Vergil worked like a goldsmith, picking his precious metals and jewels from a thousand different sources and shaping his design with the knowledge of many earlier designs before him. And yet the master-inspiration, the guiding, creative spirit of his craft, was something greater than all his material.

What then did Vergil do? What is the secret of the fascination which the After-world of the *Aeneid* has laid upon Europe for so many centuries? I believe that part, at least, of the answer is this; that in spite of the vividness with which particular scenes and figures are pictured, Vergil does succeed all through the story in impressing upon the reader a quite intense consciousness, almost a physical sensation, of mystery. He knows in part and that part he prophesies with golden clearness; but he makes us everywhere conscious of darkness beyond and around. The poet, in fact, comes nearer home to us by confessing that like the rest of men, far more than the rest, he is conscious of the vastness of his ignorance. The object now before us is to trace this essential (but by no means fully realised) characteristic by a study of the structure of the Book.

The climax of the story, of course, is the Vision of Anchises, which reveals not merely the future destiny of Rome, and the mission of the Roman Empire to "establish the fashion of peace" on earth, but the whole divine scheme of Creation of which that destiny and that mission were to be part. But this revelation, although it constitutes the purpose of the whole Book, occupies only the last third of its extent. The first third (ll. 1—272) is taken up with the approach to Avernus, and the second with the journey through the Shades, which ends when Anchises is found (at l. 679).

Notice now the different incidents of the Approach. We begin with pictures carved in gold upon the doors of a Temple, which is the first thing Aeneas sees in the new land, pictures telling tragic stories from Crete. The reason for this beginning has not yet, I think, been pointed out. Norden (p. 121) can do nothing but bid us regard it as a "stately digression" with a "disturbing effect." In this twentieth century, thanks to the sharp spades of Sir Arthur Evans, we have learnt that Crete was in fact the home of the earliest civilization of Europe, many centuries before the fall of Troy. But Vergil knew it better than we ever shall, through a rich store of tradition; and if those pictures from Minoan Crete are deliberately planted by him in the forefront of this Book, is it credible that they mean nothing? Surely they suggest, if nothing else, how vast was that majority of the human race now passed into the darkness which the Book is to explore. And if they bid the reader think how noble were the artists who had wrought in that vanished age, how rich the legacy

which intercourse with them had left to Italian soil as well as to Greek, they lead him also to wonder in what region these creative souls now subsist. In the lines which depict the last of the figures, Daedalus mourning for his son, we hear clearly the positive strain of filial affection which is the motive of the hero's journey; and the tragic harmony that unites the scenes carved upon the marble entrance, is a fitting and stately overture to Vergil's Dream of the Dead.

Then follows the weird frenzy of the Sibyl, her summons to Aeneas, his entreaties, and her two replies, the first dark with prophecies of evil, the second with her mysterious demand that he shall find some Golden Bough, the only passport into Hell and out of it again. But her gloomy response ends with the announcement that one of the companions of Aeneas has suddenly met his death in that very hour, and that special ceremonies are needed, to honour him and to remove the pollution of the survivors, before Aeneas can enter upon his quest. This utterance is explained when Aeneas returns to the camp, by the discovery that Misenus, who was a player on the horn, has fallen from a rock on which he had seated himself to play, and been drowned in the sea beneath. The first duty, therefore, of Aeneas, is to build a pyre and burn his friend's body; and the Trojans turn to the "ancient forest" to hew wood for that purpose. Naturally enough (as Vergil is careful to suggest) Aeneas conceives the wish that the Golden Bough which he is in want of, might discover itself in the forest. His prayer is granted, and a pair of his mother's doves alight upon a tree "whence through the boughs shone the strange, breathing gleam of gold."

What the "gold" meant we may perhaps guess later on;[1] but consider first the difficulty which some critics have found in what concerns Misenus.

Why is this incident of the death of Misenus introduced at the beginning of the Book and so intimately interwoven with the narrative? The question seems to demand an answer even more urgently when we find, a hundred lines further on, that another friend of Aeneas, namely Palinurus, was also lying unburied at the time (having fallen overboard from the ship of Aeneas just before the end of the voyage to Italy). Why could not Vergil be content to mention the death of one friend and one only, as we saw was done by Homer in introducing the Ghost of Elpenor?

Some critics are content to reply that according to local traditions both Cape Misenum and Cape Palinurus owed their names to two famous comrades of Aeneas who had perished upon them respectively. And this double tradition, so we are told, Vergil felt bound to reproduce in his poem, even at the cost of some difficulty. Now it is perfectly true that Vergil might have felt that he had failed, that he had been guilty of what a modern writer would call violence to history, if he had done nothing to give to a strong tradition an appropriate place in his story. But to suppose that such a circumstance would have led Vergil to adopt what he felt to be a burden to the narrative is to show little knowledge either of the resourcefulness of Vergil's imagination or of the keen criticism with which he measured his own work. One of the authorities[2] from whom we learn the tradition

[1] See pp. 137 ff.

[2] Dion. Hal. i. 53, 2.

of the two promontories tells us also, with equal seriousness, that the islet of Leucasia was named after a niece of Aeneas, who was kind enough to provide it a name by dying thereabouts. Vergil has not a word about Leucasia; but we may be sure that if it had suited his poetic purpose a proper resting-place would have been given to her as briefly and simply as to Caieta in the first four lines of Book VII.

The reference, therefore, to the traditional basis for the double story, though instructive, gives only an inadequate answer to the question. The real answer lies deeper.

The two incidents of Misenus and Palinurus serve quite different poetical ends. Let us ask first what impression is made upon the reader by the tragic surprise of the announcement from the Sibyl's lips, by the intimate association of the funeral rites with the discovery of the Golden Bough, and by the detailed and extraordinarily solemn picture of the ceremony at the pyre in which both Aeneas and another Trojan hero are mentioned by name as taking part.

Is it not clear that the dark hour which we spend in imagination round the body of Misenus is intimately connected with the purpose of the Book which describes the world of the dead? And in whose company should we make that voyage so well[1] as in that of a

[1] The ancient feeling on such a matter I may perhaps illustrate by the quaint custom of entrusting to a dead man letters addressed to the deities of the underworld, of which a considerable number have been preserved to us by the accident of their being written upon lead. These leaden documents, which are all of a sinister character—they contain curses—and which are fairly well known to

man whose spirit has just left his body? Is there ever a moment when the after-world comes so near to any one of us as when he has lost suddenly some friend who but the day before was in full enjoyment of life? Vergil knew surely, and shows that he knew, that there could be no more persuasive means of enlisting the reader's imagination in a journey into the Unseen than to represent it as made the moment after the death of a man struck down in the midst of life. That is why Misenus' death is caused by so strange an accident; that is why he is playing upon his horn, his dearest pursuit, at the moment when death takes him; that is why the rites at his pyre are so rich and so prolonged. With the spirit of Misenus almost visibly moving into Hades, we feel that the path thither must be nearer and easier and more real than we dreamt.

Such, I am convinced, is the effect of this incident on every reader to whom life has brought such an experience; and even the schoolboy feels at once the appropriateness of the funeral ceremony to the point of the story at which it is attached, and the especial beauty of the way in which Vergil links the discovery of the Golden Bough with the duty which Aeneas undertakes, at the cost of much labour and delay, to provide his friend with noble obsequies.

Here then the Approach ends. Aeneas has buried

students of antiquity, were regularly posted, if I may use such an expression, in tombs. They have nothing to do with the person who lies in the tomb except that he was supposed to be a good carrier, and his tomb a suitable post-box for this secret kind of message. For examples, see *e.g.* the Curse of Vibia (*Ital. Dialects*, no. 130, with the authorities cited in my note on p. 128); or the article *Devotiones* in Pauly-Wissowa's *Real-Encyclopaedie*.

his friend and found the Golden Bough, and now he begins his journey. Still we shall trace the same power of Vergil's imagination in leading us step by step through what is easy of belief to what is more and more wonderful.

As the shadows begin to gather round Aeneas at the mouth of Avernus, the poet invokes in sonorous lines "the gods who have empire over ghosts, the silent shades, Chaos and Phlegethon, a country full of night's wide silence." Then the travellers start: "Obscure they went through the shadow with only night for their shelter, through the empty halls of Dis and his unbodied realms; just as in a journey through the forest with a doubtful moon and grudging light when Jove has buried the sky in shadow, and sombre night has stolen all the colour from the world."[1] Notice, as Dante did, the word *obscuri*, and the image of walking through the forests at night. What does this twilight mean? Surely it serves the same purpose as the *selva oscura*[2] which Dante borrowed from Vergil to be the opening scene of his own vision. It represents the difficulty of any effort to conceive the Unseen. It is the veil that hides that other world from ours. Vergil warns his readers at the outset that they are moving in the shadows, that they

[1] Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram
Perque domos Ditis uacuas et inania regna;
Quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna
Est iter in siluis ubi caelum condidit umbra
Iuppiter, et rebus nox abstulit atra colorem.

[2] *Inferno*, i. 2. My suggestion is not meant to throw any serious doubt upon the traditional interpretation of Dante's *selva* ("questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte") as the thicket of worldly ambition and political strife, v. *e.g.* Fraticelli, *ad loc.* But the effect of it is to conceal from men the entrance to the underworld.

are speaking only of "things heard," trying to reveal "a world drowned in darkness and depths of earth."

The same gradual progress from the familiar and concrete into the heart of the invisible is continued in what follows. First we meet mere incorporeal abstractions—Care, Disease, Age, Fear, Famine, Want, Death, Toil, Sleep, Joy-in-Evil,[1] War, and the Avenging Furies, and mad Civil Strife; then the Elm-tree which gave a home to false dreams and fabulous monsters—Centaurs and Chimeras, on which Aeneas draws his sword but which he cannot touch—they are both more credible and more terrible so. Then, and not before, we meet the unburied ghosts who must wander for 100 years.

Now observe the order in which the different ghosts, with whom Aeneas speaks, appear. First Palinurus who had been drowned only four days before; then Dido whom he had left when he began that voyage many months ago;[2] and then Deiphobus, the son of Priam, with the other heroes of the Trojan War who had perished seven years before Dido. These three meet Aeneas in the inverse order to that in which they have formerly met us in the narrative. It is not so hard to believe that a man who died yesterday should meet you again; so we proceed to those who died six months ago; and then to those who had passed away long before. The increase in strangeness is gradual, both to Aeneas and to us.

[1] If I am right in taking *mentis* to suggest thinking rather than desiring.

[2] See especially *Aen.* v. 764, which points to Spring. Heinze (*Vergils Epische Technik*, p. 329) rather strangely assumes that Vergil meant the whole city of Segesta to be planned and built in one day (*ib.* ll. 749–61).

We are now in a position to answer the riddle about Misenus. The difference from the incident of Palinurus can be perceived at once if we try to interchange the two. Suppose that Vergil, as some of our wise commentators suggest that he ought to have done, had treated the death of Palinurus, not that of Misenus, as being that which called for funeral ceremonies before he could begin his journey. In the first place, we may answer such critics according to their own somewhat external methods; Aeneas and his party would have had to make a voyage of more than forty miles as the crow flies, far across and beyond the Bay of Naples, in order to reach Cape Palinurus, if the funeral rites were to be celebrated there. So that even on the mere ground of geography Palinurus would not do for the purposes of the funeral ceremony, if it was to be one of the preliminaries to Aeneas' descent; whereas Misenus does very well, since Cape Misenum was close to Lake Avernus and the Sibyl's cave at Cumae. But there is a more interesting answer. Palinurus would then have been duly buried, or rather burnt, and he could not meet Aeneas at the threshold of the Underworld, but must have been seen, if seen at all, somewhere in the process of purification which is described near the end of the Book. Further, if the ghost of Palinurus were omitted, the story he relates of his falling overboard would be omitted too, and with it one of the most simple and convincing links between the narrative of this Book and the last, between the Underworld and the concrete, recent experience of Aeneas among the living.

After leaving Palinurus they hold a brief colloquy

with Charon in his leaky boat, "the god in rude and green old age," and pass to three-headed Cerberus, with the serpents round his neck, whom the Sibyl calms by a witch's proper weapon, a sop of drugged food. The picture of Charon and Cerberus is not untouched with humour; the only[1] trace of humour in the Book (for Vergil has none of the grim mirth of Dante's devils, who were bred in the Dark Ages, rejoicing in their cruelty). It seems as though we had here the last flicker of concrete reality; Charon and Cerberus, quaint but substantial figures, are just believable because they come at the point where we finally leave the solid world behind us and enter Limbo. "Forthwith are heard voices and mighty wailing, and ghosts of infants crying on the threshold."

We come now to the vexed question of the different classes of the dead. It is here that according to mid-Victorian scholars (Conington, ii. p. 423), Vergil has most grievously failed, by attempting to combine a theological scheme with historical and mythological figures. That he has made the combination is clear. What is the result? Let me reproduce Norden's analysis of the classes of Souls.

I. The unburied—outside Acheron.
II. The buried.
  A. Between Acheron and Phlegethon.
    1. infants:
    2. the wrongly condemned:
    3. those who took their own lives though innocent of crime:
    4. victims of love, like Dido:
    5. warriors slain in war, like Deiphobus.
  B. In Tartarus: incurable criminals who cannot come out.

[1] Unless *facilis descensus Auerno* is to be so counted.

C. At Lethe: ordinary souls, waiting or in course of purification.
D. In Elysium: those few whose purification is complete.

Note first that the last three classes are perfectly clear and distinct: *nos pauci* (l. 744) are the few who reach Elysium almost at once, and quite separate from the *has omnes* (l. 748) who have to undergo re-birth after 1000 years. Conington's confusions here are as great as the astonishing oversight[1] shown in his note on l. 329 about the 100 years' limit. As Norden justly contends, Vergil has combined the mythological picture (such as one finds in Homer) with the philosophical (as in Plato) with marvellous skill. But so far as I know, no one has pointed out what Vergil meant by giving such scope to his Class II. A, the tenants of the intermediate region, just beyond Acheron.

Even after the careful study which Norden has given to this class of Souls there remains, I venture to think, still something to add. Norden makes it clear that Vergil took over the five different categories of these souls from an existing popular doctrine, of which traces are preserved to us in Lucian, Macrobius and Tertullian;[2] but that Vergil has considerably extended one of the classes, namely, those who died through love. This he has expanded to include all who came to an untimely death in which love was a cause, no matter in what way, by their own hand or

[1] He completely ignores Servius' note on the line which states the reason clearly: *Hi sunt legitimi (anni) vitae humanae quibus completis anima potest transire ripas, id est, ad locum purgationis venire ut redeat rursus in corpora.*

[2] Lucian, *Cataplus*, 5 f.; Macrob., *Somn. Scip.* i. 13, 10–11; Tertull., *De Anima*, 56 f.

that of others. Norden has also made it clear that the reason why these groups were united by the popular doctrine and combined with the Unburied was the purely formal one, that they had not lived to the end of their natural span of life. This reason Vergil nowhere gives. On the contrary, he separates his five categories from that of the Unburied and includes among the heroes whom Aeneas encounters in this region many who had been dead far more than the number of years required to make their span equal to the normal. Vergil was not ignorant of this period roundly represented by 100 years, for he himself assigns it to the souls of the Unburied: but in this intermediate region he deliberately omits it.

Now surely this silence is eloquent. Vergil seizes on certain categories of character and fortune familiar to popular thought, and separates them from the three classes of souls to which he afterwards allots a particular fate, perpetual punishment or perpetual bliss or the ordinary re-birth. He does not accept the popular doctrine—which was that a place in these Plains was only retained until 100 years were completed from the soul's birth. What does he mean by his silence? Exactly what deliberate silence always means. "Not without a judge," says Vergil of the second category of souls, "not without allotment, are these abodes granted to them. It is the task of Minos to learn their lives and the charges brought against them." So far all very proper and reassuring. Minos has a beautiful romantic name—he may well be a just judge. How does he decide? What is the lot that is given to the souls? Vergil is very careful not to say. This perhaps is as clear

an example of Vergil's method as we can find.[1] Before he brings his reader face to face with the picture of the future destinies of the wicked and the good, and the process of purification which the good go through, he carefully puts out of the way the souls of those of whom he confesses he does not know the end and can only leave them in or near the Plains of Mourning. These hard cases would make bad law.

We are not here concerned with the picture of Roman history drawn by Anchises or its many striking features like the doubtful praise of Pompey and Julius Caesar, and the complete silence as to some of the great names. Nor with the picture of the Roman Peace, which is represented as the goal of the Creator's intention in suffering Rome to rise from the ashes of Troy. But it is essential to our purpose to draw attention to two things at the end of the Book, the Lament for Marcellus and the Ivory Gate, the significance of which has not yet, I am convinced, been fully realised. Let us take the Ivory Gate first.

Vergil mentions two gates of Sleep which lead out of the Underworld—a gate of horn by which true dreams have exit, the other a gate "shining perfectly wrought with glistening ivory" but sending out false dreams. Now Aeneas and the Sibyl are sent out by the Ivory Gate, and many serious commentators have been sorely vexed to know why Vergil chose it. The best reason

[1] For another case of highly significant silence see xii. 725–7, where Vergil deliberately, and artistically, refrains from anticipating the event by stating beforehand the results of Jove's weighing the fates. Jove learns what the fates portend, but unlike Zeus or Homer (*Iliad*, viii. 70–74, xxii. 212) he keeps his knowledge to himself.

of a formal kind that has been suggested, and one which, for what it is worth, may well be true, is that first pointed out by an American scholar, Professor Everett.[1] False dreams, in the ancient belief which Vergil follows,[2] come before midnight: so that the departure by the gate of Ivory indicates that Aeneas departed from the under-world before midnight just as he entered it at dawn. Dante likewise spent twenty-four hours in Hell.[3] I have no doubt that Vergil intended this consequence; but surely he would be taking a long way round if his meaning were merely to express the particular hour. We still ask why he must choose one of the dream gates at all? Why should dreams in any shape be mentioned at this point? Surely this is a final instance of the gentle agnostic temper which we have been tracing all through. It is exactly like the lines in *In Memoriam*:

> So runs my dream: but what am I?
> An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry.

Vergil has shaped his conception of the future world into a magnificent picture; but he is careful to remind us at the end that it is a dream. It may be[4] too that the Gate of Horn represents the

[1] *C. R.* xiv. p. 153.

[2] *Aen.* viii. 26-7 (cf., *e.g.*, Hor. *Sat.* i. 10, 33).

[3] *Inf.* xxxiv. 68 f.

[4] Professor F. Granger, *Classical Review*, xiv. (1900), p. 26. I am not quite sure how far my view of the whole passage was suggested to me by Professor Granger's very interesting note (based on Servius), and it is quite possible that I owe it entirely to him; but it seemed to arise in my mind merely out of the general view of the nature of the Book which I had long held. The late Mrs. Verrall advocated

ideas that come through the horny tissue of the eye, the Gate of Ivory those which come merely through speech, by the mouth with its ivory teeth.

Now turn to what has always seemed to me the extraordinary ending which Vergil has made to his triumphal celebration of the greatness of the Roman Empire. Would it have occurred, I venture to ask, to any other poet that has ever lived, to end the most exalted passage of his greatest book, a tribute to the Emperor of the world, a paean over the service that his nation had rendered to mankind, by dwelling on the bitterest human sorrow which the Emperor had yet undergone, and the most crushing disappointment which he had ever to face in his imperial plans? That, we know, was what the death of Marcellus meant to Augustus, and this is the theme which Vergil chooses to set, and set in lines of poignant feeling, at the end of his Vision. No poet but Vergil could have either conceived or dared such an ending. Horace never ventured to write a line upon Marcellus' death. What does it mean, this sudden gust of tragedy, when the sky at last seemed clear? Why must our thoughts be turned, at the very crown of the epic history, to the failure of human hopes, the cruelty of destiny?

The answer, I believe, is the same as that which Professor A. C. Bradley[1] has given to the question why, at the end of *King Lear*, the gloom of the story is made so deep. Lear himself of course must die, so must his faithful companions Gloster and the fool; so must the guilty Edmund, Goneril, Regan; but why

the same general view in the *Special Course Magazine* of the Nat. Home-Reading Union, March, 1909.

[1] *Shakespearean Tragedy*, p. 252.

the innocent Cordelia? Why is the truth discovered just too late to save her? In order, says Professor Bradley, to force us into the very heart and blackness of the mystery; to make it so appalling that the spirit of the reader will rise up perforce and cry:—"This is not the end, this cannot be the end although it is all that we here can see." Just so Vergil seems to cry to his own generation and to every generation that has followed, "Not here, not now, not through me, but in the far hereafter, must come the light in which the shadows flee away."

And if amid the shadows there is one golden branch to which we may trust, "seek it," Vergil seems to say, "in the eternal worth, the immortal strength of human affection." Again and again in the dark world through which Vergil guides us we are startled by the vividness with which this note is heard. Just as Dante, even in Hell, could not separate Francesca from her Paolo, just as he declares [1] that the flame of love, burning in the fervent prayers of the living for the dead, has power to fulfil in one short moment "all the toils" that the sinner should properly perform in Purgatory; so does Vergil re-unite Dido with her first lover; so he fills the fields of Elysium with souls that have won the loving memory of others; so he illumines that purer, larger air with the joy of the meeting between Aeneas and his father.

And so in this final lament for Marcellus he gives us not once but three or four times the intimation, quite clear, I think, to those who know Vergil's way,

[1] *Purg.* vi. 38. Che cima di giudicio non s' avvalla
Perchè fuoco d' amor compia in un punto
Ciò che dee soddisfar chi qui s' astalla.

that the death of that bright boy was not the end of his story. His career in this visible world indeed has ceased before the fatal bar; but somehow, Vergil hints to us, somewhere he shall be (*eris*), not should be or would be, but shall be a true Marcellus, shall, somehow, fulfil the promise of his name. And the flowers that are cast upon his head are purple lilies, that is, the (ancient) hyacinth,[1] the flowers of Spring, always the types of Resurrection.

And what is the last word with which Anchises parts from the Vision? It is placed conspicuously by itself in a single foot at the beginning of a line, and it is one of two[2] only examples, if I mistake not, of a long speech so ending in all the *Aeneid*:

> Manibus date lilia plenis,
> Purpureos spargam flores animamque nepotis
> His saltem accumulem donis et fungar inani
> Munere.

And further this word *munere* is placed there by a special re-construction of the previous line which we even yet may trace. Few, I think, who are familiar with Vergil's metrical technique and who know how prevailingly a long speech or paragraph ends with a line containing not one but two dactyls[3] before the

[1] This, I think, is a fairly certain deduction from the combined evidence of the following passages: Catullus, lxii. 40; *Aen.* ix. 435–7; xi. 68–9; v. 79: *Carmina Epigraphica* (Bücheler), 610. 11.

[2] The other is in viii. 583, where Evander's farewell to Pallas is broken off because he faints at the thought that his son may never return.

[3] More strictly, a line where the fourth foot as well as the fifth begins with a syllable which bears the accent of its own word. In the line as Vergil finally left it the metrical stress of the fourth foot is on the last syllable of *dōnīs*, whereas the accent of that word is on the first. In *mūnere* the two coincide.

final spondee will doubt that the speech of Anchises originally ended :

Accumulem donis et munere fungar inani.

But the words *his saltem* were inserted : why? To avoid the sound of completeness, to break off the rhythm and leave the reader unsatisfied ; to set down a question, not a conclusion ; to admit, but circumvent, the hopeless stone wall of the epithet *inani*. Not *inani*, but *munere* ends the prophecy ; if a gift is made, there must exist somewhere, somehow, a soul to receive it. And thus the last word of the Vision of Anchises is a poetic, wistful plea that the very bitterness of mortality is itself a promise of immortal life.

VII

THE PLACE OF DIDO IN HISTORY[1]

It is a commonplace that no great poem can be properly understood without a study of the historical conditions under which it was written. Works of genius in poetry as in other arts contain so much that is of permanent significance that much of their original purpose is apt to be lost behind what is taken to be their general and recognised meaning. And if it is true that every great book requires a new interpretation in terms of the life of every age that comes to read it, it is also true that such re-interpretations can only be fruitful if they take into account the elements of meaning which were most keenly present to the mind of the author and linked with his own experience of life. It cannot be doubted that Vergil is one of the authors for whom such re-interpretation is needed; and there is no part of Vergil's work of which current opinions seem more in need of revision than the drama contained in the Fourth Book of the *Aeneid*.

It has been long since pointed out that the story of Aeneas and Dido has no historical foundation. If we grant, in view of the accumulating evidence of archaeological finds, that one of the movements which took

[1] The main part of this lecture was first delivered at the Rylands Library, Manchester, in March, 1911, under the title of "The Chivalry of Vergil"; it was read very much in its present form to the Society for the Promotion of Roman Studies in July, 1917, and printed with abridgments in the *Quarterly Review* for July, 1920.

place in the Age of Migrations brought seekers from Troy to the West Coast of Italy, and, as a strong tradition warrants, that Troy was destroyed in the twelfth century B.C., we are then bound to recognise a gap of some centuries between the two heroic lovers, since, if we follow the best supported traditions,[1] Pygmalion reigned at Tyre and Carthage was founded (or re-founded) in the ninth century. The story, therefore, has been treated as pure romance, and judged by comparison with other romances in later European literature, without regard to the question whether in Vergil's mind the incidents of the story, though ascribed to the heroic age, did in fact bear a historical meaning. In the picture of Aeneas in the latter half of the Aeneid, we are beginning to realise that Vergil has given us an ideal ruler confronted with the same kind of troubles as beset Augustus, and dealing with them in the spirit in which Augustus tried to deal with his. So in the Fourth Book it must be asked whether any story so full of deep feeling was created by a poet who had had no knowledge of similar conditions in actual life. The truth is that the Book contains a comment upon Roman history which was perhaps more fruitful than any other part of Vergil's work. This may seem a bold assertion in view of the part which the Sixth Book of the *Aeneid* played in Christian ethics and in the beliefs of mediaeval and post-mediaeval Europe; but it is the object of this lecture to show by a fresh analysis of the story of Dido that her figure may

[1] See *e.g.* Livy, *Epit.* 51, and Heyne's excellent discussion of the whole question in his Excursus I. on *Aeneid* iv., at the end of his edition of 1830.

claim an important place in the history of ideas and a definite source in the history of Vergil's own age.

The problem with which the Book deals is, of course, the place in society and in human life of the relation between the sexes, a theme perhaps less urgent with us now than of late. Yet those who have realised the gravity of any aspect of such questions may find it not unfruitful to study what the greatest thinker of an earlier civilisation felt about them; especially when it is remembered that in his time also the current conceptions of society had been shaken. In Vergil's drama of Dido and Aeneas there is something other than a defence and something more than a criticism of the ethical conventions of his age. The coincidence to-day of a movement for the political enfranchisement of women with a feminist ferment in literature has not been accidental; nor was it an accident that Vergil's picture of Dido was conceived in a generation which had witnessed a remarkable prominence of women in political affairs. The searching though only half-uttered questions which the Fourth Book of the *Aeneid* put before the society of Vergil's time are such as to cut deep into more than one of the assumptions from which nearly every modern writer is apt to start. The truth is that the main suggestion, the animating spirit of Vergil's picture, anticipated the growth of social ethics, not by one or two generations but by at least ten centuries; for the central idea of the ethical movement which marked what we call the age of chivalry in mediaeval Europe, is contained in the teaching of this Book.

It is at least a curious circumstance that a number of Vergil's modern readers have criticised Vergil

himself because they have keenly felt precisely what he meant them to feel. These critics have not troubled to inquire into the general sentiment of the Augustan age, nor asked how far it conditioned the form of Vergil's art; still less have they penetrated below the surface of his art or realised how its half-narrative, half-dramatic shape partly reveals and partly obscures the poet's own mind. This twofold nescience, of Vergil's time and of Vergil's style, has spread into a host of commentaries upon the *Aeneid*, and forms, in fact, at the present moment a serious hindrance to the study of one of the most wonderful parts of the poetry of Europe.

At the outset, however, a plea may be permitted against one kind of misunderstanding. The chief difficulty in interpreting imaginative art lies in the fact that the interpreter is not an artist, and that in order to define any new point of view from which a work of art may be considered, it is necessary to represent explicitly in hard prose suggestions and appeals which by the artist are subtly conveyed in his own medium. And even if the interpreter's apprehension be sound, his hearers are apt to infer that his theory is offered as the explicit and complete meaning of the original. If, therefore, on the one hand, a patient hearing may be asked for an interpretation which in some respects is new, on the other, the reader must not conclude that Vergil is here represented as having expressed his feeling in dogmatic form, or as holding opinions which can be put into categorical precepts. We can only study him through prosaic methods; but be it never forgotten that he was a poet, and that what we have to seize is an attitude, not a dogma, a question, not an assertion. And perhaps

most of the great teachers of mankind have been poets too; and commonly they have taught men most when their utterance ended in a question.

Let me recall briefly a few points in the story. Aeneas in the seventh year of his wanderings is cast by shipwreck on the African coast at the moment when a band of Tyrian colonists under Queen Dido are raising the walls of the new city of Carthage. Her past story had been tragic. Her husband, Sychaeus, had been murdered by her brother, and to escape this brother's tyranny she had led a band of followers to the vacant shores of Libya. Aeneas had been shipwrecked through the ill-will of Juno, the patron goddess of the new city that was to be Rome's rival. But Juno's ill-will is limited by higher powers, who bring Aeneas safely to land, though separated from the main body of his followers. He listens unseen to a colloquy between the leader of the other party of the Trojans and Dido herself, who welcomes them in a queenly speech and inquires for the fate of Aeneas. At this cardinal moment the hero himself appears, glorified by the divine magic of Venus which, in the eyes of the queen at least, removes from him every trace of war and wandering. An exchange of stately but warm-hearted courtesies, an attachment of the queen to Aeneas's son, Iulus, the boyish image of his father, lead to a royal banquet in honour of the strangers; there Aeneas tells the story of the Fall of Troy, of the death of his wife Creusa, and of his travels since. All through he leaves his own prowess modestly unmentioned, though insisting on the divine mission which he lives to fulfil, the command to found a greater Troy in the West.

Next morning, when the great narration has reached its close, Dido confesses to her sister Anna how deeply she has been moved; and yet protests her resolve to remain faithful to the memory of Sychaeus. Her sister, the prototype of every confidante in European drama, replies by bidding her relinquish such scruples, and counsels a marriage with Aeneas. Do you think, she asks in irony, that the buried dead will care? Or if they do, do you think that the jealous powers around you, your brother in Tyre, and Iarbas of the Numidian desert, will suffer you to remain unmarried? No, for your very kingdom's sake, ally yourself to the Trojan. From this point the story moves with speed, with a vivid portrayal of Dido's growing passion and her alternating moods of self-reproach and restless longing. She has no heart for any of her wonted pursuits. All the building of the City is interrupted, the walls are empty of workers, and the gaunt levers and cranes stand out motionless against the sky. The crisis comes through a plot formed by Juno and Venus, a covenant in which the two rivals agree from precisely opposite motives—Juno because she hopes to prevent the founding of Rome by keeping Aeneas at Carthage, and Venus, because she hopes to render Aeneas safe from any Carthaginian hostility. Both these designs, as Vergil is careful to point out, were disappointed in the end. But for the moment the two goddesses have their way; "the treachery of two gods"[1] prevails over one mortal woman. A great hunt[2] in the hills, in which

[1] The phrase is put into the mouth of Juno, to mean Venus and Cupid; but Juno herself is not less treacherous, as we shall see.

[2] On the origin of this feature in the story see below, p. 148, footnote.

Aeneas and Dido both take part, is interrupted by a thunderstorm, and the two lovers, unconscious of the celestial plot, are led from different paths to shelter in a cave, their followers scattered far away. "Forthwith Juno, goddess of lawful wedlock, gave the word for their union, and the nymphs cried out from the hilltops. 'Wedlock' Dido calls it, so she veils her fault." And straightway rumour, swiftest of evils, flies through her kingdom, and not her subjects only but the jealous neighbouring powers learn the truth.

It is a grim picture, this, of the lovers in the twilight of the cave with the storm outside, and a marvellously true imagination of conditions which could overthrow the protecting barriers of convention and normal self-control. The framing of the picture Vergil owed to Apollonius Rhodius, in whose story of Jason and Medea a cave is made to serve as a sort of Gretna Green, a convenient spot for a private, but legitimate and not wholly secret marriage. To make clear its decorum, the earlier poet represents Jason's soldiers as standing sentinels and the cave as having been previously inhabited; and Queen Arete, who planned the marriage, as sending a supply of furniture to garnish the cave—and soft linen for the bridal bed. Vergil's picture has no such ludicrous accessories. In the *Aeneid* the remoteness, the silence, the wild darkness of the cave, and the terror of the storm outside are all essential to the story. In no other way could the drama have been accomplished. Readers of modern fiction may remember that it suggested to Zola the most intense scene of his romance of the mines.

But however dark the foreboding, for the moment rosy light is round the lovers, and all the winter they

spend in unthinking happiness. Dido cares little for her buildings now; but Aeneas has begun to interest himself in them, and takes her place in superintending the work as a royal consort should. Then comes the summons from Jove himself, stirred, as Vergil rather allows than gives his readers to believe, by the prayers of his African son, the Moor Iarbas, who is suitor for Dido's hand. Mercury is sent with peremptory orders to rouse Aeneas to a sense of his duty: "he is to sail: that is all: tell him that from Me." Aeneas is seized with horror and remorse, and prepares sadly to obey, though he dreads to tell Dido, and deems it wise to fit his fleet for sailing before he confesses his intention. But, of course, she learns it otherwise—quis fallere possit amantem?—and then she turns upon Aeneas reproaching him and beseeching him to stay. It is in this speech [1] that Vergil strikes the keynote of the story and invites our warmest pity for Dido as the victim of a betrayal. And notice how characteristic of the poet's subtle workmanship is the formal means which he adopts, several frank borrowings from the lament of the deserted Ariadne in Catullus, among them the passionate cry to her lover as *perfide* (l. 305; Cat. lxiv. 133-4), and the line (317) in which she adjures him *per conubia nostra, per inceptos hymenaeos* (Cat. lxiv. 142 [2]). Nothing could be more true and natural, every reader feels; but it is well to realise also that by the use of these words Vergil definitely places Dido in the company of deserted heroines, like Ariadne,

[1] See p. 168.

[2] But Vergil has substituted *inceptos* for *optatos*, which would be out of place on Dido's lips. She cannot appeal to any promise given in words; only to the pledge implied in all that has happened in those long winter months (l. 193).

for whom the first desire of any poet who told their story was to move the reader's pity.[1]

When Aeneas refuses to listen she wildly turns upon him, professing disbelief in the divine command which he alleges and prophesying bitter vengeance and her own death. At the height of this second passionate outburst she falls fainting into her servants' arms. Aeneas, though "shaken by the great tide of his love" and longing to comfort her, still pursues, as in a dream, the divine bidding which his followers for their part gladly execute. In the days that follow Dido sends entreaties to him by her sister Anna, but in vain; his purpose stands firm as an oak rooted in the hollows of an Alpine cliff. Dido is overwhelmed by her calamity and prays for death, sick of gazing on the vaulted sky; and with the cunning of madness she frames her fatal design. Her bridal bed and all the gifts of Aeneas she bids be set on a funeral pyre in the court of her palace, professing that it is a magical charm to bring about the death of her betrayer. One more sleepless night is spent in pondering whether she dare leave her kingdom and accompany Aeneas alone; or whether she shall summon her subjects and

[1] Precisely the same view of Dido's story was implied for any reader of Alexandrine poetry by the background of the hunting scene, which is clearly taken, I think, from the pathetic romance of Arganthone and Rhesus. Observe especially that the growth of passion out of friendly companionship and admiration, the inward struggle against it (*αἰδοῖ κατεχομένη*), and the final avowal are the same in Arganthone as in Dido. This was one of the stories summarised by Parthenius (*περὶ ἐρωτικῶν παθημάτων*, 36—the author is unnamed) for the use of Gallus, and it was Parthenius from whom Vergil learnt Greek (Macrob. v. 17. 18, though the words *quo grammatico in Graecis Vergilius usus est* appear only in the inferior MSS.; in *P.*, however, there is said to be an erasure exactly covering the space).

bid them follow him to a new kingdom in Italy, deserting their half-built city; but she concludes that death is the only escape, "a fitting punishment," she cries, "for breaking my faith with Sychaeus." Next day, when she sees the fleet of Aeneas actually under weigh, she curses him and all the race that he is to found, and then stabs herself upon the pyre, praying with her last utterance that Aeneas may see the flames that will consume her.

We meet her once again in the underworld, and there Aeneas "longs to speak to her" and comfort her, and cries earnestly that he left her bitterly against his will; but Dido will not hear nor even look, but stands "turned away, with her eyes fixed upon the ground," and at length flies "far away into a leafy glade where the husband of her youth answers all her care and matches her love" (*Aen.* vi. 450–474).

One thing then at least is clear; the real subject of the drama is a conflict between rival claims—the claims of a woman and the claims of public duty. The tragedy lies in the ruin brought upon a great woman and her work by the shipwreck of her love.

The problem is put clearly in the reply of Aeneas to Dido's appeal (iv. 333). He begins by acknowledging his debt, and, with strong feeling, in a line of swift and passionate movement (*dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regit artus* [1]), declares that her memory will be always a joy to him while life or consciousness remain.

"I will speak briefly," he continues, "as the occasion demands. I never thought to conceal my

[1] On the rarity of this metrical ending in the *Aeneid*, see now Dr. Warde Fowler's admirable study in *Cl. Rev.* xxxiv. (1919), p. 95.

flight by stealth—think not such evil of me; nor did I ever bring to your door a bridegroom's torches, nor come to enter into such a covenant." Aeneas does not deny that he has done wrong; he has left undone what he ought to have done, namely his duty to his son Ascanius; and what he has done was not what he intended.

"I did not promise to be your consort" (though I have drifted into the position); "I did not deliberately enter into these ties" (though I have hitherto accepted them). "If the fates had suffered it, I should first have sought to revive what was left of my own city of Troy. But divine commands laid upon me by visions and oracles, and the thought of my son Ascanius, whom I am robbing of his promised land, drive me on against my own desire. Cease, therefore, to kindle my heart and thine by thy lament. I seek Italy not of my own will." This is all perfectly true; but it is somehow unsatisfying, and some of us at least will not think that Vergil meant it to be taken as the whole truth. Indeed, its very brevity, standing alone between Dido's passionate appeals, like a point of rock in the midst of tossing surge, suggests that it was not the whole story to Vergil's mind, nor even the most important part of it. Let us hear the effect which it has produced on a distinguished modern scholar, Dr. T. E. Page, who exclaims with the vehemence of one who feels pain but is unconscious of its source—a criticism of peculiar value because of its perfect sincerity. "Once only Aeneas exhibits human frailty, and then it is to show that as a human being he is contemptible. He accepts the love of Dido and then abandons her to despair and death. There is no need

to emphasise his crime; Vergil himself has done that sufficiently. The splendid passage which describes the final interview between Aeneas and the Queen is a masterpiece. To an appeal which would move a stone, Aeneas replies with the cold and formal rhetoric of an attorney. Dido bursts into an invective which, for tragic grandeur, is almost unequalled. Aeneas is left stammering and 'preparing to say many things,' a hero who had, one would think, lost his character for ever. But Vergil seems unmoved by his own genius. How the man who wrote the lines placed in Dido's mouth could immediately afterwards speak of 'the good [1] Aeneas' is inexplicable."

Let us at least look further for the explanation which Dr. Page cannot find. His comment expresses the first feeling which the Book must leave on the mind of every modern reader. Nor is the impression of pain peculiar to modern feeling. St. Augustine repeated more than once the confession that he had wept over the sorrows of Dido when he ought to have been weeping over his own sins; from which it is clear that that powerful and most human Bishop felt his reading of Dido's story to be one of the great experiences of his life. Did any one ever weep over Calypso or Circe? And why have none of our

[1] Dr. Page no doubt refers to *pius Aeneas* in l. 393; but *pius* means more (and less) than "good." It has not, I think, been observed that this is the first time that the epithet is used in this Book; and it is deliberately placed here to mark the hero's repentant return to himself, to his "faithful" pursuit of duty. Earlier, as he enters the cave (l. 165) he is merely *dux Troianus;* and in the same passage the sinister power of his mother and of the old Trojan world upon him and upon Dido is further subtly suggested by the title of Ascanius (*Dardanius nepos Veneris*, l. 163).

wise commentators (before Dr. J. W. Mackail [1]) noted with Shakespeare that Vergil has carefully departed from the Homeric story in making Aeneas a widower and Dido a widow? That departure in itself is significant for those who would like to estimate truly Vergil's view of women.

What is the sting and bitterness of Dido's tragedy? Just this: that Aeneas, having yielded to his love for Dido and having decided to abandon his political duty for her, is driven by divine reproof to change his mind and to sacrifice her to his political duty. The problem is old and new, and if we want to understand justly what Vergil has to suggest about it, we must look at it from an historical standpoint. The answer which the question received in different ages has varied both with the conception of the ordinary relations of public and private duty in either sex, and with the conception of the general position of women in human life. Of the first we all know in general the ancient view, that the happiness of individuals could not be weighed against the claims of the City, the πόλις; and to Vergil the City meant the empire, the civilising and humanising of the world.

On the second point, namely the public conception of the position of women, the growth of human sentiment has been finely described in our own day. In a pamphlet entitled *Homo sum*, the distinguished archaeologist Dr. Jane Harrison suggests (p. 15) with

[1] Dr. Mackail has failed to recover for me the precise reference (to a remark in one of his Lectures on Poetry) which I have unluckily forgotten. Shakespeare's comment is in *Tempest*, ii. 1. 74 (on which see further pp. 170 and 173, below).

unanswerable truth (in view of the anthropological evidence) that a true measure of the progress of civilisation in every period may be found in the degree in which women have been regarded and treated in virtue of the qualities by which they are human and which they share with men, and have ceased to be thought of merely in regard to those qualities and powers which are peculiar to their sex. *Homines sunt*—"Women are human as well as women"; and the progress of the human family, so far as it has gone along the road to sanity and order and goodness in its united life, is measured by the degree in which this is believed. What we call the age of Chivalry, succeeding to the barbarism of the Dark Ages, marked a bright milestone on this road. By chivalry we understand the kind of spirit which charmed us as boys in the Black Knight of Ivanhoe or in Quentin Durward, the spirit in which men accept it as their duty to protect women, not because they themselves are to reap any personal reward, but because women are human creatures whose weakness needs defence. This conception is rare in the ancient world, where, for instance, in the time of Caesar no less than that of Pericles, whenever a town was captured, the women were spared from slaughter only to be sold as slaves.

Now on these two points—the claim of society as against that of the individual in general and as against that of women in particular, both of which are enforced against Dido—let us ask specifically what was the view of Vergil's age, and what was the attitude of Vergil. The answer to these we shall find will supply the answer to the others which we have to

face,—who was to blame, if any one was to blame, for the tragedy of Dido? and if so, on what precise ground did Vergil mean the blame to be adjudged? Let us consider briefly the answers respectively given to these questions by the politicians, by the general society of Vergil's time, and by Vergil himself.

Now the answer of the politicians of Vergil's century would have been brief and reassuring. If we had the privilege of cross-examining Mark Antony or Augustus as to what they thought of such a case as Dido's, Antony would have replied with the brutal frankness that appears in a letter of his recorded by Suetonius;[1] and Augustus, no doubt, with a genial air of philosophic detachment. But their answer would have been the same—that nobody need be blamed save possibly Dido herself; another moth's wings had been singed, that was all. Women, of course, were things with which the politician must reckon, indeed, they were often very useful; but when his use for them was over, the less said the better.

Now we must admit that there had been some excuse for this cynical view in the parts which women like Clodia, and even Fulvia, had played in the last thirty years of the Republic. They had been prominent and active, but, speaking broadly, they had done nothing but mischief, and this for one clear reason; they had used their sex as a political weapon. Above all there was Cleopatra, whose beauty had nearly ruined Julius Caesar and quite ruined Antony. From all this Augustus, as we know, had learnt wisdom. He refused to see Cleopatra, though he had

[1] Suet., *Aug.* 69.

taken her prisoner; it was this that was the immediate cause of her suicide; and of this circumstance it is impossible not to see a reflection in the picture of Dido's death when Aeneas had departed, having steadfastly refused to see her again. But Augustus had learnt more positive lessons. Was there ever a ruler in East or West who made more heartless use of women to further his political schemes? He was himself betrothed four times [1] and married thrice, and the repudiation or divorce in each case was made by him. His treatment of his sister, his daughter, and his heirs was no more scrupulous. His sister Octavia had been married to C. Marcellus, had borne him two children, and was pregnant with a third when in 40 B.C. her hand was pawned to Mark Antony; their elder daughter became the mother of Domitia Lepida, who was the mother of Messalina. When Agrippa, Octavian's greatest commander, was thirty-five years old, he was forced to put away the wife he had long since chosen for himself in order to marry Caesar's niece Marcella, a child of fifteen; four years later she was divorced in her turn that he might marry the Emperor's daughter Julia, who was seventeen years old, her new husband being forty-one. Julia, however, was already a widow, having been married when she was fourteen years old to the Emperor's nephew. Ten years later,[2] when the good Agrippa died, she was married to the Emperor's stepson Tiberius, a partner nearer her own age, but an unwilling bridegroom, since he had been forced by

[1] See Suet., *Aug.* 62. The four were—(1) the d. of P. Servilius Isauricus; (2) Clodia, d. of Fulvia; (3) Scribonia; (4) Livia.

[2] This, of course (in 13 B.C.), was after Vergil's death.

the Emperor to put away a wife whom he dearly loved—Vipsania, the daughter of Agrippa—in order that he might marry this same Agrippa's widow. The outcome in Julia's own history is not surprising. Her daughter Agrippina must have learnt both from her mother's lips and from what she saw of the hypocritical cruelty with which her mother was punished, to hate the callousness of the imperial system even before she came to experience it in her own life. In all this lay the seed of the license and cruelty associated with the names of her daughter Agrippina, and her grandson Nero. Some years ago, in commenting on a lecture in which I called attention to this, the late Prof. W. R. Hardie pointed out to me the probability that Vergil was a friend of the Princess Octavia and intimately acquainted with her in the sorrowful years (37–32 B.C.) when Antony was gradually deserting her.

But the professional politician is apt to reduce moral questions to their lowest terms: the orthodox view of Roman Society was not quite so callous. The generation which saw and respected[1] Cicero's profound grief at the death of his daughter Tullia and the devoted affection with which Turia[2] saved her husband through the long terror of the proscription, was by no means careless of human affection. But what a modern reader needs to remember is that in the eyes of that generation, in some ways so humane, the tie between the sexes, whether in marriage or outside it, did not normally involve a bond of affection

[1] Cic., *Fam.* iv. 5.

[2] *C.I.L.* vi. 1527, and Warde Fowler, *Social Life at Rome*, p. 159.

also, none at least that implied a life-long companionship. Not merely emperors but men of benevolent temper regarded divorce, for what we should think trivial causes, as a natural thing. The husband of Turia, in the delightful story of her life which he engraved upon marble, counts it as an example of her goodness that she proposed to him to divorce her because she was childless; even the stern moralist Cato handed over his wife to a friend.[1] And at a time when this was the common view of unions nominally permanent, no sentiment of shame attached to the discontinuance of less regular ties, and very little to their formation, unless there were some conspicuous breach of decorum. The ordinary, decent Roman citizen of Vergil's day would have told us that the ideal union between man and woman was one of affection on both sides, but that this was rare; and that though one might be sorry for any painful separation, it would be monstrous to think that a woman's claim upon a man's affection could be weighed in the balance against his political duties. And he would point conclusively to the disasters which had befallen great men who had defied Roman opinion on this point.

The court of Augustus was, in fact, not unlike many other courts of male sovereigns; but for a measure of the gulf which separates its view from that of Vergil, we may turn to the brilliant but vulgar letter which Ovid, with the *Aeneid* open before him, has composed for Dido—a letter in which, to mention only one point of contrast, the rare and intimate tenderness of the climax of Dido's appeal, her disappointed longing for a *parvulus Aeneas*, is by

[1] Plutarch, *Cat. Minor*, c. 25 and 52.

Ovid deliberately inverted;[1] and so becomes a silly piece of chatter, and like the rest of the poem, totally immodest because totally insincere.

Now this attitude of Roman society is represented at one point of Vergil's story, precisely where the modern reader feels most bewildered, namely in the reply of Aeneas, and especially in the line which we have already noted, in which he says frankly that he had not promised to be her husband. Even if he had, Roman opinion would have thought it his duty to divorce her; and whether he had or had not, it is quite certain that no one in Rome, unless it were Vergil, thought the worse of him for what he had done. The point which has not been realised, the point which modern commentators fail to understand, is that Vergil's own attitude is represented not merely or chiefly by what Aeneas says in his defence, but by what he admits; and that, while the actual words put into the mouth of Aeneas are perfectly true and serve to clear his honour by the current standards of Vergil's time, Vergil's own comment lies not in them, but in the sequel.

Observe that Aeneas receives explicit reproof and utters explicit regret. Jupiter reproaches him for having forgotten his son Ascanius; and this reproof Aeneas painfully accepts. His duty to his son is the call to conscience which compels him to face the pain of leaving Dido. He feels as Nelson might have felt had he ever been tempted to resign his commission for Lady Hamilton's sake. He had given no formal pledge to Dido; but short of that his forgetting had

[1] *Heroid.* vii. 133: forsitan et gravidam Didon, scelerate, relinquas.

been complete. He had lived not merely as Dido's consort, but as a kingly consort, taking up the duties of government which she herself had now forgotten. When Mercury arrives at Carthage he finds Aeneas arrayed in the uniform of a Tyrian general, engaged in building houses and planning fortifications; and Mercury's first word of reproach is that he is behaving "like a husband" (*uxorius*), building a pretty city for his wife and forgetting his own promised land. His duty had been a national duty; and through his love he was betraying it for the benefit of a city destined to be his nation's most deadly foe.

Yet this is not the whole of Vergil's comment. To modern readers the guilt of the tragedy appears to rest wholly with Aeneas, whom they roundly condemn. Now suppose we granted all that Dr. Page or others can urge; it remains true that it is not we who should be condemning Aeneas, we with nineteen Christian centuries, with our Northern habit of mind, with the age of chivalry, with the puritan struggle all behind us to shape our judgments—not we, but Vergil himself. If we must conclude that Vergil has represented his hero as a poltroon, at least let us observe that, if he did so, it was because he was twenty centuries in advance of the ethics of his day. But did he? Are we to think of the *Aeneid* as a contradiction and a complete artistic failure? Where is it that the story goes wrong? Surely its beginning is a true picture? Aeneas and Dido meet under conditions which show each to the other in the noblest light. Their love for each other was human and natural and sprang from the finest side of each. But afterwards the same sinister machinery which contrived the storm is set to

work again; Dido is betrayed not merely by Venus, but by her own sister; and the fatal meeting in the cave was the direct outcome of conditions which Juno had devised. What do these goddesses really represent in Vergil's mind?

Observe always that the picture of Dido herself is not a mere psychological study which might represent any woman in love; she is a queen, who has done great things, who has proved herself a leader and inspirer of men, and triumphed over treachery and sorrow. Just as in his picture of the maiden warrior, Camilla, a picture unique in ancient poetry, so in Dido Vergil loved to dwell upon her greatness as a human being, her worth to the world, entirely apart from the wealth of her beauty. Vergil was the first poet in Europe who conceived the picture of a great woman greatly in love, and ruined by her very nobleness when it dashed itself against the social framework of her age. For why is it that Dido must die when Aeneas forsakes her? Because, says Dr. Mackail,[1] she has lost her self-respect. But when and why did she lose it? Only when Aeneas decided to leave her. And why can she not accept, as he does, the bitterness of their separation as an ordinance of inscrutable providence, and continue her work for her own people, heartbroken but still pursuing? Because the conventions of men forbid her. Juno, Venus, Iarbas, Pygmalion are four cardinal factors in Dido's position which Vergil has depicted with abundant clearness, but of which I believe the real meaning has hardly yet been pointed out—for the simple reason that we

[1] In the discussion that followed this lecture at the Roman Society's meeting, July 17, 1917.

have been and are too much under the dominion of those very social and national conceptions which Vergil questions, to dream that he doubted their validity.

The neighbour king Iarbas, her swarthy suitor, is prepared to make war upon her city if she will not be his bride; and her brother Pygmalion is at one with him in the belief that an unwedded woman sovereign is a thing not to be tolerated. It follows that if the man whom Dido loves cannot either stay to defend her or take her with him, her only escape from barbarism is death.

Again, what brought Aeneas into contact with Dido? Who made the conditions that threw them into fatal nearness? What ordained their separation? Why could not Aeneas take Dido with him, as he half suggests and as she long contemplates? The answer is the same as that which dictated those other bitter alliances and bitter divorces which Vergil saw in the world of his day: *raisons d'état*. It was a political design, or rather the conflict of political designs; it was what appeared a high necessity of state to each of the schemers possessed by, indeed embodying, the idea of a merely national sentiment, jealous, narrow, essentially anti-human. And what has Vergil to say of the plots by which Juno, who cares nothing for Aeneas, and Venus, who cares nothing for Dido, conspire to ensnare them both? What is his comment on the "treachery of the two gods" and of Juno, who ought to have countenanced none but a regular union? His comment is in the outcome. And what in Vergil's eyes was the outcome? Nothing less than three deadly wars,[1] of which one was the most terrible and

[1] This point, which Vergil makes the climax of the whole tragedy

one the most cruel that Rome ever waged—nothing less than the extinction of Saguntum and Capua and Carthage, the carnage of Trebia and Trasimene and Cannae—the terror that walked in Italy for eleven years and made the name of Hannibal the dread of every Roman home. That, says Vergil, is the fruit, that is the issue which comes when men of state make human affections an instrument of their designs. That is the meaning of Dido's curse upon Aeneas; and that is Vergil's last word on the problem he has raised.

> Hear me, ye gods, and one day from my bones
> Breed an avenger! Rise, thou dread unknown,
> Drive from their promised land with sword and fire
> The Trojan settlers, now or whensoe'er
> Occasion gives thee power, drive and destroy!
> Arms against arms array, tide against wave;
> Embattle continent with continent;
> On them and on their children's children, war!

But the Book ends upon a yet deeper note, a note of pure pity, pity which kindles wonder that so glorious a soul as Dido's must needs be crushed by the movement of a man to his work.

The last duties of affection which Anna and Juno render take us back in spirit to Dido's first most

(ll. 620–9) has been curiously ignored by the commentators. Even Heinze strangely writes (*Ep. Technik*, p. 135, footnote 1) "what Dido means as a curse, is all turned to good"; Heinze is thinking merely of the end of Aeneas himself and overlooks the curse on his descendants.

It is worth while also to note the vital change in the time at which the curse is uttered which Vergil has made in taking over the incident from Apollonius (*Argon.* iv. 382, 386 ff.), where Medea's curse is a threat, anticipating a possible desertion, and Jason, in some fear (ὑποδδείσας), replies by promising to wed her. The gain in dignity and pathos is immeasurable.

womanly appeal to Aeneas. Whoever doubts whether the interpretation here suggested goes beyond or even comes near to expressing what Vergil himself felt, should read and read again that entreaty.

What! Didst thou hope to hide this shameful deed,
Traitor, and steal away without a word?
Canst thou forget our love, forget the troth
Thou gav'st me freely once? Canst thou not dream
What cruel doom awaits me, thou being gone?
Why—'tis mid-winter; yet thou must away,
Must bid thy vessels hug the Northern blast?
Oh, cruel, cruel! Would'st thou e'en if Troy
Stood as of old, and thou wert Troy-ward bound,
Not seeking lands unknown and homes unbuilt,
Would'st thou have launched thy fleet on yon wild surge
Even for Troy? Ah, 'tis from me thou flee'st—
If flee thou wilt. Oh, hear me, hear me plead,
Plead by these tears, by thine own pledged right hand,
By that last, dearest solitary plea
That e'en my fatal passion has not marred,
Our lovers' joy, our bridal song begun;
If e'er I served thee faithfully, if aught
Had sweetness for thee once, doom me not now.
The chiefs of Libya hate me for thy sake;
In Tyre my brother watches for my hurt;
For thee I lost the pearl of fair renown;
For thee, thou seest, I am brought near to death;
Why hasten then to leave me? Stay, oh, stay!
Be but my guest again, my friend at least,
Friend, whom I called my husband yesterday.
What wait I for? Till Tyrian battering-rams
Thunder my brother's wrath on these new walls,
Or moor Iarbas make me wife and slave?
Ah, but if first, ere thou hast fled, one ray
Of gentler hope had dawned, if in this court
A baby child of ours had danced and smiled,
Smiling his far-off father back again,
Oh then, methinks, I were not, as I am,
Utterly, utterly betrayed, undone.

The truth is that here as everywhere Vergil brings us face to face with the mystery of life. Just as Rome had struggled to the death with Carthage, so Aeneas struggles with the world of conflicting passions and contradictory fates; and though to him may be granted some faith or vision of the end to which the struggle will contribute, yet his career stops far short of final triumph. His regret for Dido remains in the latest glimpse which Vergil gives us of his heart:

Inuitus, regina, tuo de litore cessi.

It is only in the after-world, according to Vergil, that at last human passions are cleansed and human pains redressed. In the vision of the after-life Dido is restored to her first love and her passion for Aeneas is left behind like a dream. So in the far-off kingdom of peace we may believe that there shall be no more slaughter nor wars nor starvation nor oppression; but on the human stage the mystery is unsolved. In the story of Dido, Vergil's great picture of human passion, as in his vision of the rest of life, his deepest utterance is a cry of wonder and infinite pity; pity not untouched by that faith which is perhaps the deepest faith of all poetry and all religions, that the power and radiance of human love cannot be quenched by the brute forces that surround our mortal condition.

VIII

THE CLASSICAL ELEMENTS IN SHAKESPEARE'S *TEMPEST*[1]

It has long been a belief cherished in my mind without any special inquiry that Shakespeare's *Tempest* was closely akin in spirit to the *Aeneid* and showed traces of its influence. This belief was quickened a few years ago by an *obiter dictum* of Professor Mackail in one of his lectures on poetry, that in the *Tempest* Shakespeare had given utterance to the only piece of Vergilian criticism which he ever wrote.[2] More recently, having had occasion to look a little further into the facts, I found that there was much more definite evidence bearing upon the question than I had supposed. Let us therefore first survey some concrete and indisputable points in which the play shows the influence of the Latin poets, especially of Vergil; and then inquire whether our knowledge of this relation throws any new light upon the play as a whole. The first part may seem somewhat tedious,

[1] First delivered as a lecture to a joint meeting of the Classical and English Associations in Manchester in December, 1917; to a similar meeting in Liverpool in January, 1920; and also to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle-on-Tyne in December, 1918.

[2] Dr. Mackail's dictum, as we shall see, is not quite correct, for there is a second criticism of Vergil in the play.

but its necessity is clear; and I hope that some readers at least will find a certain pleasure, humble though it be, in identifying these points of direct contact between poets of different ages. At the worst the attempt should bring before students of Latin poetry on the one hand and of English poetry on the other a certain number of familiar phrases in a new context, old friends in new company.

First let us rapidly enumerate some general characteristics of the *Tempest* which are obviously drawn from Classical sources.

To begin with, there are the proper Aristotelian unities of time, place, and action. All the story happens on an island, in one day, and it all turns on one conception, the situation of the exile Prospero.

Further, of the names in the play, Miranda and Adrian are pure Latin, Sebastian is Graeco-Latin, Sycorax is pure Greek, Claribel is Franco-Latin, Prospero is Latin-Italian.

In the Masque, Iris, Juno, and Ceres all appear in their proper characters, proper dress, proper functions, proper categories of blessings; Iris is in her proper relation as servant to Juno; Venus is mentioned with Cupid, her doves draw her car, and her home is in Paphos.

"The Classical allusions in the Masque," writes Mr. Verity,[1] "are frequent and all accurate and appropriate. They make one doubt the truth of the old view that Shakespeare was a comparatively uncultured man, with little knowledge of the Classics." The close verbal likenesses in this scene to Vergil we will consider later.

[1] Verity, Edition of the *Tempest* (Cambridge, 1909), p. 121.

Consider again Gonzalo's description of the Golden Age[1]—

> Had I a plantation of this isle, my lord,—
> I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
> Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
> Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
> Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
> And use of service, none; contract, succession,
> *Bourn, bound of land*, tilth, vineyard, none;
> No use of metal, corn, of wine, or oil;
> No occupation; all men idle, all;
> And women too, but innocent and pure;
> No sovereignty,—
> *All things in common nature should produce*
> *Without* sweat or *endeavour;* treason, felony,
> Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
> Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
> Of its own kind, *all foison, all abundance*,
> To feed my innocent people;—
> I would with such perfection govern, sir,
> To excel the golden age.

Much of this is based directly upon a passage in Florio's Montaigne which all the commentators have cited since Capell; the phrases which are taken over from this source are indicated above by the spaced type. But in the same speech some phrases also appear which must be taken from an older source. Montaigne's Cannibals (of Brazil) by no means avoid war; it is their highest duty; nor does he mention any positive fertility of the earth. All this comes from an older picture of the Golden Age, possibly the same as that from which Montaigne took his "no partitions," viz. Vergil's *Georgics*.[2]

[1] Act II. sc. 1.
[2] *Georgics*, i. 125–8.

> Ante Iovem nulli subigebant arva coloni;
> *ne signare quidem aut partiri limite* campum
> fas erat; *in medium quaerebant, ipsaque tellus*
> *omnia liberius, nullo poscente, ferebat.*

It will be seen that the phrases printed above in italics in Gonzalo's speech closely resemble Vergil's words.

Again, in his Astrology[1] Prospero talks quite correctly in the Classical fashion—

> I find my zenith doth depend upon
> A most auspicious star, whose influence
> If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
> Will ever after droop.

His description of his own magic[2] also shows many Latin features—

> Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
> groves;
> And ye that on the sands with printless foot
> Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
> When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
> By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,
> Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
> Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
> To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
> Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
> The noontide sun, call'd forth *the mutinous winds,*
> And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
> Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
> Have I given fire, and rifted *Jove's* stout oak
> *With his own bolt: the strong-based promontory*
> Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
> The pine and cedar: graves at my command
> Have waked their sleepers, op'd, and let' em
> forth
> By my so potent art. But this rough magic
> I here abjure.

[1] I. 2, 181. [2] V. sc. 1.

Much of this comes, as the spaced type shows, from Arthur Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*,[1] published 1565.

> Ye Ayres and Windes: ye Elves of Hilles, of Brookes, of Woods alone,
> Of standing Lakes, and of the Night approache Ye, evrychone
> Through helpe of whom (the crooked bankes much wond'ring at the thing)
> I have compelled streames to run cleane backward to their spring
> By charms I make the calm seas rough, and make the rough seas playne
> And cover all the Skie with clouds and chase them thence againe.

Later on occurs the sentence—

> I call up dead men from their graves.

But there are other phrases in Prospero's account which take us rather further back. "The mutinous winds" (*ventorum proelia*) and "the strong-based promontory" (the Acroceraunia) and "Jove" and "his own bolt" come from the great description of the storm in harvest in the *Georgics*[2]—

> Ipse Pater, media nimborum in nocte, corusca
> Fulmina molitur dextra: quo maxima motu
> Terra tremit; fugere ferae, et mortalia corda
> Per gentes humilis stravit pavor: ille flagranti
> Aut Athon, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo
> Deicit.

A rather longer, and more deliberate, reference to Vergil is contained in the curious piece of (what seems to us) learned fooling in the second Act between Gonzalo and the other courtiers; and it is interesting evidence of the kind of matter which would be welcome

[1] vii. 197 ff. [2] i. 318 and 328 ff.; see p. 40 above.

to an Elizabethan audience, or perhaps (more strictly) to the English Court in the 17th century.[1]

Sebastian. 'Twas a sweet marriage,[2] and we prosper well in our return.

Adrian. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gonzalo. Not since widow Dido's time.

Antonio. Widow! a plague o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido?

Sebastian. What if he had said "widower Aeneas" too?

Good Lord, how you take it!

Adrian. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gonzalo. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adrian. Carthage?

Gonzalo. I assure you, Carthage.

Antonio. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Sebastian. He hath raised the wall and houses too.

This comment on Vergil's story, that Aeneas was a widower, is not without importance; and the commentators on the *Aeneid* might have pondered it more than, so far as I know, they yet have done.

This brings us to the longer list of points[3] in which the *Tempest* seems directly indebted to Vergil, first single lines and phrases, and secondly larger points in the story; the Vergilian passages come from Book i. of the *Georgics*, to which we have already traced two other passages, and from Books i., ii., iii.,

[1] Act II. sc. 1. Note that *Dido* in Elizabethan English rhymes with *widow*.

[2] Of the King's "fair daughter Claribel" to the King of Tunis.

[3] One or two of these are in a useful but incomplete collection entitled *Shakespeare's Books* by H. R. D. Anders (Berlin, 1904). In *Henry VI.*, Part 2, II. 1. 24, Shakespeare quotes *Aeneid* i. 11, "tantaene animis," and *ib.* iv. 1. 117, "gelidus timor occupat artus." (Cf. *Aen.* vii. 446; Ovid, *Metam.* iii. 40; and Lucan, i. 246).

iv., vi., viii., ix., and xi. of the *Aeneid;* especially frequent and close are those to Book i.

Four of them occur, as is natural, in the Masque in Act IV. They are:

dusky Dis (IV. 1, 65)
beside atri ianua Ditis (*Aen.* vi. 127).

Highest *queen* of state
Great Juno comes, I know her *by her gait* (IV. 1, 76)
beside
ast ego, quae divom *incedo regina* (*Aen.* i. 46),[1]

which shows Shakespeare's nice appreciation of the meaning of *incedere*.

Hail, *many-coloured* messenger that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter,
Who with thy *saffron wings* upon my flowers
Diffusest *honey-drops*, refreshing showers

(spoken by Ceres to Iris, IV. 1, 54) closely resemble

Tum Iuno . . .
. . . Irim demisit Olympo;
. . . . . .
Ergo Iris *croceis* per caelum *roscida pennis*,
Mille trahens varios adverso sole *colores*. . . .
(*Aen.* iv. 693–4, 700–701).

Cutting the clouds towards Paphos (IV. 1, 68) beside ingentemque fuga *secuit sub nubibus* arcum (*Aen.* ix. 15; *cf.* also i. 692).

Safely in *harbour*
Is the King's ship; in the *deep nook* there she's hid,
(I. 2, 226).

est in *secessu longo* locus; insula *portum*
efficit obiectu laterum (*Aen.* i. 159).

Prospero thus describes Ariel's duties (I. 2, 252 ff.):

Thou . . . think'st it much
To run upon the *sharp wind o' the North*,
To do me business in the *veins o' th' earth*
When it is *baked with frost*.

"Baked with frost" is an unnatural expression

[1] My friend Mr. R. B. Lattimer compares also i. 405: et vera incessu patuit dea.

from the purely English point of view. Where does it come from? Clearly from some Latin source, as every Latin scholar will see. But what is the source? Vergil discusses (*Georg.* i. 91–3) the effect of burning the stubble upon the soil beneath it:

> Seu durat magis et *venas* adstringit hiantes,
> ne tenues pluviae, rapidive potentia solis
> acrior, aut *Boreae penetrabile frigus adurat.*

In this pair there are four distinct likenesses (*adurat, Boreae, penetrabile* and *venas*).

Miranda apologises for having led Prospero to recall past sorrows (I. 2, 64):

> Oh, my heart bleeds
> To think o' the teen that I have turned you to,
> Which is from my remembrance [*i.e.* passed out of my memory].

Compare

> Infandum, regina, iubes renovare *dolorem*,
> . . . . . .
> Quamquam animus meminisse horret *luctuque refugit*
> Incipiam (*Aen.* ii. 3, 12–13).

On V. 1, 301 beside *Aen.* viii. 368 and III. 3, 63–4 beside *Aen.* iii. 243–4 something will be said below.

Next observe the points in the structure of the play in which Shakespeare follows Vergil closely. In the *Tempest* as in *Aeneid* i., the prologue is put into a later scene than the first, in a conversation between Prospero and Miranda like that between Aeneas and Venus (*Aen.* i. 320 ff.). The first scene in each case is taken up by the Shipwreck. In both the storm is raised and quelled by supernatural means. In the *Tempest* all the sailors are saved; in Vergil all but two (*Aen.* vi. 334 and i. 114). In both the men are separated from their leaders; and each party thinks the other is lost, until they are revealed to one

another suddenly. In both, the parting and the re-union are brought about by supernatural means. In both the hero in the strange land encounters a maiden, whom he takes for a goddess.

Again, Miranda has been carried as an infant by her father into exile into a wild country, and has been reared by him alone. In all this she is exactly the counterpart of Camilla in *Aeneid* xi.

Prospero too like Dido is banished by a brother's treachery; like Evander in his new home, he receives a king and his followers, and bids them welcome to his "poor cell" (V. 1, 301)—

> *angusti* subter fastigia *tecti* (*Aen.* viii. 368)

(this may be added to the list of verbal resemblances).

The Harpy in III. 3 which interrupts the feast comes from *Aeneid* iii. 243, and so do ll. 63–5, "one dowle that's in my plume."

> Sed neque *uim plumis ullam* nec volnera tergo
> Accipiunt (*Aen.* iii. 243).

Ferdinand protests (IV. 1, 25) that not

> *the murkiest den*
> The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
> Our worser genius can

shall ever tempt him to betray Miranda's trust.

In the light of Prospero's repeated warning against lover's dalliance, "the murkiest den" seems to be a definite reference to the famous cave of the Fourth Book of the *Aeneid*, and may be reckoned, *pace* Dr. Mackail, as a second and more serious criticism of the story of Dido.

So far, then, I have endeavoured to show by specific evidence that in writing this play Shakespeare had

many passages of Latin authors, especially of Vergil, freshly in mind. Turn now to one feature of a more general character which I venture to think throws new and direct light upon the tone and atmosphere of the play as a whole.

The point itself is quite simple, though I have not come across any mention of it in any commentary with which I am acquainted. Put in the form of a question, it is this: how frequently and in what form in his different plays does Shakespeare speak of the Deity?

In the great majority of the plays, that is, more precisely, in twenty-two out of the thirty-seven which commonly bear Shakespeare's name, the word *God* in the singular and in the ordinary Christian or monotheistic meaning is quite common, used as, for instance, in Portia's appeal—

> And earthly power doth then show likest God's
> When mercy seasons justice.

Now the twenty-two plays where this, which we may call the appellative use, is common, include not merely all the English historical plays from *King John* to *Henry VIII.*, but also the great Tragedies of what I believe is called Shakespeare's Middle Period, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*. It is common also in all but one of the early comedies, for example in *Romeo and Juliet* and in the *Comedy of Errors*, and in more than one of the later comedies (*As you like it*, and *All's well that ends well*). But there are fifteen plays in which, if the ordinary Concordances may be trusted, this use of the word either does not appear at all or is distinctly rare. That is to say, in these fifteen plays, where the word "god" is used, it is, generally or

always, either in the plural "gods" or, if in the singular, in such phrases as *a god, some god, the god of love, the god Mars*. In contrast to the other this may be called the generic use.

Which, then, are the fifteen plays in which the appellative use is rare? To begin with, of course the Roman dramas (*Coriolanus, Julius Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra*), where anything but Roman phraseology is carefully avoided. The same is true of *Timon of Athens*, where the appellative use is entirely absent; and the marked divergence in this respect of *Titus Andronicus*, where the appellative and generic uses jostle one another at random, may be added to the innumerable marks of inferior workmanship which that ghastly drama exhibits. In *Troilus and Cressida* the variation is interesting. Three times and three times only is the appellative admitted—twice in the mouth of Thersites[1] and once in a curious oath of Pandarus.[2]

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which has a Greek setting, the appellative occurs four times,[3] in the mouths of Bottom, Flute and Demetrius, always in prose and always in mere ejaculations.

In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* it occurs only twice, once in the mouth of Slender, who, after his pocket has been picked, resolves[4] for the future, "if I be drunk, I will be drunk with those that have the fear of God"; and once in Falstaff's protest against "the abusing of God's patience[5] and the King's English."

[1] III. 3, near the end, and V. 4, 38.
[2] "By God's lid," I. 2, 228.
[3] III. 1, 31; IV. 2, 14; V. 1, 326 (*bis*).
[4] I. 1, 189.
[5] I. 4, 5.

Now the use in these three plays, I venture to think, makes Shakespeare's intention fairly clear. He could not exclude the use of the singular from the language of the vulgar characters without making them unreal; and of course in *Midsummer Night's Dream* it is a deliberate mark of the English character of the scenes in which Bottom appears.

There are no such vulgar characters in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona;* but the absence of the word altogether from the play, except as applied to the *god of Love*, is perhaps to be regarded as accidental.

This simple induction gives us, I believe, the key to the significance of the solitary examples of the appellative in two of the later plays where we should expect nothing but pagan phraseology. In fact, in these two plays Shakespeare has been at some pains to maintain the pagan use, save in one phrase in each. The plays are *Antony and Cleopatra* and *King Lear.* The only passage in the former play in which the appellative appears is in the vivid scene in which Antony quarrels with Cleopatra because she has allowed Caesar's messenger to kiss her hand, and the unfortunate messenger is sent off to be whipped.

> To let a fellow (cries Antony) that will take rewards,
> And say "God quit you!" be familiar with
> My playfellow, your hand.

Here it is obvious that nothing but the English phrase would express the bitter contempt and the sense of insult in the angry nobleman's mind. His indignation lies precisely in the banality and meanness of the type of person to whom Cleopatra has been gracious, and this meanness of the person could not be expressed in any other way so vividly and

dramatically as by quoting a typical utterance of such folk, easily recognised by the English audience. The three monosyllables express Antony's fury as no longer or less familiar phrase such as, e.g., *may all the gods reward you*, could possibly do.

The example in King Lear is even more striking. It illustrates the rare delicacy of Shakespeare's diction when he is expressing deep feeling. It is in the scene [1] where Lear and Cordelia are being sent off to prison, and the poor old king, now sane enough to remember his love for Cordelia, comforts her with the thought that they will be together in the prison; and he pictures what their talk shall be. They will hear the rumours of what happens at Court from far off, and guess, like remote and strange onlookers, at the motives of the chief actors—

> And take upon us the mystery of things
> As if we were God's spies.

The lines mean more than we can here examine, but one reason for the familiar appellative use will, I think, be clear. If Lear had said "spies of the gods," the tender and intimate tone of the passage would have been broken by a cumbersome formality. Elsewhere in the play Shakespeare is very careful to maintain the pagan plural, for example in the line [2]

> Oh gods! who is't can say "I am at the worst"?

where clearly the singular *O God!* would have been the natural form to an English dramatist.

Now this preservation of the pagan tone in *King Lear* is instructive; precisely the same thing [3] appears

[1] V. 3, 17. [2] IV. 1, 27

[3] For instance, *Cymb.* I. 2, 60: "Oh the gods! when shall we

in three comedies of the late period, *Cymbeline*, *Winter's Tale*, and *Pericles*, the same in *Measure for Measure;* and the same tone, to return to the *Tempest*, is there maintained with considerable care.

The generic use of the word occurs four times (or five if "goddess" be added). When Miranda watches the shipwreck she wishes [1] she had been "any god of power" to still the storm. The shipwrecked Ferdinand conjectures,[2] when he hears Ariel's song, that "it waits upon some god of the island," and when he sees Miranda he identifies her [3] as the "goddess on whom these airs attend." When Gonzalo invokes a blessing on Ferdinand and Miranda, he cries [4]—

> Look down, you gods,
> And on this couple drop a blessèd crown.

And Caliban complains [5] that Prospero's art is

> of such power
> It would control my dam's god Setebos.

The appellative use never appears; and it is avoided with just the same effort as in *King Lear*, in the exclamation of Gonzalo at the end of the shipwreck-scene—

> The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

It is clearly not an accident that this is substituted

see again?" In *Pericles* the appellative use appears only twice, in a sailor's greeting (III. 1, 38) and in a curious (hardly Shakespearean) curse-blessing of Simonides (II. 5, 87). The generic use is unbroken in *Winter's Tale*, that romance with classical names of characters who appeal to the oracle of Delphi, in a setting related to mediaeval history as much and as little as "a desert place near the sea" is to "Bohemia" in the stage-direction to Act III. Scene 3.

[1] I. 2, 10. [2] I. 2, 389. [3] I. 2, 421.
[4] V. 1, 201. [5] I. 2, 373.

in a prose passage for the simple and familiar *God's will be done*.

Exactly the same care appears in *Winter's Tale*, in almost the same phrase,

> Their sacred wills be done [1]
> and oppose against their wills,[2]

the antecedent of *their* being in both cases "the Heavens." In the same scene, Perdita, when she and Florizel are arrested, cries out—

> Oh! my poor father,
> *The heaven* sets spies upon us.

It is not the purpose of this paper to suggest any conclusion that could be called theological; still less to discuss the vexed question of Shakespeare's attitude to the religious creeds of his own day. What we are concerned with now is a more strictly literary question. With what motive did Shakespeare deliberately place these plays in a pagan, or at all events a non-Christian, setting and maintain it with so much care?

Now, in all these plays except *Measure for Measure*, *Winter's Tale*, and the *Tempest*, the supposed date dictates it. But in the *Tempest* and in *Winter's Tale*, as we have seen, the scenery is purely romantic; though the relations between the kingdoms and dukedoms mentioned are more or less mediaeval. The facts, then, are quite simple. Shakespeare had had practice in writing many plays in which the phraseology of his own day was followed, and others in which a non-Christian phraseology was necessary. In his romances he had a free choice. Leaving aside the question of the significance of this feature in *Measure for Measure* and in *Winter's Tale* (though

[1] III. 3, 5. [2] V. 1, 45.

it is surely worth study), we note that in the *Tempest* there is, as I hope the reader is already persuaded, clear evidence of the influence under which Shakespeare shaped his story—namely, that of the Roman poets and especially that of Vergil. But what is it in the play which made Shakespeare willing to give so much room to this influence? Or, to put the question in another and probably truer way, what is the atmosphere which this influence has helped to build up?

One answer to this question most of us could draw from the recollection, probably a vivid recollection, of our first feeling about the play when we read it as children, or little more than children. We delighted in it then because we found in it a new chapter of Fairyland, a region full of magic, visited by strange powers whom we hardly expected to see, but whom it was a delight to believe in; and because the chief actor in it, Prospero, though in the play he laid aside his magic robes and went back to his dukedom, never really put off in our view his mysterious authority. We thought of him always as the noblest and dearest wizard we had ever met—though sometimes, to be sure, he did use rather difficult words; and however long we live to read the play, we shall never, I think, succeed in dismissing from our minds the haunting sense of wonder which broods over its brilliant and yet mysterious scenes.

But in this mystery, as seen in the *Tempest*, one element or pair of elements is rather strongly asserted —namely, that of benevolence on the one hand and forgiveness on the other. It would not be enough merely to say of Prospero, as John Stuart Mill,[1] very

[1] *Three Essays on Religion* (1874), p. 194.

kindly, said of the Creator, that "he pays some regard to the happiness of his creatures." Prospero is actively benevolent, and not merely benevolent, but corrective. He is anxious to redeem the guilty Alonso and Antonio from their faults; and he sends on them the chastisement of the storm to bring about a "sea-change." And when the thought occurs to him that he should wreak consummate vengeance upon them, he refuses, in words that are a commonplace perhaps in Christian ethical theory (though not quite commonplace in any human practice), but which are remarkable where they stand in the non-theistic atmosphere of the play. He says to Ariel, who has reported compassionately the chastisement of the errant king:

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Now the same sense of mystery,[1] infused by the same tender humanity, appears in every part of Vergil's work, the background of every picture. Nothing, therefore, could be more natural, if Shakespeare thought of embodying in a magical story some comment on the mystery of life, than that he should instinctively turn to the story of the *Aeneid* in which another such

[1] See on this pp. 35 ff., above.

comment had been enshrined for centuries. Or, conversely, if Shakespeare felt drawn to the story of the *Aeneid* as giving him beautiful scenery for his new mediaeval story, it was (not perhaps inevitable, but still) exceedingly likely, that he should draw from his study of the older poem something of the older poet's spirit.

In the *Tempest* the mystery is in Prospero, though no doubt Caliban is worth the study both of actors and of philosophical commentators. But leaving him aside—and he is after all hardly more than a limb of Prospero—the other characters are quite natural; it is in Prospero that the riddle of the play is centred. The dangers that beset the attempt to read allegorical meanings in Shakespeare's fairy story are obvious enough—when a French critic (Montégut) has found in Caliban "the untutored early drama of Marlowe"; and when even Dowden thinks it worth while to print, though with reserve, the suggestion that Miranda represents Dramatic Art and Ferdinand the youthful dramatist Fletcher,[1] and his piling logs the "drudgery and dryasdust work" useful to young poets!

But there is at least one passage in the play which is so disproportioned, so out of relation to its setting, that an allegorical, that is, an extra-dramatic interpretation seems forced upon us, and has been adopted by such eminently sane writers as James Russell Lowell[2] and George Brandes,[3] who are followed, I believe, by all later critics.

[1] *Shakespeare's Mind and Art*, Ed. 5 (1880), p. 426.

[2] *Among my Books*, p. 192.

[3] Cited (without reference) by Verity, p 152, of his school edition

It is the passage which has been already quoted in which Prospero bids farewell to his art, in which he declares—

> Graves at my command
> Have waked their sleepers, oped and let 'em forth
> By my so potent art. But this rough magic
> I here abjure.

and goes on to say he will "break his staff," "bury it in the earth" and "drown his book."

The occasion of the line about calling up the dead, as we have seen, was in the passage of Ovid which Shakespeare certainly had before him; but the authorities already quoted have naturally seen in them an allusion to Shakespeare's dramatic art, by which he has made the dead live again; and they have interpreted Prospero's laying aside his magic as an allegory of Shakespeare's own retirement. It may be that this is also part of the suggestion of another passage which we will consider in a moment, in which Shakespeare seems to apologise for a daring stretch of imagination; for this is not far removed from the resolve to have done with imaginative writing altogether.

I do not know from what source, if from any, I have drawn a conception which I have held for a good many years, and which since first this lecture was written I find is also suggested, though doubtfully, by Sir A. Quiller Couch,[1] that in Prospero while he wears

[1] *Shakespeare's Workmanship*, 1918, p. 359. "Who is Prospero? Is he perchance Destiny itself; the master-spirit that has brooded invisible and moved on the deep waters of all the tragedies, and now comes to shore on a lost islet of the main to sun himself; laying by

his magic robe, Shakespeare has set himself, under the conditions of his art, to draw a picture of the Divine Providence itself. The *prima facie* evidence for such a view is obvious. Is it not true to say that Prospero exhibits certain characteristics not altogether alien to the character of Jehovah as conceived by the poets of the Old Testament?

And if this view of Prospero is sound, the reason for the non-theistic setting of the play is obvious. If the Deity himself is actually represented on the stage, but in disguise, neither he nor those closely connected with him can without absurd contradictions use Christian formulae in their speech, not even though the character described is in some vital respects drawn from Christian sources. This tone is particularly remarkable in the close of the epilogue which is spoken by Prospero himself—

> And my ending is despair,
> Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
> Which pierces so that it assaults
> Mercy itself and frees all faults.
> As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
> Let your indulgence set me free.

Observe here that though these lines express two definitely Christian doctrines, those of prayer and forgiveness, the Christian name for the Deity is not used but represented by the abstract noun "Mercy."

his robe of darkness, to play, at his great ease, one last smiling trick before taking his rest?

> 'Yes, spirit,
> Thou comest from thy voyage:
> Yes, the spray is on thy cloak and hair.'

Or is he, as so many of us have pleased ourselves to fancy, Shakespeare himself, breaking his wand, drowning his book, and so bidding farewell?"

Let me call attention further to one passage which cannot be too often quoted for every one's pleasure, that in which Prospero interprets in a cosmic sense the vision of goddesses which he has called up by his art for the masque of the bridal eve.

Prospero (*to the spirits*). Well done; avoid, no more.
Ferdinand. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.
Miranda. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
Prospero. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yes, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded
Leave not a wrack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd,
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Now, the strange thing in this passage is one which I cannot help thinking Shakespeare meant to be significant; it is the conclusion.

What can this mean? No commentary that I have been able to consult seems to offer any adequate explanation. Why is Prospero "vexed" to see how like the universal mystery is the mystery of his art?

Why is his "old brain troubled"? What is his "infirmity," and why is his mind "beating"?

Dowden sees in these lines[1] merely an apology of Prospero's for the "eager and excessive energising" of his brain;—that is to say, for having been so garrulous when he was old enough to know better! But an apology of some sort it certainly must be. Prof. Boas' view that it represents Prospero's shock of horror at the remembrance of the villainy of Caliban hardly does justice to the fourfold assertion of his "weakness"; though so far as it goes, it is true. The dramatic setting of the speech is that Prospero is called away from his sublime contemplation of the mysterious universe by recollecting suddenly a small but vexatious part of it with which it is time for him to deal—namely, the conspiracy against his life formed by Caliban and Trinculo. But, except for the reminder which this matter gives him of the tiresome, unexpected turns and corners of actual life, there is nothing to trouble him; and surely these four striking lines suggest something more than that Prospero is disturbed by the prospect of having once more to bewitch Caliban and his tipsy comrades? They are the occasion, but are they the whole explanation, of Prospero's sudden turn of thought?

But if we see in Prospero the daring portrait which I have suggested, a new meaning of these lines suggests itself. Shakespeare is apologising for his audacity, and begging us not to think him too dogmatic or too much in earnest. He has tried to frame a picture of the centre of all mysteries; he has been led to describe creation as it presents itself to the eye

[1] *Mind and Art*, p. 418.

of the Creator; and at the end he draws back with a sigh; 'after all, this picture is only my imagining, perhaps no better than an infirmity; it is the work of a beating mind, a mind beating feverishly against the bounds of human knowledge. Pardon me for this presumption; I am called to humbler duties; my magical art has soared too far. I must lay it down.'

In just the same way Vergil, at the close of his great vision of the After-world, makes his hero and his guide leave that Unseen World by the ivory gates from which false dreams have issue; and his purpose is not to say that his story is false (that would only be the case if Aeneas and the Sybil were dreams); but to suggest to the reader that he will not claim for them the same degree of truth as is granted to the visions which leave by the gate of Horn, and which actually come to pass afterwards in waking experience.[1]

But whatever be thought of this attempt to read the riddle of Prospero, the chief object of this paper will have been attained if the reader is persuaded that in this play we have a spirit, one might almost say a method, of interpreting the Universe, closely akin to the spirit in which Vergil lived and thought; a spirit pervaded by a deep sense of mystery as well as by an even deeper humanity; "a mist," as Prof. Quiller Couch[2] describes it, "which almost before we recognise it as a mist of pity, is shaken, rent, scattered by the morning breeze of hope." A sense of the mysterious strength of the ties that bind man to man; of the affection which itself is the source of men's

[1] On this passage in *Aeneid* vi., see p. 134 above.

[2] *Shakespeare's Workmanship*, p. 329.

deepest pains as well as of their deepest joys; an affection which somehow goes beyond individual lives; which is somehow wrapped up with the very tissue of the Universe; the sense of a mystery that is somehow resolved in creative and corrective and forgiving Love.

There is one link between the *Aeneid* and the later plays of Shakespeare which cannot be by us forgotten. Shakespeare after 1597, like Vergil after 31 B.C., was writing in the sunshine of a great national deliverance. In each case the deliverance was from a danger that had lasted long. That of England at least from 1584, when the first Armada began to be gathered in the ports of Spain, till 1597, when the second Armada was wrecked. The danger in Rome had endured in its most acute form for eighteen years, though the storm had been gathering for a century. This deliverance certainly contributed to the tone of triumph over evil, of serene and exalted contemplation of the future, that is one mark of the poetry of either epoch. To the spirit of the *Aeneid* a great living scholar[1] has applied the beautiful lines of Wordsworth—

> We live by hope
> And by desire; we see by the glad light
> And breathe the sweet air of futurity.

By no generation could the comfort of such an outlook be more deeply needed than by our own, in which civilisation itself might seem to have crumbled about our ears. And if it be granted to us, as it was to the men of Shakespeare's and of Vergil's age, to

[1] Dr. Warde Fowler on the title-page of his *Aeneas at the Site of Rome*.

have lived to see at least the dawn of a happier era, in which the worst danger is past and the life of Europe begins to be built up again on new and nobler foundations, as it was in their time, part of the regeneration will be, surely, some great springtime of poetry, rooted in the gloom and suffering of these past six years, but blossoming in the larger air into which, as at least we pray, suffering will have lifted mankind. Breathing this larger air, the poets yet to be will stretch their hands back across the centuries to Shakespeare and to Vergil.

IX

THE VENETIAN POINT OF VIEW IN ROMAN HISTORY[1]

It is a common diversion of historical writers to trace in the work of some individual member of a given race the characteristics which mark the race as a whole. This is often profitable and in some degree necessary, if either the race or the individual are to be clearly understood.

For most English readers the name Venetian has probably many associations; the ideas of a courageous independence, of the triumph of sea-power, of the use of that power in defence of civilisation against oriental barbarism, are part of what Venice stands for in history; but to most of us the name suggests also an architecture of unique beauty; and more than all a number of pictures that represent, perhaps, the highest level of perfection which the art of painting has ever reached.

The present writer desires to claim nothing that can be called a knowledge of that art, but only to be allowed to state simply the things which have given him especial delight in a few great pictures which he has visited many times. Probably there are many

[1] An outline of this paper was delivered as a Lecture in the John Rylands Library on October 10, 1917, and was printed in the Bulletin of that Library, vol. iv. (1918).

others like him who had never found themselves in the least excited about anything on canvas, until they saw the work of Titian and Giorgione or some others of the same school. These pictures seem to have the power to awaken, even in minds comparatively dull to such things, a certain humble eagerness and a strange sense of light and friendship, comparable to that which comes from hearing some great speech or poem or piece of music; a sudden consciousness that there is before us in the pictures something which concerns us intimately, so intimately that their authors become henceforward friends who have made the whole of life deeper and richer. And the arresting quality, I think, in these great works of art is something that may be called dramatic. It represents some strong human feeling in a setting of circumstance which is in some way vitally related to it, so that the whole seems not a picture, but a part, of life. Titian's Holy Family with the little St. John offering roses to the Christ, and the grey-headed St. Anthony standing beside; or Santa Caterina devoting herself to the same lovely child with St. John this time playing with a pet lamb; or Giorgione's *Concerto*, where the young harmonist, who, after some seeking, has just found or is just finding the right chord, looks up with a flash of insight and delight; or the indescribable power of Titian's portrait of the armed warrior Giovanni De' Medici,—all these have a warmth of feeling, almost of passion, which till then we had never dreamt of seeing conveyed on canvas; and yet this spiritual element is somehow fenced in and surrounded convincingly with the concrete conditions of daily life. In Venice, as I learn from Mr. E. V.

Lucas,[1] this warmth and vitality in the work of one of the painters of the school is called "the fire of Giorgione," *il fuoco Giorgionesco*. The feeling depicted is not merely intense but moral in the widest sense, springing from the most essential parts of human nature and so making universal appeal; for example, a great tenderness to women and children; a great reverence for old age,—especially natural to Venetians, who were long-lived folk; a genial interest in the details of daily life; a sense of greatness in public relations; these are some, though only some, of the things which seem to be most deeply felt in the pictures of the Venetian masters.

Not long ago it happened to me in pursuing a rather obscure path of study among the monuments of the early languages of Italy, to realise what I might have known before, that this Venetian race, which to us is the glory of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, had played a part in the civilisation of an earlier epoch, had made in fact no small contribution to the humanising of Central and Western Europe from the very beginning of history.

Few people in this country, and not very many in any other, have ever heard of a language known as Venetic, of which the only record is in a few score inscriptions dating from about 500 B.C. down to the Christian era. These scanty fragments are of considerable interest to students of Comparative Philology because they present to us a language in many ways intermediate to Greek and Latin; and a few

[1] *A Wanderer in Venice* (London, 1914), p. 293. To this delightful book I am much indebted, both for some points of Venetian history and for the choice of the typical lines from Shelley quoted below.

years ago I began to collect materials for a complete edition of its remains. In 1916 I received from a friend who was a distinguished Italian scholar [1] a copy of some newly discovered inscriptions of considerable interest, which date from the third century B.C. They were found at Pieve di Cadore, one of them in 1914, during the construction of the station for the first railway ever built there. Both inscriptions were on rather beautiful bronze vases (*situle*, pails, as one might call them, if one regarded only their shape, not their ornament); and the Cadore valley has yielded so long a series of these and other objects of similar workmanship as to show that it must have been a centre of artistic manufacture and export from at least the fifth century B.C. At that date and later this valley was one of the regular tracks of communication between the head of the Adriatic and Central Europe. About twenty years ago there were discovered, on a hill which is known to-day as the Gurina, between the Gail and Drave valleys, in the Tyrol, almost north of the Alps, the remains of an important but hitherto nameless ancient city which must have been inhabited in the fifth and later centuries B.C., by people who spoke this same Venetic language; and among these remains there are a number of bronze plates, fashioned in what we should call *repoussé* style, which served, I believe,[2] to adorn

[1] For the latest discoveries in this Piave valley see Pellegrini, *Atti e Memorie R. Acc. Sci. Lett. Art. in Padova*, vol. xxxii. (1916), pp. 209 ff., 215 ff. His death in 1919 was a grievous blow to European scholarship.

[2] The Venetic word *ahsu·s·* occurs on the dedicatory inscription, of two of them; and it is best interpreted, I think, to mean "door" (*cf.* Gr. ἄξων). The antiquities of the Gurina are handsomely described by A. B. Meyer in *Gurina in Obergailthal*, Dresden, 1885.

the panels of doors, and which, if so, show that this characteristic feature of the art of North Italy, the decoration of doors by bronze panels, goes back to the third or fourth century B.C. The other remains of this race of Veneti, especially numerous on the site of the modern city of Este, connect them closely with the culture of Hellas and Crete of the sixth century B.C. But in the valley of the Piave, which continues the route from the nameless city over the mountains to Italy, lie the towns of Treviso, Feltre, and Belluno, well known to students of the Renaissance; and Pieve di Cadore, where the two last inscriptions were found, was the birthplace of Titian.

In view of such facts one naturally asks whether there was any link between this early art of the Veneti and the great Venetians of the Renaissance. To ask the question is to answer it. They are demonstrably the same people. From whence were the Lagoons of Venice peopled? From all the district to the west of them when the barbarians overran it,—from Altinum, from Aquileia, and especially from Padua, which was in ancient times the chief seat of the Veneti and only 14 miles from the sea. At the Christian era Padua still celebrated[1] every year a regatta in commemoration of the victory of Paduan sailors who repelled the invasion of a Greek pirate in the year 302 B.C.; and the point which historians choose as marking the real independence of the new Venice, is the year 584 A.D. when the claim of Padua to control the whole district (a claim based on the old traffic from Padua down the river Brenta which then ran out into the sea along the north side of what is

[1] Livy, x. 2.

now the Giudecca) was finally defeated through the Pact with the Exarch Longinus. And Padua, like Venice, lies in what seems to a northerner a sea of summer light, between the chain of the Alps and the Euganean Hills, which Shelley has described in *Julian and Maddalo*:—

> . . . , the hoar
> And aery Alps, towards the north, appeared,
> Through mist, an heaven-sustaining bulwark, reared
> Between the east and west; and half the sky
> Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
> Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
> Down the steep west into a wondrous hue
> Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
> Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
> Among the many-folded hills—they were
> Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,
> As seen from Lido, through the harbour piles,
> The likeness of a clump of peaked isles—
> And then, as if the earth and sea had been
> Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen
> Those mountains towering, as from waves of flame,
> Around the vaporous sun, from which there came
> The inmost purple spirit of light, and made
> Their very peaks transparent.

Padua, as became a city so gloriously placed, was proverbially known in the ancient world as the home of simple living and high morals and an intense affection for freedom; it became, as we all know, the seat of the greatest University of the Middle Ages, to which all our English Universities are deep in debt; and its greatest ancient citizen was the historian Livy. And what I want to suggest here is that the truest way of judging and enjoying Livy's work is to regard him as taking essentially a Venetian point of view.[1]

[1] Some time after this lecture had been given, my friend Prof. W. B. Anderson, to whom the paper is indebted for other valuable

That is, to realise that what gave him most pleasure, and what he counted his greatest object, was to paint a series of pictures, each embodying, in the fewest words, some clash of feeling and circumstance, some struggle of rival passions, some triumph of wisdom or valour or devotion; pictures instinct with dramatic imagination and coloured with lively human sympathy. The rest of his narration, though he dealt with it honestly and frankly in his own way, was to him only the setting for the true work of his art, the pictures of noble scenes.

If this seems new doctrine, let us at least remember how Livy describes his own design. He begins his Preface by an apology for attempting again a task undertaken by so many before him and acknowledges its enormous scope. But it will 'divert his mind from the miseries of recent times,' to dwell on the earlier period.

It is not my intention either to affirm or deny the truth of the stories which have gathered round the earliest beginnings of Rome. They are better fitted for the imagination of poets than for the sober chronicles of history. Antiquity has the privilege of exalting the origin of great cities by interweaving the actions of gods and men; and if it be reasonably granted to any people to hallow its beginnings and call the gods its founders, surely it is granted to the people of Rome. The glory which they have won in war is great enough for the world which acknowledges their supremacy to acknowledge also their claim to the son of Mars himself for their founder. But howsoever these stories and their like be judged or censured,

help, called my attention to a note in Niebuhr's *Rom. Hist.* (Eng. Tr. new ed. ii. 544) in which among "Livy's own peculiar excellencies" he reckons "that richness and warmth of colouring which many centuries after were the characteristics of the Venetian painters born under the same sky."

will, I confess, trouble me but little. It is to other things that I would have my reader direct his best attention, the life, the character of the nation, the men and the conduct, at home and on the field, from which its power sprang and grew. Then he may trace how the ancient government broke down, and how the ancient character of the nation gave way too, until at length we have reached a point in our own day when both the abuses of our national life and their remedies are greater than we can bear.

There you hear the free Venetian spirit, recognising, and yet lamenting, the necessity of the new Empire of the Caesars. And the next sentence has a no less characteristic Paduan touch:—

Yet unless I am deceived by fondness for my task, there never was a nation whose history is richer in noble deeds, nor a community into which greed and luxury have made so late an entrance; or in which plain and thrifty living have been so long or so highly honoured. It is just this which is so health-giving and fruitful in the study of history, that you can fix your gaze upon well-attested examples of every kind of conduct, blazoned upon a splendid record.

From these words it is clear that what Livy first of all set before him was to paint these 'great examples': great men, great institutions, great deeds, are the things on which the reader must 'fix his gaze.' Take now as the first of a few such pictures from Livy's pages, a brief and to us not very exciting scene in a dilapidated temple in Rome, somewhere about 27 B.C. It is a footnote which Livy adds to the spirited story of a fight in the fifth century B.C. between a Roman called Aulus Cornelius Cossus and an Etruscan Chief, in which Cossus had won what was called Royal Spoil, *spolia opima*, by defeating the enemy's leader in single combat (iv. 20. 5).

I have followed all the authorities in relating that it was in the office of military tribune [1] that Cossus won these spoils and dedicated them in the Temple of Jupiter. But in the first place spoil is only properly called Royal when it is taken by a Roman commander from the commander of the enemy, and we recognise no one as commander unless he is actually the general in charge of an army. And secondly, the actual inscription written upon the spoil itself proves that both I and my authorities are wrong and that in truth Cossus took it when he was Consul. This fact I learnt from Augustus Caesar, the second founder of every temple in Rome, since I heard him say that when he entered the shrine of Jupiter Feretrius, which he restored from an almost ruinous state, he read with his own eyes this inscription written on the linen corselet. And I feel that it would be almost a sacrilege to rob Cossus of such testimony to his achievement, the testimony of the Emperor himself, the second founder of the temple. But if the source of the confusion lie in certain ancient authorities . . . that is a point on which every reader is free to use his own conjecture.

Then after pointing out further difficulties in the traditional account Livy concludes :—

But we may toss these matters of small importance to and fro, according to every man's opinion; and when all is done, the author of this battle his own self, having set up these fresh and new spoils in a holy place, in the sight of Jupiter himself standing thereby to whom they were vowed, and Romulus also, two witnesses not to be despised nor abused with a false title, hath written himself, A. Cornelius Cossus Consul.[2]

This is quite typical of Livy's whole attitude to difficult points in tradition. His judgment on the

[1] A rank corresponding to that of a modern colonel.

[2] The discerning reader will have scented in this concluding paragraph of the rendering a freshness hardly to be compassed in our own labouring day. It is from Philemon Holland's version; on which see below.

evidence is quite sound. He sees that his usual authorities must be wrong; but he leaves it to the reader to say so in so many words, because that, he felt, would cast doubt on the rest of his history, and he despairs altogether of explaining their vagaries. But this despair does not weigh on his mind at all; it did not even lead him to go to look at the inscription with his own eyes; what interests him is the picture of the young, triumphant Emperor Augustus, in the course of his devout restoration of the ancient shrines of Rome, stopping to read the archaic letters written on a linen breast-plate torn from a dying Etruscan chief by his vanquisher the Consul Cossus, 400 years before.

Let us turn to a few pictures on a larger canvas, putting first the familiar passage which led our own artist Turner to his vivid painting of Hannibal crossing the Alps. Into the controversies that have sprung from the perennial interest of the story, we will not enter; but it is well to observe that on every point the course of modern research (in which the investigations of Dr. G. E. Marindin, Capitaine Colin, and Prof. Spenser Wilkinson may be especially mentioned) has vindicated the good faith and sound judgment with which Livy has interpreted, so far as he could, a tradition well attested but almost wholly devoid of local names. It is unlucky that what is perhaps the gravest piece of carelessness which ever sullied the high repute of Theodor Mommsen should have led him to impugn the truth of Livy's account on the ground of its divergence from the account given by Polybius; whereas it is only necessary to read the whole of what Polybius says about Hannibal's

point of descent—and not the first part only, which is all that Mommsen heeded—to see that in every essential point the two stories are closely parallel, and wholly worthy of credence.[1]

This version and those that follow are either taken from, or largely based upon, the translation of Philemon Holland which was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth[2] and breathes everywhere the masterfulness and enthusiasm of her "spacious times." Those which, like the Hannibal passage, are here taken over, I have modified where we have now better knowledge of Livy's text or (which is rare) of his Latin; where the English of the sixteenth century would be now misleading; and where the richness of Holland's vocabulary and his manful resolve to discover in the Latin every atom of its meaning, have done less than justice to the pregnant gravity of Livy's style. Wherever Holland's English suggests a brilliant and

[1] For the details of Mommsen's error see *Class. Rev.* xxv. (1911), p. 156; Mr. F. E. A. Trayes gives an excellent comparison of the two narratives in the Appendix to his edition of Book xxi. (London, 1905, Bell & Co.). Prof. Spenser Wilkinson in a brilliant monograph (*Hannibal's March*, Oxford, 1911) gives the results of his own exploration of the district and makes a strong case for the Col Clapier.

[2] A few sentences from this dedication I cannot withhold:—

"Vouchsafe also, of your accustomed clemency showed to aliens; of your fervent zeal to learning and good letters . . . to reach forth your gracious hand to T. Livius; who having arrived long since and conversed as a mere stranger in this your famous island and now for love thereof learned in some sort the language, humbly craveth your Majesty's favour to be ranged with other free citizens of that kind, so long to live under your princely protection, as he shall duly keep his own allegiance and acquaint your liege subjects with religious devotion after his manner, with wisdom, policy, virtue, valour, loyalty; and not otherwise."

voluble schoolboy, that is the mark not of Livy, but of Holland and his century; but where it flows in a strong tide of feeling, moving with speed and power, there he has exactly expressed his original.

Let us begin at a point at which Hannibal, already in high altitudes, has had a sharp conflict with one Alpine tribe, and is approached by delegates from another (xxi. c. 34, 4).

First went in the vanguard the Elephants, and the horsemen; himself marched after with the flower of his infantry, looking all about him with an heedful eye. So soon as he was entered a narrow passage which on one side lay under a steep hill, the barbarous people rose out of their ambush from all parts at once, before and behind, and attacked him; yea and rolled down mighty stones upon them as they marched. But the greatest number came behind; against whom he turned and made head with his infantry, and without all peradventure, if the tail of his army had not been strong and well fortified, they must needs have received an exceeding great overthrow in that valley. Even as it was, Hannibal spent one night cut off from his baggage and cavalry. After this the mountaineers (fewer in number and in robbing-wise rather than in warlike sort) attacked him only in small bands, one while upon the vaward, other while upon the rereward, as any of them could get the vantage of ground. . . .

The Elephants though they were driven very slowly, because through these narrow straits they were ready ever and anon to run on their noses, yet what way soever they went, they kept the army safe and sure from the enemy, who being not used unto them, durst not once come near. The ninth day he won the very tops of the Alps, mostly through untrod paths: after he had wandered many times out of the way, either through the deceitfulness of their guides; or because when they durst not trust them, they had adventured rashly themselves upon the valleys without knowing the tops thereof. There the soldiers wearied with travail and fight rested two days: certain also of the

sumpter horses (which had slipt aside from the rocks) by following the tracks of the army as it marched, made their way to the camp. When they were thus overtoiled and wearied with these tedious travailes, a fall of snow (for now the star Vergiliae was setting) increased their fear exceedingly. For when at the break of day the ensigns were set forward, the army marched out slowly through deep snow all around them; and there appeared in the countenance of them all heaviness and despair. Then Hannibal advanced before the standards and commanded his soldiers to halt upon a certain projecting spur of the mountains (from whence they had a goodly prospect and might see a great way all about them); and there displayed unto them Italy and the goodly champain fields about the Po, which lie hard under the foot of the Alps: saying That even now they had mounted the walls not only of Italy but also of the city of Rome; all besides (saith he) will be plain and easy to be travelled: and after one or two battles at the most ye shall have at your command the very castle and head city of Italy.

. . . . . .

Howbeit they had much more difficulty travelling downhill, than in the climbing up; for well-nigh all the way was steep, narrow and slippery, so as neither they could hold themselves from sliding, nor if any tripped and stumbled never so little, could they possibly (they staggered so) recover themselves and keep sure footing, but one fell upon another and horses upon the men. After this they came to a much narrower path of rock with crags so steep downright that hardly even a nimble soldier without armour and baggage (do what he could to take hold with hands upon the twigs and plants that there about grew forth) was able to creep down. This place being before naturally steep and precipitous, now was cut right off by a new fall of earth, which had left a bank behind it of nearly a thousand feet depth. There the horsemen stood still as if they had been come to their way's end: and when Hannibal marvelled much what the matter might be that stayed them so as they marched not on, word was brought him that the Rock was unpassable.

Whereupon, he went himself in person to view the place and then he saw indeed without all doubt that he must fetch a compasse about, however far round, and conduct his army, to pass through the wild places around it such as before had never been trodden. And verily that (of all other ways) was such as it was impossible to pass through. For whereas there lay old snow untouched and not trodden on, and over it other snow newly fallen, of a moderate depth: in this soft and tender snow, and the same not very deep, their feet as they went, easily took hold; but that snow, being once with the gait of so many people and beasts upon it fretted and thawed, they were compelled to go upon the bare frozen surface underneath, and in the slabbery snow-broth, as it relented and melted about their heels. There they had foul ado and much struggling, for they could not tread sure upon the slippery ice, which betrayed their feet the sooner for the downward slope; so that whether with hands or knees they strove to rise, down they fell again, when those their props and stays slipped from beneath them; and there were here no stocks of trees nor roots about, whereupon a man might take hold, and stay himself, either by hand or foot; so all they could do was to tumble and wallow, upon the slippery and glassy ice, in the molten slabbie snow. Otherwhiles also the poor beasts cut through the surface of the lower snow, where they trod hard upon it: and when once they were fallen forward, with flinging out their heels, and beating with their hoofs more forcibly for to take hold, they brake the under surface quite through; so as many of them, as if they had been caught fast and fettered, stuck still in the hard frozen and congealed ice.

At last, when both man and beast were wearied and overtoiled, and all to no purpose, they encamped upon the top of an hill, having with very much ado cleansed the place aforehand for that purpose: such a deal of snow there was to be digged, and thrown out. This done, soldiers were brought to break that rock through which was their only way: and against the time that it was to be hewed through, they felled and overthrew many huge trees that grew there about, and made a mighty heap and pile of wood: the wind served fitly for the time to kindle a fire and then they all

set aburning. Now when the rock was on fire, and red hot, they poured thereon vinegar[1] for to calcine and dissolve it. When the rock was thus baked (as it were) with fire, they digged into it and opened it with pick-axes, and made the descent gentle and easy by means of moderate windings and turnings: so as not only the horses and other beasts but even the Elephants also might be able to go down. Four days Hannibal spent about the levelling of this rock: and the beasts were almost pined and lost for hunger. For the hilltops for the most part are bare of grass, and look what forage there is, the snow conceals. But the lower grounds have valleys and some little banks lying to the sun and streams withall, near unto the woods, yea and places more meet and beseeming for men to inhabit. There were the labouring beasts put out to grass and pasture; and the soldiers that were wearied with making the ways had three days allowed to rest in.

Turn now to two pictures[2] of Roman character in an earlier century, of T. Manlius Torquatus the Consul and Q. Papirius the Dictator. The two are meant by Livy to stand as companion portraits:—their likeness, and their unlikeness, will appear.

The story of Titus Manlius is an incident in the great Latin War of 340 B.C., which was almost a civil war, since the Latins who were now in revolt spoke the language of Rome and had long served in the Roman legions; and many of the men in the rebel army were familiarly known to old comrades on the other side. To preclude the opportunities for

[1] This device was practised in ancient times by Spaniards in their quarries (Pliny, 33. 96), and it was from Spain that Hannibal's best troops had been drawn.

[2] Both passages come from a Book too little read in our schools, the Eighth, perhaps partly because of a grievous difficulty in the text of the eighth chapter, which recent study of the MSS. has now, I think, removed.

treachery which these conditions offered, the Consuls, of whom one was T. Manlius, forbade all irregular fighting (*ne quis iniussu pugnaret*). But the Consul's own son, who was a commander of a cavalry patrol, was challenged to single combat by a Latin noble and did not refuse. The young Roman unhorsed his challenger and slew him. This is the sequel (viii. 7. 12):—

Then the young Manlius returned with his spoil to his companions and rode back to camp amid their shouts of triumph. So he came into his father's presence in the praetorium, ignorant of what his destiny had in store, whether he had earned praise or penalty. "So that all the world," said he, "my father, might truly report that I am sprung from your blood, when I was challenged by an enemy, I fought him horse to horse, and slew him, and took these spoils." But when the consul heard these words, he could not bear to look upon his son, but turned away and bade the trumpet sound for an assembly of the soldiers.

The soldiers being assembled in great number, then said the elder Manlius to his son: "Since you, Titus Manlius, have neither feared the authority of a consul nor revered the command of your father, but have disobeyed our edict by leaving the ranks to engage in single combat; and since, so far as in you lay, you have broken the discipline of war on which the safety and the power of Rome have to this day depended; and have brought me to a straight pass where I must choose either to forget the commonweal, or to forget myself, you and I shall abide the smart for our misdeeds rather than that our country, to her so great damage, should pay for our folly and transgression. We shall afford a fearful but a wholesome example to young men of future time. I acknowledge as I look upon you that I am touched not merely by natural affection for my son but by the deed of valour you have done, tempted by a false show of glory. But since the authority of the consuls must needs be either confirmed by

your death, or if you escape the penalty of disobedience, be for ever annulled; and since, if you have aught of my blood in your veins, even you yourself will not, I believe, refuse to vindicate by your punishment the discipline that has been overthrown by your fault"—then said he to the lictor —"Go, lictor, I command you, bind him to the block."

Vergil's comment on this scene is brief and famous, 'Torquatus, that stern headsman' (*saevomque securi Torquatum, Aen.* vi. 825).

Twenty years later in the great Samnite War the Dictator Papirius, having to leave his army in order to perform some ceremony at Rome, gave precise instructions to his Master of the Horse, who was left in command, not to engage the enemy until he, Papirius, should return. The instruction was disobeyed; and Fabius having won a victory announced it in a dispatch which was read to the Senate in the presence of the Dictator himself, who at once left Rome for the front, making no secret of his intention to inflict summary punishment on Fabius. Arrived in camp he found the army and its superior officers unwilling to surrender Fabius to be scourged and beheaded, and a long altercation ended in Fabius' escape to Rome. The Dictator hurried back after him. There followed a debate and resolution of the Senate, which had no effect upon the Dictator's resolve.

(Book viii. 33, 7.) Then stept forth M. Fabius the father. "For as much," said he, "neither the authority of the Senate, nor mine old age, whom you seek to make childless, nor yet the noble courage of the Master of Horse, by your own self chosen, can prevail; nor any humble prayers, which are often able to appease the fury of an enemy, yea and to pacify the wrath of the Gods; I implore the lawful help of the Tribunes, and to the whole body of people I appeal." . . . Then out of the Council-house they

went straight to the common place of audience; and when the Dictator, attended with some few, was ascended up to the rostra, and the Master of the Horse, accompanied by all the whole troop of the chief of the city, had followed him, Papirius commanded that Fabius should come down, or else be fetched, from the rostra, unto the lower ground. His father followed after him. "Well done," quoth the father, "in commanding us to be brought hither, from whence we may be allowed to speak our minds, even if we were no better than private persons." Then at the first there passed no continued speeches so much as wrangling and altercation. But afterwards, the voice and indignation of old Fabius surmounted the other noise; who greatly cried out upon the pride and cruelty of Papirius. "What, man?" quoth he, "I have been also a Dictator of Rome myself, and yet was there never so much as a poor commoner, no Centurion, nor soldier hardly entreated by me. But Papirius seeketh victory and triumph over a Roman General, as much as over the leaders and commanders of his enemies. See, what difference there is between the government of men in old time, and this new pride and cruelty of late days. Quintius Cincinnatus, when he was Dictator, proceeded no further in punishment against the Consul Minucius, when he had delivered him lying besieged within his own camp, but to leave him as a Lieutenant instead of Consul, in the army whereof he had charge. . . . Neither the people itself, whose power is sovereign, was ever more angry against those that through rashness and want of skill lost whole armies, than to fine them a sum of money. For the miscarriage of any battle, that a General should be brought into question for his life, was never heard of to this day. But now, rods and axes, whipping and beheading, are prepared for the Commanders under the people of Rome, and those who are conquerors and have deserved most justly triumphs. . . . What else (I pray you) should my son have endured, if he had suffered the field to be lost and his army likewise? If he had been discomfited, put to flight, and driven clean out of his camp, how far forth further would the Dictator's ire and violence have proceeded than to scourge and kill? And see how fit and seemly a thing it is that the city for

the victory of Q. Fabius, should be in joy, in processions to the gods, and thanksgivings, with congratulation and feasting one another; and he himself by whose means the temples stand open, the altars smoke with incense and sacrifice, and are heaped up again with vows, oblations, and offerings, to be stripped naked, to be whipped and lashed to death in the sight of the people of Rome, looking up to the Capitol, lifting up his eyes to the gods, whom in two such noble battles he has invoked and not in vain? With what heart will the army take this, which by his leading and under his fortune achieved victory? What lamentation will there be in the Roman camp? and what rejoicing amongst our enemies?" Thus fared Fabius the good old father, calling upon God and man for help; and withal embraced his son in his arms, and shed many a tear. On the one side, there made with young Fabius the majesty of the Senate, the love of the people, the assistance of the Tribunes, and the remembrance of the army absent. On the other side were alleged against him by Papirius the invincible command and government of the people of Rome; the discipline of war; the Dictator's orders (reverenced at all times, no less than an oracle of the gods); the severe edicts of Manlius, whose fatherly love and affection to his son were counted less than the service and common good of the state; the same exemplary justice which L. Brutus, the first founder of Roman liberty, had executed in his two sons. And now, mild and kind fathers, fond old men, when other men's commandment have been contemned, gave liberty to youth, and pardoned as a small matter the overthrow of military discipline. Howbeit, he Papirius for his part would persist in his purpose still nor remit one jot of condign punishment to him who contrary to his commandment, and notwithstanding the disturbance of religion and the doubtful auspices, had given battle; saying, that as it was not in his power to abridge any jot the eternal majesty of the State and Empire; so neither would he diminish aught of the authority thereof; and he prayed that neither the Tribunes' puissance, sacred and inviolable itself, should by their intervention violate the power of Rome; nor that the people of Rome should in him above all others abolish and

extinguish both Dictator and Dictatorship. Which if it did, the posterity hereafter should lay the weight and blame (although in vain) not on L. Papirius, but on the Tribunes. For when once the discipline of war was profaned, no private soldier would obey his centurion nor any man in any rank in any army him that is set over him. . . . "With these crimes and inconveniences (O ye Tribunes) charged you must be to the world's end; lay down you must, and gage your own lives for the audacious disobedience of Q. Fabius, for whom ye are now answerable."

The Tribunes were astonished hereat, and for themselves now rather anxious and perplexed, than for him who had recourse unto them for succour. But the general consent of the people of Rome, turning to prayer and entreaty, eased them of this heavy load; and with one voice humbly besought the Dictator to remit the punishment of the Master of Horse, for their sake. The Tribunes also, seeing that was the way, and all others, inclining and growing to petition, followed after, and did the like; earnestly beseeching the Dictator to forgive this human frailty and youthful folly of Q. Fabius, saying that he had suffered chastisement enough. Then the young man himself, then his father M. Fabius, forgetting all strife, and laying aside debate, fell down at the Dictator's feet, and besought him to appease his wrathful displeasure. Hereupon the Dictator after silence made, "Yea marrie," quoth he, "O Quirites, this I like well, and thus it should be; now hath military discipline got the victory, now hath the majesty of the Empire prevailed indeed, which lay both a-bleeding, and were in hazard to be abolished for ever, after this day. Q. Fabius is not acquit of his offence, in that he fought against his Dictator's commandment; but being thereof convicted and cast, is forgiven, nay is given to the people of Rome and the Tribunes' power, whose help was granted merely for his instant prayers, and not of right. Well, rise up, Q. Fabius, and live, a more happy man for this agreement of the city in thy defence, than for that victory, upon which erewhile thou barest thyself so bravely. Live (I say) thou that hast been so bold to commit that fact which thine own father here, if he had been in L. Papirius' place, would never have pardoned. And as for me, into

my grace and favour thou mayest come again, at thine own will and pleasure. But to the people of Rome to whom thou art beholden for thy life, thou shalt perform no greater duty and service, than that the example of this day's work may be a warning to thee for ever, to obey, as well in war as in peace, all lawful hests of superior Magistrates."

We may glance finally at one or two examples of the high-minded tenderness towards women which is a marked feature of Livy's thought and which places his influence second only to Vergil's among such of the humanising factors of mediaeval Europe as were older than the Christian Church. Some of the stories, like those of Lucretia and Volumnia, the mother of Coriolanus, are too famous to quote; perhaps the noblest of them is the story of Verginia's death by her father's hand. The power of Livy's brevity—which allows a bare ten lines to the final scene of the tragedy—will be newly appreciated if it be compared with the prolix though not unspirited Lay of Virginia by Macaulay, himself no mean orator, when he chose. Let me rather end by quoting two less familiar passages, both eminently characteristic of Livy, one of his gentle humour, the other of his chivalrous grace.

The first is a picture of the rugged old Roman farmer and statesman, staunch Conservative and would-be Philistine, Cato the Censor; who however gave way in his old age and learnt the Greek that he had for many years defied and denounced. He is speaking on a question of women's rights. Twenty years earlier, at the darkest point of the struggle with Hannibal, a law called the *Lex Oppia* had forbidden women to possess more than half an ounce of gold or to wear brightly coloured dresses, the costly iridescent purple

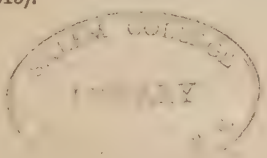
of Tyre being no doubt the chief luxury whose import was prohibited. Now that the danger was past and the sixteen years of war at last ended, the women and their lovers and husbands were eager to have the law repealed.

The whole speech of Cato against the repeal and the reply of his opponents are well worth reading,[1] though too long to quote here. But the opening passage will serve to show the humour with which Livy portrays the gruff old partisan :—

(Book xxxiv. 1. 5.) The dames of the city themselves could neither by persuasion nor advice nor authority of their husbands be kept within doors; but do what men could, they bespread all the streets of the city, beset all the ways into the forum, entreating their husbands as they passed and went down thither, to give their consent, that seeing the good estate of the commonweal now flourished, and the private wealth of every man increased daily, their wives also might be allowed to have their gay attire again. The concourse of the women increased daily and they ventured now to approach and solicit even the Consuls, the praetors, and other magistrates.

But as for one of the Consuls, Marcus Porcius Cato by name, they could not with all their prayers, entreat him to incline unto their suit: who in the maintenance of the said law, and that it might not be revoked, spake to this effect: "My masters and citizens of Rome, if every one of us had fully resolved with himself to hold his own, and keep the rightful authority that he hath over his own wife, less ado and trouble we should have had with them all together at this day. But now having given them the head at home so much, that the curstness and shrewdness of women hath conquered our freehold there; behold, here

[1] A brilliant and forcible version has been recently published by Prof. Darney Naylor of Adelaide (*More Latin and English Idiom*, Cambridge, 1915).



also in public place it is trodden down and trampled underfoot: and because we were not able every man to rule his own separately, now we stand in fear, and dread them all in general. Certes, I myself thought ever until now, that it was but a feigned fable and tale that went of a certain Island, wherein by a conspiracy of women all the men were murdered every one, and that sex utterly made away. But well I see now, be they creatures never so weak, let them once have their meetings, their conventicles and secret conferences, they will work mischief in the highest degree, and be as dangerous as any other."

The rest of the speech is taken up with two arguments, the first one which, I believe, is known to suffragists as "the thin end of the wedge"; the second is a general, and quite sincere, plea for simplicity of living. The reply of Valerius is what one would expect from that noble house, dignified, liberal, and chivalrous; and the end of the story is that the matter was settled by a little "peaceful picketing."

After debate of words passed in this wise, in favour and disfavour of the law, the day following, the women flocked in greater multitudes into the open streets; and banding themselves together, as it were, in one troop, they beset the doors and houses of the Bruti, the tribunes who were threatening to interpose their veto upon the bill preferred by their fellow-tribunes: and the women never gave over to keep this stir, until those tribunes slackened in their opposition; which done, there was no doubt then, but all the tribes with one voice would abrogate and abolish the old law. Thus twenty years after the enacting thereof, it was repealed.

Lastly, consider the picture of the young Scipio, a man whom Livy admired, but with some reserves.[1]

[1] "We see" (writes a distinguished Irish scholar, Prof. R. Mitchell Henry, in the Introduction to his recent edition of Book

In the year 210 or 209 B.C. in the middle of the Hannibalic War, Scipio had just taken New Carthage, the chief stronghold of the Carthaginians in Spain.

(Book xxvi. 50.) After this there was presented unto him by his soldiers, a maiden of ripe years, taken also prisoner: but so surpassing in beauty that wheresoever she went, every man's eye was upon her in admiration. Scipio having inquired in what country she was born and of what parents, among other things learned that she was affianced to a young Prince of the Celtiberians, whose name was Allucius. Forthwith he sent home to her parents and her betrothed to repair unto him: and in the meantime, he heard that her husband that should be was wonderfully enamoured of her, and ready to die for her love. So soon as Allucius was come Scipio entered into more careful speech with him, than he did either with the father or mother of the maiden, and in these terms he entertained him. "I am a young man," quoth he, "as well as yourself. Come on, therefore, let us, young men both, commune together more freely and be not too coy and bashful one to the other. When your espoused wife taken captive by our soldiers was brought unto me and when I heard of the exceeding affection that you cast unto her, I believed it full well; for her singular beauty deserveth no less. Now, for as much as myself, if I might be allowed to use the pastimes of youth,—especially in an honest and lawful love,—and were not called away by the common-weal, and employed wholly in affairs of state, I would think to be pardoned if I had an extraordinary liking to a betrothed of mine own; I must therefore needs favour and tender your love, which is the thing I can, considering that I may not the other in any wise. Your sweetheart I have entertained as well and as respectfully as she should have been with your father and mother-in-law, her own parents. Safe kept she hath been for you alone, that you might receive her at my hands,

xxvi., p. 12), "the lofty airs and self-approving virtue, the genuine kindliness and bonhomie of the young patrician, too kindly to be a prig and too young to know how near he is to being one."

a gift unspotted and untouched and beseeming me and you both. In recompense, therefore, of this boon, I require at your hands again this one promise and covenant, that you will be a friend and wellwisher to the people of Rome. And if you take me indeed to be a good and honest man, such as these nations here in Spain have known my father and uncle to have been before me; know you thus much, that in the city of Rome there are many more like unto us; and that there cannot at this day a nation in the world be named which you would wish less to be an enemy to you and yours, or desire more to entertain as your friend."

The young gentleman being abashed for very modesty and yet right joyful withal, held Scipio by the hand, called upon all the gods, and besought them in his behalf, to thank and recompense him therefor, since it lay not in his own proper power in any measure to make requital, either as himself could wish or as Scipio had deserved. Then were the parents and kinsfolk of the maid called for: who seeing the damsel, freely given them again, for whose ransom and redemption they had brought with them a good round sum of gold, fell to entreating Scipio to vouchsafe to accept the same at their hands as a gift; assuring him that in his so doing they should count themselves no less beholden unto him, than for the restoring and delivering of the maid. Scipio seeing them so earnest and importunate, promised to receive it, and withal, commanded that it should be laid down at his feet. Then calling Allucius unto him, "Here," quoth he, "over and besides your other dowry which your father-in-law must pay you, have from me thus much more money wherewith to mend your marriage; take this gold therefore to yourself, and keep it for your own use." So after this rich reward given, and honour done unto him, Allucius was dismissed, and departed home with much joy and heart's content: where he filled the ears and minds of his country-men with right and just praises of Scipio; saying, there was come into Spain a young man most resembling the immortal gods; who as well by bounty, and bestowing benefits, as by force of arms, is in the very way to conquer all. So when he had assembled and mustered all his vassals, he returned

within few days, accompanied with a train of fourteen hundred of the best and most choice horsemen of his country.

"No historian," said Quintilian,[1] of Livy, "has ever represented feeling more perfectly, especially feelings of the gentler sort (*praecipueque eos qui sunt dulciores*)." And in this too his spirit is proven kin to the great painters who made glorious the later days of his Venetian race.

[1] x. 1. 101. Nec indignetur sibi Herodotus aequari Titum Livium, cum in narrando mirae iucunditatis clarissimique candoris, tum in contionibus supra quam enarrari potest eloquentem; ita quae dicuntur omnia cum rebus tum personis accommodata sunt. Adfectus quidem praecipueque eos qui sunt dulciores, ut parcissime dicam, nemo historicorum commendavit magis.

X

EDUCATION AND FREEDOM[1]

A GREAT and long war puts to the test every part of the life of an Empire. There is probably no side of our national work, however remote it may seem, which has not its effect for good or ill upon the struggle in which we are engaged. Like other people, teachers and students may well ask themselves whether the part they are contributing to the building of the British communities has been everywhere sound and fit to stand the new strain upon the whole fabric. Now there is one class of people who are ready with an answer, and an answer of a discouraging kind, none the less important, however, if, and in so far as, it is a true one. According to them, the successes of our enemies were mainly due to the excellence of their mastery of the mechanical arts, of the application of

[1] The idea of this article arose in a conversation with Professor C. F. Walters, in June, 1915. It was given in outline to a Conference of Teachers arranged by the League of Empire in July, to the British Association in September, 1915, and to the Classical Association on January 7, 1916. It was delivered in full as a public lecture in the University of Manchester on January 31, 1916, the night of the Zeppelin raid in the Midlands; to the Liverpool branch of the Classical Association on February 29, and to the Cardiff Branch on March 6. In June, 1916, it appeared in the *Contemporary Review*.

science to practice; in short, of their superiority in technical education. And the moral they wish us to draw is that our first effort in education should be to increase greatly the time given to the pursuit of these practical ends. They draw the inference that the time given to the literary side of training in Britain and the British Empire must be greatly reduced if we are to attain to the height of efficiency and happiness represented by German *Kultur*.

Well, it is always wise to learn from our enemies if we are quite sure that what they have to teach us is true—that is to say, that it corresponds to the more important facts. But it is not my purpose now to inquire how far the training which we do possess in science and its practical applications is complete and efficient, nor should I be competent for such an inquiry. There is another question which is more fundamental, and it is one whose connexion with the present position of Europe is not always realised, namely, this—is there anything in the British type of education to account for the difference between the British and the German ideals of life and conduct, a difference which the war has brought home to us all? If there is, it is surely well that in shaping our policy for the future we should know it.

Now there is at least one thing which seems to have been lacking in the machine of German education as directed from Prussia, but one which is a marked element in our own system, and which in our English public schools is really the central feature in the methods of discipline of which they are justly proud. It is a principle of life familiar to us in this country, so familiar that we forget that it ever had a beginning.

And yet it is so modern as to have been unknown to our enemies, or known to them only to be despised; its enjoyment belongs to an epoch which their organisation had not reached before the war. But it was discovered in a definite and known period of history, after many fruitless attempts: its authors had to fight and suffer perhaps longer and more bitterly than the authors of any single conception which has ennobled human life: I mean the discovery of freedom.

Now by freedom, of course, we do not mean liberty for the individual to do as he likes. Every son and daughter of Adam loves that, without any teaching. The freedom which Englishmen love means the limitation of that individual liberty by a keen sense of the claim of one's fellows to enjoy the same; a sense embodied in what we call free government, of which the essential characteristic is to give to each citizen not merely the maximum of individual liberty consistent with the same maximum for others, but also an actual share (in his individual degree) in the duty of regulating this liberty and of determining the directions in which the energies of the whole community shall be turned. One of the chief marks of this freedom lies in the right of the governed to criticise their governors, and the responsibility of the governors to their subjects.

Now even this brief attempt to define freedom, in the most commonplace way, is enough to remind us that it is a highly complex thing, and far from being one of the inborn "rights of men," as the brave dreamers of the French Revolution supposed. Through countless ages it remained unknown; and of all the peoples in history there is only one that can claim the

glory of having found it and tried it first. From them the conception passed as a great inheritance, in a line which it is worth our while to trace, to all the communities that have ever tried to practise it. For consider the beginnings of the history of all the peoples we know; no matter what nation it is whose earliest traditions we scrutinise—Achaeans in the Iliad, Spartans under Lycurgus, Romans under the Kings, Jews under the Judges, Babylonians and Egyptians under kings and priests, Kelts under their Druids and tribal chiefs, to say nothing of all the backward nations—we shall always find, at the beginning, not freedom, but some form of dominion by a monarch or a caste. Free government was invented in the sixth century B.C. by the people that first conceived the City State; and they were the people that first introduced into Europe the arts of writing and navigation; the people that created every form of intellectual life—physical science, mathematics, astronomy, medicine, sculpture, painting, poetry, drama, history, philosophy; even these august names do not exhaust the list. All these things Europe owes to the Greeks. And in an hour when again the free communities of Europe have fought at bitter cost for freedom, it is good to remember how valiantly its first discoverers fought for it in their day in their own small cities and islands.

At Athens, first, by the creative imagination of Solon, the economic troubles that marked the beginning of an industrial epoch were wisely handled; debtors were relieved, the whole body of citizens was at once enfranchised and conscribed, and heavier taxation imposed on the wealthier class. These reforms

were simultaneous, so that the popular movement was directed towards replacing an oligarchy by a moderate form of free government. Then came the curious and short-lived institution of tyranny, mainly based, as we now know,[1] on the rapid development of wealth and the concentration of capital in the hands of the tyrant. Quickly at Athens, more slowly elsewhere, resistance to tyranny was turned to the good purpose of consolidating the framework of freedom. But scarcely had this freedom been won when it was subjected to a terrible test. At the outset of the fifth century B.C. one or two of the free Greek cities resisted the might of the Empire of Persia, which controlled the whole of the East from Bactria to the waters of the Aegean, and which for many years endeavoured to extinguish the beginnings of freedom on Greek soil itself. It was the men of Athens who defeated the Persians at Marathon in 490 B.C.; and who, ten years later, having suffered their city to be burnt, entrusted themselves entirely to the "wooden walls" of their navy, and led the ships of the other Greek States to destroy the Persian fleet at Salamis. Unless the Athenians had thus thrown themselves into what seemed an absolutely hopeless enterprise, freedom might have been unknown in Europe for many centuries; and certainly its most glorious embodiments would never have been shaped.

For what is it that makes the peculiar charm which Englishmen have always felt in the historians and orators of Athens, but that their thoughts were centred in freedom? The great history of Thucydides

[1] See Prof. P. N. Ure, *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, vol. xxvi. (1906), p. 131.

has been called a drama of Athens;[1] but it is truer to describe it as a drama of Hellenic freedom. It is not the actual city of Athens that is the central figure in his account of the Peloponnesian War; it is the spiritual Athens, the instinct, or rather the passion, essentially common to all the cities with which Athens was in league, and even to many of the cities with whom she was in conflict, the love of free government. The history opens with the picture of Athens as the centre of Greek interest, the deliverer of the small communities from Persian oppression. While Athens grows great other cities come upon the historian's stage—Plataea, the gallant defender of freedom, and in the end its martyr; Mitylene, defeated and in danger of extinction, but in the end spared by a wave of repentance in the Athenian Assembly; Corcyra, where the struggle for freedom ends in prolonged tragedy, like that of Paris in 1792; Melos, the victim of Athenian ambition and of the betrayal of the Athenian ideal by Athens herself led by evil counsellors. Finally, when the cup of folly is full, the great victory of Syracuse over the Athenian fleet leaves Athens humbled and punished for her imperialist adventures, and reduced to struggle for her own freedom. The story is lit up by the wonderful imagination of the speeches put into the mouths of leading men at critical situations, which give us always the motives of the actors in the drama; and these actors are not so much the individual men who speak them as the cities themselves. The greatest of these speeches is the famous oration of Pericles in 431 B.C., in honour of

[1] For instance, by Mr. F. M. Cornford, *Thucyd. Mythistoricus*, p. 153.

the Athenian citizens who had fallen in the first year of the Peloponnesian War. Notice here only the words with which he turns to the survivors: "Make these men your example, and be well assured that happiness comes by freedom, and freedom by stoutness of heart."

Or turn to a later page of the story of Athens, her struggle with Philip of Macedon; that is, against a military monarchy, competent, centralised, half-barbarian, aiming at a domination over civilised communities. In this struggle Athens fell, no longer the Athens of the fifth century; too civilised, too fond of pleasures, though pleasures of a not ignoble type, to set freedom above comfort. But the decay of the old spirit was not universal—one man, at least, was still in love with freedom, and he held back the coming humiliation for thirty years. Let us note two brief passages from the appeals of Demosthenes to his countrymen, and consider if any part of them seems out of date to-day:—

> One thing at least, men of Athens, is clear: Philip will not stand still unless some one stops him; and are we to wait for some one else to do it? . . . If we sit at home listening to the politicians accusing one another . . . none of the things that are necessary shall we ever secure. . . . When you send out an admiral armed with nothing better than a resolution of this House and fine promises from its speakers, nothing that you need is done—your enemies scoff and your allies perish. . . . Let us dismiss such trifling, and remember only that every time we have hoped that something was going to be done for us by somebody else we have found things turning against us. . . . The future is in our hands, and unless we are willing to go out and fight Philip in his own country, we may be compelled to fight him here.[1]

[1] *Philippic*, i. pp. 52–4.

In another passage he describes the characteristic strength and weakness of Philip's power :—

> Strange to say, men of Athens, the very cause of Philip's strength is a circumstance which is favourable to you. He has it in his sole power to publish or conceal his designs, being at the same time sovereign, general, and paymaster, and everywhere accompanying his army. This undoubtedly is a great advantage for quick and timely operations of war; but for making peace, as he gladly would, with the free city of Olynthus, it has a contrary effect; for it is plain to the Olynthians that they are fighting now not for glory, nor for a slice of territory, but to save their country from destruction and enslavement. They know how he treated the folk who surrendered to him in Amphipolis and Pydna; in a word, despotic power is always mistrusted by free communities.[1]

But it is a far cry from Olynthus and Athens in the fourth century B.C. to Belgium and Serbia and Montenegro in the twentieth century A.D. What concern have we now with these ancient peoples?

The full answer to this question would be as long as the history of freedom; we must consider only some typical points. The first constitution of Rome, ascribed in part to the Regal Period, bears in its timocratic character the clear impress of a Greek type. Just as in the constitution of Solon, so at Rome, the responsibilities of a citizen in peace and war were proportioned to his means. The consuls who were to command the army were elected the year before by all the men who were liable to serve in it, or who ever had served, just as at Athens; and if at home the consuls exceeded their civil powers they could be impeached before the whole body. Nor was it only at the outset that Rome drew her wisdom from Greece.

[1] *Olynthiac*, i. p. 10.

The strength of Rome all through the centuries lay precisely in this municipal idea. What saved Italy from Hannibal? The free towns which were faithful to Rome. And why were they faithful? Because, although the terms on which they enjoyed Roman protection varied in each case, yet all but the smallest were free within their own walls. The most favoured class of towns were those which not merely governed themselves wholly, but which enjoyed the full Roman franchise; so that any one of their citizens could go to Rome and take part in the proceedings of the Roman people. The Romans themselves were conscious [1] of this feature in their system, and strongly attached to it. Consider one episode, briefly narrated by Livy. The town of Privernum in the Volscian district had grown discontented with the terms of its alliance, and in 330 B.C. had revolted from Rome. The town was besieged, taken, and stripped of its walls, and the leaders of the revolt were put to death; but what was to be done with its inhabitants as a whole? Let me quote Livy's account [2] of the upshot from the spirited translation of Philemon Holland [3] which was written in Shakespeare's time, and quite probably used by Shakespeare himself.

If in considering the scene the reader will mentally substitute the House of Commons ten years ago for the Senate, and Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman's Government for the Roman Consul, and for Privernum substitute the Transvaal after the Boer War, he will realise from what source British statesmen learnt the spirit of the policy which has been triumphantly

[1] On Cicero's teaching see below, p. 229, footnote 3.
[2] viii. 20. [3] See p. 200 above.

justified in South Africa—a spirit that will not, it may be hoped, be forgotten in this country or in Europe at the end of the war.

After the triumph the Consul, having executed Vitruvius and his accomplices, supposed now that he might safely propound the cause of the men of Privernum to the lords of the Senate, while they were newly satisfied with the execution of the guilty offenders. "Since that (quoth he), my lords, the principal authors of this revolt have both at the hands of the immortal gods and at yours suffered now condign punishment, what is your further pleasure, and what shall be done with the innocent and harmless multitude? For my part, feeling the men of Privernum near neighbours unto the Samnites, with whom we now at this time entertain a most uncertain and slippery peace, I would have as little grudge and rancour left as may be between us and them." So spake the Consul; but as the question in itself was doubtful and ambiguous, while men gave advice, some to proceed cruelly, others to deal gently, according to each man his nature and inclination; so there was one of the ambassadors of Privernum that made it more doubtful, and put all out of square; a man mindful of that state wherein he was born more than of his present need and extremity. Who being demanded of one (that had spoken to the point, and delivered some sharp censure and heavy sentence against them) what punishment he judged the men of Privernum deserved, "Marry (quoth he), that which they deserve, who deem themselves worthy of liberty and freedom." At whose stout and arrogant answer, when the Consul saw those to be more eagerly and bitterly bent, who before impugned the cause of the Privernates: to the end that he himself, by some mild and gentle demand, might draw from the party more modest language: "What (quoth he) if we should remit and pardon your punishment; what kind of peace might we hope to have at your hands?" "If (quoth he) you offer us a good peace, you shall find it on our part loyal and perpetual; but if you tender hard conditions of peace, you shall have it last but a small while." Then cried one:

"This Privernate begins to threaten us plainly: such speeches are enough to stir up any peaceable and quiet people to war that never ought to have fought." But the better part of the Senate drew these his answers to a better sense, and said that it was the speech of a man, and of a man free born. For, was it credible (quoth they) that any State, nay, any particular person, would longer abide (than needs he must) that condition which he misliketh and goeth against his stomach? There only is peace sure and like to hold, where men are contented and willing to keep themselves in peace: and never let men look or hope to find faithful loyalty, where they will impose thraldom and servitude. And to this purpose the Consul himself especially moved and inclined their hearts, reiterating these words to the Senators that were first to give their opinions . . . "that they, above all others, and none but they indeed, were worthy to be made Roman citizens, who minded and esteemed nothing in the world but their freedom." Whereupon, both in the Senate they obtained their suit: and also by the authority of the Senate a Bill was exhibited to the people and passed, that the Privernates might be enfranchised Romans.

In the same spirit, in the year 196 B.C., after he had subdued the power of Macedon, the Roman commander Flamininus proclaimed to the Greeks assembled at the Isthmian Games, in words preserved by Plutarch, not the supremacy of Rome, but the grant of self-government to all the cities delivered from King Philip.

Some fifty years later, under stress of mingled fear and commercial cupidity, the Senate was led to the barbarous act of destroying Carthage—the capitalists called out for the economic annihilation of the rival centre of trade; *delenda est Carthago*, responded Cato, the blind old man with one idea. So was taken the first great step in the policy of military imperialism

which was soon to destroy the freedom of the Roman people themselves.

Against this spirit of ruthless aggrandisement the great writers of Rome never ceased to protest. The poet whose imaginative insight summed up all that is greatest in the history of Rome ascribes it to Augustus as his greatest glory that he gave laws to willing peoples.[1] This line was quoted by our own statesman and philosopher, Francis Bacon,[2] to illustrate what we should call the characteristically English doctrine, that "the commandment of the will," that is, the power to persuade men, is greater than "the commandment of force."

The same poet reproved Julius Caesar and Pompey[3] for their share in the Civil Wars, and exalted Cato of Utica,[4] the stern friend of freedom, who killed himself rather than live to see Caesar supreme; and when he praised Augustus, Vergil did so for one thing only, for making peace throughout the world.

And although neither Augustus nor his successors realised fully this ideal of free government, yet it coloured a great part of their acts; the strength of their Empire, as recent study has made more and more clear, lay in the degree of self-government which it allowed to its subjects, that is, in its municipal system, which had come straight down from the Greek communities from whom Rome had first learnt the conception of a City State. So arose the spectacle of a city itself groaning under an absolute despotism, but governing the world by a system of graduated Home Rule.

[1] Vergil, *Georg.* iv. 561.
[2] *Adv. of Learning*, i. 8. 3.
[3] *Aen.* vi. 833.
[4] *Aen.* viii. 670.

We have now come to the last step in our argument. What was the result in Europe of this free government of the Roman towns? Let modern historians tell us. Guizot, for instance, writes [1]:—

> In the municipal system we see what ancient Roman civilisation has bequeathed to Europe; the only real, the only constituted system which outlived all the elements of the Roman world . . . the municipal system, its habits, rules, precedents, the principle of freedom.

And Freeman [2] insists upon the same point:—

> "In the old stage of things, Greek and Roman, the towns had, so to speak, been everything. . . . The Teutonic settlements everywhere drove out the towns; none of the Teutonic nations were used to a town life. They looked on the walls of a town as a prison."

Some recent writers, such as Karl Hegel,[3] and Jacques Flach,[4] have pointed out that in the sense of direct legal continuity it is rarely the case that mediaeval towns grew out of Roman *municipia*. But, on the other hand, Professor J. S. Reid [5] has shown that municipal institutions had much more vitality even in the late Empire than had been commonly supposed; and scholars like Professor George Unwin, who have made a special study of social origins, find such close resemblances between the early mediaeval guilds and the *Collegia* which flourished in the municipalities under the Empire as to indicate a real continuity of social life, in spite of the break in political forms.

[1] *History of Civilisation in Europe* (English Trans., 1882, p. 33).
[2] *General Sketch of European History* (1873), p. 182.
[3] *Die Geschichte der Städteverfassung von Italien* (Leipzig, 1847).
[4] *Les Origines de l'Ancienne France* (Paris, 1886–1904).
[5] *The Municipalities of the Roman Empire* (Cambridge, 1913).

Thus the great guilds of the Masons, the Weavers, and the Shoemakers, to mention no others, all go back to Roman times.[1] The Church, too, which was, of course, the special depository of Roman tradition, protected the guilds; the merchants who travelled over the world and settled their disputes by pre-national, non-tribal, and therefore Roman customs, contributed the most important element to the reconstruction of municipal liberties in the Middle Ages;[2] and over and behind all this there was always the august Roman tradition of free citizenship, preserved in the only literature studied by every educated man—priest, lawyer, or administrator.[3] It is clear, therefore, that the essence of Guizot's statement is entirely confirmed.

[1] Unwin, *The Gilds and Companies of London* (London, 1908), p. 103. On the general question of the antiquity of the Guilds, Professor Unwin refers especially to an article by L. U. Hartmann, *Zur Geschichte der Zünfte im Mittelalter* (*Zeitschrift für Social u. Wirthschaftsgeschichte*, 1894, p. 109). In all this part of the lecture I am deeply indebted to Professor Unwin's help and guidance.

[2] See, *e.g.*, H. Pirenne, *Belgian Democracy* (Manchester, 1915).

[3] The scope of this paper forbids me to add to the concrete points of evidence which we have considered any notice of the developments of political theory; still less to enter into the many-sided history of the influence of Roman Law. Reference may be made to such authorities as Bryce, *Holy Roman Empire* (4th Ed., 1873; *e.g.* pp. 32, 276, 387), and H. J. Roby in the *Camb. Mediæval History* (1913), vol. ii. p. 53; and I may be specially allowed to refer the reader to Mr. A. J. Carlyle's fascinating study of the liberalising influence of the Republican and Stoic basis of that Law in his *Mediæval Political Theory in the West* (London, 1903; vol. i. pp. 4 ff., 63 ff.; vol. ii. pp. 56–75). He lays just emphasis on the influence of Cicero, especially in such declarations as that every citizen ought to have some share in the control of public policy (*Rep.* 1. 27, 43); and that a State whose government is unjust is no State at all (*Rep.* 2. 44, 70).

If then, in the Dark Ages, the influence of the classical tradition was thus still powerful in social life, yet more potent was its influence in later centuries. Every reader of English history knows how in the freedom of the towns the foundations were laid of national freedom also. And the same may be said, in more than one period, of Switzerland [1] or Holland. In and with the towns of Europe grew the Universities, contributing their study of the past, especially of Rome and Roman Law, to the needs of the living community.[2] In the chequered history of mediaeval Italy ancient and mediaeval titles, Roman and mediaeval ideas are strangely mingled.[3] The writers of the new learning and of the Reformation in Central and Western Europe, as later on the daring political thinkers of Switzerland and France, show everywhere either the direct inspiration of Greek writers or the Greek conception of self-government fostered by institutions that survived from the Roman municipalities. Freedom then, as we know it, is the fruit of the training of Western Europe for many centuries in Greek ideas, conveyed first through Roman channels, and then by direct contact with the great writers of Athens.

[1] The history of Zürich and Basel, to mention these only, shows the powerful influence of the merchant class on the side of self-government ; and Geneva has never been cut off from Franco-Roman traditions.

[2] Cf., *e.g.*, Villari, *The First Centuries of Florentine History* (London, 1905), pp. 85–89.

[3] See, *e.g.*, Sismondi, *The Italian Republics* (London, 1832), on Arnold of Brescia (1139 A.D.), and on Rienzi (1347 A.D.), p. 154 ; Bryce, in a famous chapter (*Holy Roman Empire*, Fourth Ed., 1873, c. xvii.), exhibits both the practical limitations and the sentimental vitality of the ancient tradition

But in this process of education some of the nations of Europe had a far smaller share than the rest. There is one part of Central Europe which stood longer than any other outside the lines of progress, and that was the kingdom of Prussia. Even in Western Brandenburg modern historians hardly claim the spread of Christianity or any degree of civilisation for any epoch before its conquest by Albert the Bear in the latter half of the twelfth century; and the whole eastern part of Prussia inhabited by Lithuanians and by Prussians in the strict sense, though conquered by the German Knights in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and nominally converted to Christianity at the end of the fourteenth, has for the earliest record of the native language the translation of Luther's Shorter Catechism, made in 1545.[1]

In these regions and conditions the rulers of Brandenburg, despite their nominal subjection to the Empire, maintained the traditions of the chiefs of a barbarous tribe;[2] and though under the German Knights of the fourteenth century many towns sprang up and flourished, yet through all the stages by which the Mark of Brandenburg was developed into the kingdom of Prussia, it was distinguished from other German governments (as a recent German writer, Hugo Preuss,[3] has clearly traced out), by the keenness

[1] Karl Brugmann, *Grundriss der Vergleichenden Grammatik*, 2nd ed. (Strassburg, 1897), p. 18.

[2] See Bryce, *Holy Roman Empire*, new ed., 1904, pp. 125 and 441.

[3] Hugo Preuss, *Die Entwicklung des Deutschen Städtewesens*, Leipzig, 1906; especially pp. 127, 157, 193; and on the royal hostility to the Guilds, pp. 180–188. The governing principle of their policy

and steadiness of its hostility to municipal life. Entering the path of civilisation fourteen centuries later than Italy and France, eight centuries later than Saxon England, and five centuries later than the Slavonic countries taught by the Eastern Church, Prussia was even then forbidden by its rulers to profit by the experience of its neighbours. Thus was established the gulf which separated that kingdom from the life of the rest of Europe; thus was preserved the autocratic and barbarian spirit of its government, which directly caused the war in 1914.

This peculiar isolation of Prussia in the comity of civilisation is, of course, a familiar thought in France and Italy. And it has recently been pointed out—some months after the first sketch of this lecture was put together—by a leading statesman of the only one among the Balkan races that has directly inherited a share in the Graeco-Roman tradition. I mean Roumania—a people whose language is far nearer to Latin than is either French or Italian, and whose love for this tradition has been decisive of its attitude to the European struggle. Let me quote a few sentences from a striking speech[1] by M. Take Ionescu:

> Beside the principle of national sovereignty there was something else that was making progress in Europe. . . . I mean the theory of "the greatest good of the greatest number" by means of the participation of the greatest number in the greatest part of the good things of the

was embodied in the dogma, "Heterias monarchico statui perquam inimicas."

[1] Delivered in the Roumanian Chamber of Deputies on December 16, 1915, and published in the London *Morning Post* of Feb. 23, 1918.

earth. . . . This was the atmosphere we all breathed, some with satisfaction, others in spite of themselves, but we all breathed it. In face of this great movement of the new world, which would have led, if not to the final disappearance of warfare, at least and certainly to a prolonged period of peace, to an improvement in the relations between the races, . . . there had nevertheless remained one State which represented its exact opposite, a State which, founded on conquest, has never hesitated to proclaim the right of the strongest as the only right, which has embraced to the point of frenzy the worship of brute force, which regards as a mere sentimentalist, as one useless in political life, any one who should dare to speak of justice, of law, of respect for one's signature and for all that constitutes the moral treasure of us neo-Latins.

It is no new thing for Great Britain to be the defender of freedom. All our political life has moved in the full current of Greek and Roman tradition. It is hard to name any of our great leaders and rulers, from King Alfred onwards, who have not been trained by these ancient masters. The epoch in which the free life of England bore its most glorious fruit, both in action and letters—the age of Elizabeth—was the age in which Greek literature had just been rediscovered, an age in which the Greek sense of beauty and the Greek passion for freedom inspired our own poets. For if Shakespeare knew only a little Greek, Thomas More and Spenser and Herrick and Herbert and Sidney knew a great deal; and Shakespeare's whole political thought is coloured by his love for the Greek biographies of Plutarch, read in the magnificent English of Thomas North. Since that day such names as Milton and Burke, Chatham and Gladstone, to mention no living examples, are those of men who have learnt from Classical scholarship to be great

defenders of freedom. And the enemies of freedom have recognised this influence; as Prof. Foster Watson has pointed out,[1] the philosopher Hobbes, who in politics maintained the absolute authority of monarchs, attacked the study of classics on this very ground: "Who can be a good subject in a monarchy," he asks, "whose principles are taken from the enemies of monarchy such as were Cicero, Seneca, Cato, and other politicians of Rome and Aristotle of Athens, who seldom spake of kings but as of wolves and of other ravenous beasts?" Our public schools have not studied the ancient authors for nothing; if you want to implant in a boy some reverence for freedom, some knowledge of what it means, you will not give him definitions or well-meaning talk about civic or ethical theory; he merely hates such abstractions. Nor will you hope to achieve this end by concentrating his thoughts on the exact laws of physical science, important as they are for other ends. The study of physical science at its best should awaken some conception of the wonderfulness of the world, of the fixity of its laws, of the danger and futility of falsehood and impatient or careless observation; but for more far-reaching ideals which he is to follow in public conduct a boy must look not to the scientific but to the humane side of his training. If education is to make men good citizens of the world, not merely good carpenters and plumbers, not merely docile instruments of tyrannical commands, it must teach them something of men, must inspire them with some affection for the ideals by which mankind has been

[1] *Absolutism and the Classics* (*Times* Educ. Suppl., June 1, 1915).

swayed. And that is the reason for the study of literature; only from the record of what men have thought and felt can a boy or girl learn to understand the conceptions that move men most. To implant the sources of morality, the ethics of private conduct, no disquisitions on the beauty of the separate virtues will ever compete with the divine parables of the New Testament; so in the region of public ethics, if you wish to kindle patriotism and courage, teach your children such poetry as the Agincourt scenes of Shakespeare's *Henry the Fifth*. And if you wish to instil into a boy's mind a conception of freedom, give him to read the story of the struggle of Athens with Persia in the patriotic drama of the poet Aeschylus, who fought himself at Marathon; give him to read the defence of Plataea in Thucydides, or any one of the great speeches of Demosthenes against Philip; and he will come away with a knowledge of the meaning of freedom that no experience can blot out, with a respect for the free spirit which no hardness or bitterness of life will ever wholly extinguish.

INDEX

The passages cited under each topic are given in the order of the pages on which they occur.

Aeneas, his desertion of Dido, 144 ff.
——, epithets applied to, 151
Aeneid i.; resemblances to the *Tempest*, 172 f.
—— iv.; 141 ff.; dramatic element in, 143
—— vi.; in relation to the *Culex*, 87; read to Augustus, 121; structure of, 122 ff.
See also Vergil
Agrippina, 156
Alexandrine poetry, its weaknesses, 76
—— style, marks of, 73
Alfius, the miser, 25
Alfred, King, 63, 233
Allucius, 213
Amanus, campaign in, 5
America, influence of classical studies in, 63
Anchises, vision of, 123
Anderson, Prof. W. B., 60 n., 76 n., 195 n.
Andes, site of, 98 n.
Animals in Vergil, 41, 42, 80, 84, 88
Antony, as King of Egypt, 109
—— and Cleopatra, 154
Apollo, Temple of, 56
Appendix Vergiliana, 67
Apollonius Rhodius imitated by Vergil, 146, 162
Ardiaeus, 117
Arganthone, 148 n.
Aristaeus, 107, 111
Aristarchus on Odysseus, 115
Aristotle on Poetic Truth, 44 n.
Arnold, Matthew, 31
Ascham, Roger, 63
Athens, 24, 219 f.
——, Imperialism in, 221
Atticus, letters to, 1, 2, 9
Augustan age, 19
Augustus, praised by Horace, 54
——, his buildings, 56
——, his plans to rebuild Troy, 60
—— and Temple of Philae, 106 n.
——, his grief for Gallus, 110
See also Octavian

Balaclava, 45
Battye, Quentin, his death, 64
Becket, Thomas à, 63
Bee-keeping, 98
Bees, battle of the, 37
Benacus, Lake, 30
Bradley, Prof. A. C., 30 n., 35, 136
Braunholtz, G. E. K., 98 n.
British virtues in Horace, 63
Brugmann, Prof. K., 231 n.
Brundusium, Treaty of, 32
——, Octavian at, 61 n.
Brutus, Decimus, 20
——, M. Iunius, letters to and from, 16
—— in Plutarch, 21
Bryce, Lord, 19, 229 n., 230 n.
Bulls, fight of the, 38
Butcher, Prof. S. H., vii, 18, 44

Caesar, C. Iulius, and Cicero, 9, 14 ff.
———, his letters, 50 n.
———, his plans to rebuild Troy, 60
——— in Cisalpine Gaul, 29, 96-98
——— criticised by Vergil, 134, 227
Caieta, 126
Calcining rocks in Spain, 204
Calvisano, 98 n.

Camilla, 160
Canusium, tawny sheep of, 34 n.
Capitalism at Rome, 50
Carmen Saeculare, 62
Carthage, building of, 145
Cato the Elder, on *Lex Oppia*, 211
——————— on Carthage, 226
Cato Uticensis, 52, 227
——————— and Cicero, 8
Catullus, Vergil borrows from, 147
Cave, the, in *Aen.* iv., 146
Cicero, writings of: letters to Atticus, 1 ff.
——, letters to Brutus, 16
——, letter to Lucceius, 14
——, letters to Marcus Marius, 2
——, letters to Paetus, 2, 16 n., 17
——, letters to Tiro, 2, 19
See also Brutus, Caesar, Pompey, Terentia.
——, philosophical works, date of, 16 n.
——, campaign in Amanus, 5
——, "pater patriae," 5
——, interview with Pompey, 7
——, his friendship with Pompey, 8
—— in Cilicia, 8
——, death of his father, 9 n.
—— joins Pompey, 10
——, separation from Pompeian party, 12
——, divorce from Terentia, 12
——, his banishment, 14
——, his project of suicide, 14
——, his magniloquence, 14
——, consulted by Julius and Octavian, 16
—— faces death, 17
——, murder of, 50
——, his relation to Tullia, 156
——, his liberal political theory, 224 n.
——, influence in Middle Ages, 229
Cinna, 67
Ciris, the, 71
——, peculiarities of style in, 75 ff.
——, pauses in, 77 n.
Civil War at Rome, 49, 99, 101, 103
——, end of, 188
Classical studies in England, 63, 234
Cleopatra, 154
——, power over Romans, 61
Clive and Horace, 63
Clodia, 154
Conington, his misreading of Vergil, 132
Copa, the, 70
——, its teaching, 102
——, Vergilian style in, 102
Cornford, F. M., 221 n.
Corruption, political, at Rome, 35
Cossus, 197
Crete, stories from, 123
Crimson fleeces of lambs, 34 n.
Cromer, Lord, 63
Culex, the, 67
——, preface to, 81
——, analysed, 85
——, relation to *Georgics*, 83, 87
——, relation to *Aeneid* vi., 87, 95
——, its authenticity, 90
——, mentioned by Martial and others, 90
——, date of, 93, 101
——, Thesprotian allusions in, 96 n.
Curio, 22
Curses, posted in tombs, 126 n.

Dante, 128, 131, 135, 137
Daphnis, 30, 70 n.
Demosthenes, 222
Dido, 140 ff.
——, her appeal to Aeneas, 162
——, meaning of her curse, 162
Dido's use of *nos*, 14 n.
Diminutives in the *Ciris*, 72 n.
Dolabella, 10
Drachmann, 71 n.
Dreams, false and true, 135

East, its influence on great Romans, 61
Eclogues of Vergil, i., 68; iv., 103; v., 30, 70 n.; vi., viii. and x., 68
Education, British and German ideals, 217
Egyptian inscription at Philae, 109
Elizabethan age, 170, 188, 200, 233
Elpenor, 125

Elysium, 132, 137
—— in *Culex*, 86, 87
Epicureanism in Rome, 102
Epyllia, 78, 111, 148 n.
Er, myth of, 116 ff
Ethics, public, founded on Roman models, 63
Euphorion, 78
Eurydice, story of, in *Culex*, 86
Evander and Pallas, 138 n.
Evans, Sir A., 123
Everett, Prof., 135

Flach, Jaques, 228
Flamininus, 226
Forgiveness, doctrine of, 49, 184
Forum, the, why "insane," 22
Freedom, discovered by Greeks, 218, 230
Fulvia, 154

Gallus, Cornelius, author of *Ciris*, 71, 76
——, his intimacy with Vergil, 80 n.
——, his career, 105
——, Governor of Egypt, 106
—— in *Georg.* iv., 107
——, his inscription at Philae, 108
——, misrepresentations of, 109
Garrod, H. J., 33 n.
Geikie, Prof. A., 39 n.
Geography in Alexandrine poetry, 76
Georgics, purpose of, 33, 37
——, Preface to, 81 n.
——, relation to *Culex*, 83, 87
Ghosts in Vergil's underworld, 129
Golden Bough, the, 124, 137
Gracchi, murder of, 50
Granger, Prof. F., 135 n.
Greek pirates at Padua, 194
Greeks, their service to Europe, 219
Grynean grove, 78

Hannibal in Livy, 199
——, his crossing of Alps, 201
Harrison, Dr. Jane, 152
Hastings, Warren, 64
Hexameter, Vergilian and non-Vergilian, 72, 80 n., 138
Hexameter, endings of, 77 n., 138
——, of Catullus, 77 n.
——, in *Ciris*, 77 n.
Hegel, Karl, 228
Heinze, Prof. R., 129 n., 162 n.
Heyne on Dido, 141 n.
Holland, Philemon, 200
Home Rule in Roman Empire, 227
Horace, and the Bore, 6
——, enlists with Brutus, 24
——, relations to Vergil, 32
——, Epode xvi., 32
——, his Hedonism, 35
——, on the Proscriptions, 51
——, date of *Odes*, 52 n.
——, anti-capitalist leanings, 53
——, his relations to Augustus, 54
——, his refining power, 55
——, on the Palatine Library, 58
——, dislike of ivory and gilt, 58
——, his simple tastes, 59
——, Saecular Hymn, 62
——, his influence on great Englishmen, 63
Housman, Prof. A. E., 67 n.

Idealism in poetry, 44
Infants, death of, in Plato, 117; in Vergil, 131 ff.
Inscription of Philae defaced, 109
Isaiah and Eclogue iv., 33 n.
Italy, Vergil's pictures of, 33
Ivory Gates, 187

Jackson, Miss E., on *Culex*, 92
Jason and Medea, story of, 146
Julia, in Eclogue iv., 33 n.
Julius Caesar. *See* Caesar
Juno and Roman race, 60

Katalepton, the, of Vergil, 99
Kipling, R., 52, 61

Lansing, Mr. Sec., 63 n.
Larius, Lake, 30
Latin, study of, 63, 224 f., 232 ff.
Laureate, function of, 44
Leaf, Dr. W., on Horace, 61 n.
Lejay, on Eclogue iv., 33 n.
Leo, Prof. F., 71 n., 79 n.
Lethe, 118

Leucasia, 126
Limbo, 131
Lincoln, Abraham, 47
Literature, study of, 235
Livy, 195 ff.
—— on proposal to rebuild Troy, 60
—— and tradition, 198
Lucas, E. V., quoted, 192
Lucretian influence on *Culex*, 92
Lucretius, 23, 24, 35, 42
——, his influence on Vergil, 101
——, his relation to politics, 102
Lucrine lake, 30 n.
Lugentes Campi, the, 131 f.

Mackail, Dr. J. W., 34 n., 70, 79 n., 165
—— on Vergil's use of *ingens*, 41 n.
—— on authenticity of *Culex*, 90
Maecenas, 52 n., 69
Manlius Torquatus in Livy, 204
—— —— in Vergil, 206
Mantua, 97, with n.
Marble in Propertius, 57
Marcellus, 121
——, lament for, 134, 136
Marcus Marius, letter to, 2
Mark Antony, 22, 154
Martin, Sir Th., 24, 27
Messala, poem addressed to, 69
Militarism at Rome, 50
Milton, cadence of his blank verse, 120
Minos, 71 ff., 133
Misenum, Cape, 125
Misenus, 124
——, his death, 126
Mommsen, Theodor, on Horace, 59
—— on Pietole, 98 n.
—— on Servius, 108
—— on Vergil, 111
—— on Hannibal's route, 199
More, Thomas, 63
Moretum, the, 69
Municipal idea in Rome, 224

Nekyia, the, in Homer, 113
Nile regarded as deity, 108
Nisus, King of Megara, 71
——, metamorphosis of, 73
North's Plutarch and Shakespeare, 233

Octavia, treatment of, 155
Octavian consults Cicero, 16
——, his rise to power, 51
—— calls at Brundisium, 61 n.
——, patron of the *Culex*, 82 n., 94
—— at Mantua ?, 97
See also Caesar, Augustus
Odysseus and Aias, 119
—— in Underworld, 113 ff.
Olympus, meaning of, 38
Omens among farmers, 28
Orpheus in *Georg.* iv., 116
Orpheus poem, 111
Ovid, 5
—— on Tibullus, 78
—— on Dido, 157

Padua, 195
Paetus, letters to, 2, 16
Page, T. E., 43 n., 150
Palatine Library, 56
Palinurus, 125
——, meaning of his death, 130
——, Cape, 125
Pannonia, 62
Papirius in Livy, 206 ff.
Parthenius, 148 n.
Pauses in Vergilian hexameter, 72
Phaedrus, myth of, 118
Pharsalia, Lucan's, date of, 91 n.
Philae, 105
Philip of Macedon, 222
Phillimore, Prof., 56 n.
Philotimus leaves Rome, 12
——, his relations to Cicero, 11
Pietole, reputed home of Vergil, 98 n.
Pieve di Cadore, 193
Pindar and his patrons, 54
Pitt and Horace, 63
Plancus, dispatch to Senate, 8
Plants in Vergil, 41
Pliny, 34 n., 204 n.
Plutarch, his Brutus, 21
Pollio, 67
Pompey, interview with Cicero, 7

Pompey, friendship with Cicero, 8
——, censured by Vergil, 227
Preuss, Hugo, 231
Priapus, epigrams on, 70
Privernum, episode of, 224
Propertius, 56
Proscriptions, 50, 51
Prospero, character of, 181
—— stands for Providence?, 183
Provinces, oppression of the, 22
Prussia, late civilisation, 231
Purser, Dr. L. C., 1, 3
Pygmalion, 141

Quiller Couch, Sir A., 183, 187
Quintilian on Livy, 215
Quintus Cicero, 22

Rand, Prof. E. K., 77 n.
Reid, Prof. J. S., 228
Revolution, French, its influence on Wordsworth, 35
Richmond, Prof., 56 n., 58 n.
Robinson Ellis, 96 n.
Roman Empire, nature of, 227
—— influence on British politics, 233
—— *municipia*, 228
Royds, Rev. T. F., on relation of Vergil to Isaiah, 33 n.
Russell Lowell, J., 47

Salamis in Cyprus, 2, 21
——, the island of, 220
Scipio Africanus in Livy, 213
Scipios in *Culex*, 88
Scylla, daughter of Nisus, 71
——, metamorphosis of, 73
Sea, the, in simile, 39
Segesta, building of, 129
Self-government a Greek idea, 230
Servius, 78, 107, 132
Sex relations in Rome, 142
Shakespeare, his imitation of Horace, 53
—— and Vergil, 152 n., 173
——, his knowledge of Classics, 166
—— and Montaigne, 167
—— and Ovid's *Metam.*, 169
——, his imitations of *Georgics*, 169
Shakespeare and Lucan, 170
——, his use of the word "God," 174 ff.
——, his Roman dramas, 175
Sibyl, the, 124
Siro, Vergil's teacher, 99
Skutsch, Prof. F., 32
——, his explanations of Eclogues vi. and x., 68
—— on Eclogue vi., 78
—— on *Culex*, 93 n.
Slater, Prof. D., 64 n.
Solon, 219
Spenser Wilkinson, Dr., 199, 200 n.
Spion Kop and Balaclava, 45
Statius on Lucan, 79
Sterling, John, 4
Storm in harvest, 39
Subjunctive, use of, 40 n.
Sudhaus, Prof. S., 74 n.
Sulla, 50
St. Augustine, 151
Sychaeus, 144
Sydney, Sir Philip, 63

Take Ionescu, M., 232 f.
Tempest, the, 165 ff.
Tenney Frank, Prof., 96 n.
Tennyson, 46, 56, 89
——, his kinship with Vergil, 135
Terentia, letters to, 10
——, her divorce, 12
——, her illness, 12
Thresprotia in the *Culex*, 96 n.
Tibullus, Ovid on, 78
——, his rustic elegy, 25
Tidal wave, simile of, 38
Timocracy at Athens and Rome, 223
Tiro, letters to, 2, 9
Titian, 191
Troy, project for rebuilding, 59, 60
Tucca, 67
Tullia, her dowry, 11
——, relations to Terentia, 12
——, death of, 16
Turia, 156
Tyranny, origin of, in Greece, 220
Tyrrell, Prof. R. Y., 21

Underworld, the, in *Culex*, 85
—— in Homer, 113
——, in Plato, 115
——, in Vergil, 122 ff.
Unities, the, 166
Universities and Roman Law, 230
Unwin, Prof. G., 228
Ure, Prof. P. N., 220 n.

Valerii, their liberal temper, 212
Varius, 67
Varus, 67
Vatinius, letter from, 8 n.
Vaughan, Prof. C. E., 46 n.
Veil in Livy, 60
Veneti, origin and remains, 194
Venetian spirit in Livy, 197–205
Venetic inscriptions, 193
—— language, 192
Venice, 190 ff.
——, its beginnings, 192
Vergil, spelling of name, vi, n.
——, imitated by Tibullus, 27
——, his boyhood, 29
—— and the civil wars, 32
——, relations to Horace, 32
——, his pictures of Italy, 33
——, in relation to Isaiah, 33 n.
——, animals in, 41
——, his use of *ingens*, 41 n.
——, plants in, 41
——, change in his philosophy, 42
—— on the Palatine Library, 58
——, his companions in poetry, 67
—— his allusions not understood, 69
——, influence on *Ciris*, 75
—— borrows from *Ciris*, 79
——, changes made in lines, 79
——, his intimacy with Gallus, 80 n.
——, his youthful love of colour, 84
——, women in, 86
——, his love of animals, 88
Vergil, his love for young boys, 96
——, his father, 97, 106
——, his family and birthplace, 98 and n.
——, early philosophy, 100, 101
—— influenced by Lucretius, 101
——, author of *Copa*?, 102
—— in relation to Epicureanism, 103
—— neglected in Germany, 121
——, his sense of mystery, 122
——, his humour, 131
——, his agnostic temper, 135
——, his ideal ruler, 141
——, his chivalry, 142
—— borrows and modifies, 147
——, his pity, 162
——, his faith in human affection, 164
—— criticised by Shakespeare, 173 f.
——, his sense of mystery, 187
——, his praise of Cato, 227
——, his censure of Pompey and others, 227
——, his praise of Augustus, 227
See also Aeneid, Eclogues, *and* Hexameter
Verginia's death in Livy, 210
Verrall, Mrs., 136
Victor Hugo, conception of Napoleon, 46
Vintage festivities, 28
Violence in Rome, 101
Vipsania, 156

Walt Whitman, 47
—— —— on Abraham Lincoln, 48
Warde Fowler, Dr., 20 n., 61 n., 77 n., 94 ff., 101, 149, 156, 188, 234
—— —— on *Culex*, 94 f.
Wilamowitz, 60
Women, ancient treatment of, 153
—— in politics, 155, 161
——, position of, in Vergil, 152
Wordsworth, 29, 31, 35, 36, 43, 188

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BECCLES.

Deigma

A First Greek Book. By C. Flamstead Walters, M.A., and R. S. Conway, F.B.A., Litt.D., with the Co-operation of Constance I. Daniel, M.A. Second and Revised Edition, with a Summary of Accidence by R. B. Lattimer, M.A. 4s. 6d.; Key, 6s. 3d., post free.

The book covers the whole of the rules of Syntax that are needed for the study of any of the Athenian authors of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., as well as many points which will be of use in beginning Homer; and it represents at least two years' full work for boys or girls of fifteen, or for a promising class or pupil at an earlier age. It is hoped that it will not be found wanting in any point of grammar usually included by British Universities in a final course for an ordinary degree.

A Summary of Greek Accidence has been included in the revised edition to enable students of average ability to dispense with the use of a separate grammar.

Virgil's Messianic Eclogue

Its Meaning, Occasion and Sources. Three Studies. By Joseph B. Mayor, W. Warde Fowler, and R. S. Conway. With the Text of the Eclogue and a Verse Translation by R. S. Conway. 3s. 6d. net.

Virgil's Messianic Eclogue is dealt with from three different and independent points of view: Professor Conway shows the messianic idea of prophecy which lies behind the works of Virgil; W. Warde Fowler deals with the problem of the child and its identity; while Joseph Mayor, in delving the sources of this poem, displays the evidence of oracles and deals with Virgil's conception of a coming Golden Age.

An Elementary Greek Grammar for Schools

Part I—Accidence, 2s. 6d.; Part II—Syntax, 2s. 6d.; Complete, with Indexes, 4s. By John Thompson, M.A., formerly Headmaster of the High School, Dublin.

Attic Greek only has been included, and the usages of poetry distinguished throughout from those of prose. The requisite facts of accidence and syntax are stated in the clearest possible manner.

Limen

A First Latin Book. By C. Flamstead Walters, M.A., late Professor of Classical Language and Literature in King's College, London, and R. S. Conway, F.B.A., Litt.D., Hon. Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge; Hulme Professor of Latin in the University of Manchester. 106th Thousand. 4s. Also in Two Parts. 2s. 6d. each. Teachers' Edition, including Appendix to Limen, 5s.; Key, 3s. 3d., post free.

Appendix to Limen. Suggestions for Teachers on the Oral Method, and Dialogues for Acting. 9d.

The objects of this book, as stated in the preface to the first edition, are to bring the pupil as soon as possible to the stage of reading Latin authors, to teach him as much as possible of the use of the forms of the language in and during the time in which he is learning them, and to use as far as possible the fruits of recent inquiry in Historical and Comparative Grammar. How well the authors' objects have been achieved is shown by the wide and continual sales of *Limen*, now approaching 107,000 copies.

Ante Limen

A New Latin Book for Younger Beginners, based upon *Limen*. Compiled under the guidance of Professors Walters and Conway. By R. H. Rees, B.A. Sixth Impression. 30th Thousand. 2s.; Key, 3s. 3d.

Ante Limen is on similar lines to *Limen*, but is suitable for children under eleven years of age. The Reading Lessons, Exercises and Vocabularies have been drawn up in three parallel divisions. The oral method is employed throughout.

Ad Limen

Being Reading Lessons and Exercises for a Second and Third Year Course in Latin. By Professors Walters and Conway. 3s.; Key 3s. 3d.

The Making of Latin

An Introduction to Latin, Greek and English Etymology. By Professor R. S. Conway, F.B.A., Litt.D. Second Edition. 5s. net.

Contents.—The Key to the Riddle—Note on Alphabets—What is Speech—Some Prehistoric Changes and their Fruits—The Sounds and Accent of Cicero's Latin—The Earlier Behaviour of the Latin Accent—The Life-History of Latin Sounds—How Latin Grammar was Built up: (*a*) The Shaping of Nouns, Adjectives and Adverbs; (*b*) The Shaping of Verbs—Addenda—Index of Matters—Index of Words.

SALEM ACADEMY & COLLEGE
0 2960 0005091 8

WITHDRAWN

PA
6011
C6 Conway
New st

DATE DU

PA
6011
C6

Ac.16205